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Intro

introduction

"Chemistry, Last number, Gunyukol Jiraroj in the interview room."

Take a deep breath, and take a long deep breath. Take a deep breathe again and exhale ...

"Gunyukol."

Before I could breathe out, my name was yelled again. I can't faint here. I was so nervous that my eyes lacked any desire, but I had to tell myself everything would be fine. Soon it will pass smoothly.

"Shit ... Swadee. People have called you a few times. Are you waiting for a good day ?"

My friend's voice pulled me back from my mind after going crazy with myself for a long time. Since I am the last in the interview, I am pressured. What if other people answered all the easy questions, only I am unlucky, how do I know? Will the teacher kick my ass away? A lot of chaos in my mind. But this moment I can do nothing only faces it.

" Are you ready yet? Please prepare your mentality....." I turned to reply to the only friend who was waiting in front of the room. At that moment, the voice of the authority suddenly interrupted again.

"Is Gunyukol Jiraroj here ?"

"Sorry! Here I am." Standing up from my chair, I stride with a confident face. However, every part of the body trembled like its owner. Thinking about it even when I answered, my mouth didn't stop jerking.

Huh, calm down ... Calm down ...

"The last man in Chemistry, please sit down." After opening the door and entering the enclosed room that was colder than usual, the voice of one of the three lecturers waiting suddenly rang out.

I obediently did as required, placing a prepared portfolio on my lap before confidently making eye contact with all three. All were men. Not only that, still very young, like recently graduated. The two people on the left and right were wearing glasses, while the one in the middle was wearing a slanted striped tie, looking coolly different.

"Would you mind introducing a little bit of yourself to us?"

The first question is not difficult at all, hurry up, and do not let go.

"Hello, my name is Gunyukol Jiraroj."

Too short, isn't it?

It seems that the whole room suddenly fell into a deadly atmosphere because the teachers did not expect the self-introduction to end so quickly. Like ... Mum, what did those guys say? But thinking that this dreary introduction had the potential to get me kicked out of the faculty, I ended up hastily introducing myself a bit.

"Er ... My nickname is Gun, taken from the first 3 letters of my real name. In case you don't know, Gunyukol means two ears."

Damned!

Guess this is the end of my life.

"The name has great meaning. Our faculty students, everyone has a personality. What was the name of the interviewee last year?" It seems that the teachers were discussing with each other very actively. Because of that, I had time to breathe a sigh of relief because the atmosphere wasn't as tense as I thought it would be.

"Ah, Anon right ?"

"That's right. Anon means a person without debt."

I kept thinking that the meaning of my name was strange. Who said this !! Anon's name was weirder than me. Incredibly proud when I am not the only one to bear this bitterness. Wipe the tears.

"Ok. What subject do you like best ?" After reminiscing about the past of students participating in the interview exam last year, the second question shot me in the chest.

"I ... don't particularly like something."

"So why you choose to study Chemical Engineering?"

"Because my point is enough to study here."

Frustration ...

I feel like I just missed a step or something and I accidentally stepped on the trap set right in front of me. Stupid enough that I don't know how to find words to yell at myself. That's because when people are nervous, they forget words, speak without thinking. Saying to clear it up quickly, your mind will be empty, so leave the atmosphere of death for a while until the teacher starts a new question.

"Did your friends also enter in this faculty ?"

"Yes." Feeling better when he smiles. "But my friends are all studying different subjects. I'm the only one who studies Chemistry."

"If you don't have friends, can you adapt to the faculty ?"

"You can always adapt to the environment and new friends." Are you saying this is a person or a chameleon?

"Very good."

Ngoi. He smiled more brightly than before.

"Thanks."

"Here is our faculty tradition. We'll let you try a chemistry lesson." After saying that, the person in front of him without delay handed over a piece of paper with the sentence already written. This obviously is to test us.

"You want me to do it ?"

"Right."

"Right now ?"

"Exactly."

"So what if I can't ?"

"Our side will look."

Ho ~

Tears flowed down in my heart. Please don't make your new kid's heart hurt like that.

That's right. I joined this faculty because I was following P'Choi, P'Ot. If I knew I had bad karma I wouldn't have joined. Now my new life encountered the most fatal problems over and over again.

What is this question? I don't know anything. I don't even know where to start but I can only pick up the pencil next to it and then write my name on it, accompanied by a sob. But it wasn't long before he stopped me.

"Can you do this ?"

"No. I just have to do it. You told me if I can't answer, then just do it first." Huu ... What did you actually want to test if I can do it? I am an idiot.

But just after answering the sentence, the teachers looked at each other and laughed. I'm going to cry alone. You're a jerk. The world is cruel now with such a small heart.

"Ok. I have seen your work. This freshman article has not yet been explored in depth. We just wanted to test your improvisation ability."

By now, the improvisation score is zero.

"Where is it? What do you have in the portfolio please show us." A little more relieved, but still a bit afraid to see the teacher's smile.

"Here." Without delay, I immediately put my portfolio in front of me.

"Would you mind telling us what your strengths are?"

"I am a happy person, easy to get along with my friends, I am everyone's darling."

"Let's talk about the activity."

"Well, I used to take science exams and then act as well." Then the teachers opened every page of the portfolio to look intently before stopping at the certificates of merit and photos of the plays that I played at school.

"Well done. What role were you playing ?"

"Playing the role of a dog."

I could feel the older person trying his best not to laugh. What is that?

"Very good."

The portfolio was flipped page-by-page to the very last page, then switched to viewing the opinion form that had just been distributed in front of the room before the interview. I have filled it all out already, but there is probably one problem that makes the reader frown.

"In the opinion form, you wrote that if you pass the interview round, you want a roommate who would be able to sleep with the light on. Is this a joke or is it serious ?"

"Serious."

Then he did not ask any more questions, just fill in some information on his iPad, then gave me my portfolio and said briefly

"Be the last in the industry. Welcome to the Faculty of Engineering."

"Did I pass ?"

"If there are no problems. But just wait for the faculty to announce the results again."

"Thanks."

I stood up, grinning in tears at the other person before turning to walk out of the room like a winner in the end. My best friend waited outside for a while. He asked excitedly as soon as I appeared.

"Gun, how's it going ?"

"Geez, easy."

"You mean you get easy questions ?"

"Too easy, easy as porridge."

Changing the scene to the interview room, almost tears flowed into the stream as he began to try the test.

My friend and I passed the entrance area while waiting, now filled with interviewers from other departments who were waiting. So, we pulled each other to another road to avoid the crowd, in our heart praying for the luck not to be broken like me.

"Next order. It's Civil. If I call someone's name, that person will hurry to the interview room. The first one ..."

"..."

"Em Yotha * Thanawan Yotha."

(*Yotha in Thai means Civil.)

[End of intro]

1

chapter 1

Editor : TofaRumman

Ping pong ~ Is anyone there?"

"Someone."

A scream coming from inside the room forced me to turn the doorknob to meet the person who had been waiting in the room. The guy sitting on the other side of the bed grinning is my roommate. His name is Kongkiat. We knew each other during the interview so we decided to register to live in the same room after passing the exam. My mom, P'Kloy & me, we entered the room.

"Pretty. Mom, my name is Kong, and I'm Gun's cute roommate."

"So cute, dear."

"Thanks. I promise I'll be Gun's good friend."

"I trust you the most."

Seriously !! Who is your child? Who is his friend?

That Kong guy, he is a cute friend. He is asking permission to go out to the balcony to spit out his dry throat. Speaking of which Kong is like me, a freshman and he is also in the department of Chemistry. Although on the surface he looks like a bookworm boy with glasses and neatly dressed but he is extremely naughty.

If you are familiar with or feel the nature of your friends, you may not be fooled anymore.

"Kong, what about your parents?" After leaving mom chattering for a while, it was time to change things.

"My family comes right away."

Today is the day of moving into the room. The school was assigned to the first year in the dormitory for one year. Each department is required to move in within a certain period. Today it is the turn of the Faculty of Engineering, which accepted more than 500 new students this year. So, instant chaos transpired.

Everyone has their room. One room with two beds. In the first year, you can choose your roommate at will. Since Kong is my best friend from the day of the interview and he was able to sleep with the lights on in the middle of the night, I had no reason to bet to sleep with someone else.

"Let me introduce you. This is my sister, P'Kloy. My dad is waiting below."

"Hi, P'Kloy."

"Hi there." My sister clasped her hands in greeting. But Kong's eyes were just terrified.

Yeah, I know. No one recognizes my sister.

Kloy belongs to the eccentric type. An entire black outfit from head to toe. Remember she was influenced by the time she went to work and travel. After returning, she immediately changed her look. The other girls draw their eyebrows so they will feel confident outside. As for my sister, if she doesn't have matte black eyeliner, she will feel like she can't go anywhere because of her bare pale face.

While her eyebrows are bare, her forehead is also bare. Even with eyeliner, I instantly felt like I was looking at a ghost. It is confusing.

"P'Kloy is 2 years older than us. Now in 3rd year." I continued to explain it to Kong. The other asked back while looking at my sister half fearfully.

"Study here?"

"Not here. If I had studied here, it would have been easy to handle this kid around."

"Uiiiiiii."

"Holy, You quit teasing him. Kong, you just behave naturally. Gun, come over here. We have something to discuss." Mom ended the small battle of words before pulling my wrists to make me sit at the head of my bed.

Soon, this place will become my second home. I would be very lonely when I no longer wake up at my house as usual. But that's it. People must always mature and face changes. That is the law of the world.

"Remember what we told you?"

"I remember it."

"No. Say everything ?"

"May date but won't affect the study."

"Very well. What else?" Before I left the home to move into the dormitory today, my parents kept saying it over and over again so that I wouldn't go out to play too much. Because college life is all about friends and new social relationships. But my house is in the province. I can only go home once every few months. That's why they worry.

"Don't tease me."

"Exactly. I keep teasing people."

"I don't tease people. But Dad said if another kid teases me, I can just punch him."

"Don't believe him. It's not right to deal with the problem with violence." Mom screamed, making me startled. These two people often disagree. Whenever my mom told me to stop, my dad told me to do it, making me not know who to trust. Huh.

"Ok. I will try to use reason." But whoever touches me, you will die ...

"What's more? What about sanitation?"

"All the clothes that are worn, they must be divided into white and colored. That will be easy for the laundry shop. Only underwear is self-washed."

"Do not dry your underwear in the room." My mom emphasized in a low voice.

"Yes. Your baby will hang them out on the balcony or the headboard of Kong."

"Gun, Are you kidding me now ?"

"Just a joke."

"I'm not happy."

Huh. That person! If not joking and not playing along is a bit obnoxious.

"What about the car?"

"Oh, the baby is sorry. If darling is dirty, the baby will put darling in the car care, madam. I will not let it cling to dust. That makes me hurt. ." This time my mom nodded in satisfaction.

The Volkswagen Beetle or what many also call a turtle car is an inheritance that my parents left behind for me. Even though it doesn't have a name, I always call it "darling". Maybe because it symbolizes the love of a father and a young mother.

Do you think it's too much? Well, you should know better. Whenever I have free time, I only talk about this car.

"It's over. That's what I remember." As far as I can tell, the important thing had been said.

"It's not over yet." But mom refuted first.

"What else is it?"

"Eat rice on time. If you wake up late and don't have time to eat, you have to look for something to eat. Don't sleep too late. Actually, I don't want you to drink alcohol, but your father said my son is curious, likes to experience things, so I won't ban it, but take good care of yourself. "

"Yes."

"Study is important. You came to study, not to play around with people, so you can't ignore it. In society, you must have an IQ. I don't want an idiot." Mom then started to cry. Hoi. The drama scene started like that. My foolishness made my mom cry.

We chatted for a bit more before hugging each other tightly as if we aren't going to see each other for a long time. In the next 30 minutes, it was time to go down to the dorm to say goodbye to relatives in the parking lot, watch until the family car was driving away before returning to the room with an empty heart.

Already counted. About a minute in an empty heart. Then it all vanished into nothingness.

"Gun is free nèeeee."

"So cheerful." Kong pouted sarcastically. I did not accept, but only raised an eyebrow, and teasingly replied.

"Let's go somewhere."

People with opposite personalities can't live together. Even just feeling it for a split second, I felt good with Kongkiat.

We spent the rest of the time sorting things up. I have my 3ft (~ 1m) bed of my own, a study desk, an incandescent light bulb, a chair, a separate wardrobe, a private bathroom for 2 people. And the important thing is that we have an area in the middle of the room where a Japanese style table is placed and above it the sweets and candies we bought.

"Yeah, several times I wanted to ask." While busy with the arrangement, Master Kongkiat suddenly asked a question.

"What is it?"

"Why do you have to turn on the light when you sleep?" I took my hand off the hanger and turned to face the opposite side.

"Have you always slept with lights on?"

"I used to, but I don't sleep anymore, or are you like that?"

"No. Everywhere I do ... How should I say." All my old school friends knew about this. So I've been nicknamed the guy who ate the light bulb for 6 years. However, this is not a secret. So I opened up to my friends. Not to mention it is also the one with whom I will sleep together for a year. So the more I explain the more it will be better.

"If you don't want to tell me ..."

"No. The thing is that when I was a child, I used to run around and play in the locker room. One day I got stuck and couldn't come out. It was very dark. I was crying and calling for help, but no one could hear it. So in my mind, I imagined something next to me. After that when I was rescued, I came home. When at night I went to sleep I was sure there were ghosts next to me. So I cried and wanted to get out of the room. Dad hurriedly opened the door to rescue me. After that, I wasn't the same as before. "

"Fear of dark syndrome?"

"Not really. Because I have no fear of the dark. I am just nervous, something like that. It's just at night every time I turn off the lights, I have nightmares. People thought it would be cured when I grew up, but no."

"Ever been to the doctor?"

"Yes. Before. Various treatments. I've been hypnotized too. I didn't see any effect."

"Your real karma is that you need to keep the lights on wherever you go."

"Like that."

"Suffering ?"

"I do. The point is whether other people can bear with me." With that said, my mind has started thinking on its own. Just thinking about the power outage and having to go to sleep without light, my imagination ran wild. Most of the time I was around people, since birth till now I have never left home. The doctor said it was a psychological specter and it may take time.

Without knowing when ...

When we finished unpacking, Kongkiat invited me to the cafeteria to find something to eat. Many students from different faculties are present here. Although not enough, it was extremely busy. To be honest, I started to enjoy my college life.

"Barbecue?" Kong asked. I nodded.

"How much?"

"One million times."

"Buffalo!"

"Can I not eat a million times?"

"You go outside, turn to your left hand there is a toilet. You went over there and sat alone."

"What? What did I do wrong?"

"You pissed me off, dammit. Let's order 5 pieces each." Then Gunyukol can do nothing but receive 5 grilled meat with sticky rice. Didn't want to say, but the soda here is the size of a brass cup. Too much heaven on earth but the price is only 15 baht. But after 2 sips it's gone. Damn ... Full of rocks and stones.

"Did you see that person? It's our science department's favorite beauty." While eating, Kong pointed his finger to show me the beauty. It's the food for my eyes because there are so many cute people.

"Do you know her?"

"I follow her on IG. More than thirty thousand followers."

"Wow."

"But people don't care about you."

"Damn." Just like that in the middle of the day I was bolded out.

"Look! That girl is the ex-girlfriend of my school's student council's president. Isn't she cute?" Biting another piece of barbecue, the guy next to me continued to babble. He pointed to the girl who is super cute with super white bangs as if she was wearing zero colored chalk. This dazzling beauty makes me look like I'm floating in heaven on the ninth floor.

"Pretty cute. Is she in our department?"

"No. I don't remember which department. I can declare that she's cute, but the handsome guy in the department can't be anyone else ..."

"Besides who?"

"Obviously Me." This world suddenly fell into despair.

It was at that moment I saw someone passed by my eyes. The person was very tall, with a slim body, wearing a black T-shirt with blue soccer pants, and holding a plate of rice with a large group of friends. However, that person stood out more than any other person. Crystal Eyes, a high nasal bridge nose along with chestnut mouth. The hairstyle is also very well suited to that oval face.

Hoi! Can't say that Kong is the handsome guy in the department anymore, because the moment he passed by he attracted the eyes of so many people.

"Who is that?" I asked not expecting Kong to know. But I received the answer and it exceeded my expectations.

"Don't you know?"

"No. Our faculty-student?"

"Um. In Electrical Engineering."

"..."

"Name Faifah."

"Am I not handsome?"

"Disgusting face."

"Please wait. I'll call P'Kloy and see. You're going to die, Kong."

"We are friends living together. Why so cruel?" It's always good to die if I beat you up.

Today, the first year students of the Engineering department were eager, because the seniors ordered the freshman to wear proper student uniforms to take pictures for student cards. So none will stand behind, because the picture will be with us for 4 years.

The activity room was filled with lots of students, but no one remembered anyone's name because it had only been one day since the activity began.

"The one who has come just sit on the bench. Would you please raise the department name board a little higher and sit properly?" We studied Chemistry, so we sat next to the Electricals. Luckily, there is no order. Whoever came first sat in the front, whoever came later sat in the back. So no one ran around the room as expected. In the meantime, you pass your time by writing out a piece of paper.

"Fill in personal information. Full name, student ID number that you received earlier. When taking pictures, we will queue you up according to the ordinal number."

Hearing that, I put the paper on the floor and start writing with my legs crossed. However, I didn't even write a few words when my elbow came across to the next person.

"Sorry."

The person being hit turned to look at me. At that moment, my breathing stopped.

What a handsome guy! So beautiful! Since when did he sit here? The last time I met him from afar in the cafeteria, I saw he was beautiful. Yet by the time I sat so close that my breath was almost stopped. I immediately knew it was truly the top of the top.

"Looking at what?"

"N ... no." Probably due to staring too long, he asked.

"Left-handed?"

"Right."

Then the opposite person moved his body a bit away from me so that his hands wouldn't touch mine. Meanwhile, I peeped at him filling in information on the paper eagerly. Name - Faifah. "But please don't be angry. You are beautiful. Your face is beautiful. Your voice is great but your handwriting is so disgusting", I said in my heart.

Just like using his big toe to write. But I won't say it. We are not that close. Not to mention that he also has a lot of people peeping at him.

After that, I turned around to write my information. I just waited for the other student to finish taking their pictures for student cards. At this moment, a commotion rang out. Other students are becoming restless. Kong said that his saliva was stinking out but it wasn't his turn yet. So he pulled

out the phone to play games. As for me, I'm not addicted to anything so I just surf on social media.

"What's the name? My name is Faifah." Shit! Shit! I don't want to believe the person who opened his mouth to ask my name is the handsome guy beside him.

"My name is Gun."

"Chemistry?"

"Yes."

"You study Electrical, right? Good. Name Faifah, majoring in Electrical *. Born for this."

(*) Faifah means electricity.

"You think so? But that's not true. I was born to be handsome."

"Gagging." Please! Play like this with Kong, not me.

"How cruel! How can you vomit?"

"Itchy throat."

"You tease too ?"

"What's the matter with you?"

"Just want to make it happen."

Honestly, Faifah is actually not a handsome guy but he looks cool. He is just a normal freshman like everyone else. Humorous, jokes around, has personality, super suitable for making friends.

"Which dormitory are you staying in? Let's spend some money on eating when free." Seriously! Look at what Faifah said. The first person who will suffer is you.

"In dormitory number 6, 3rd floor."

"Err. I'm in dormitory number 6, 4th floor. Running right above you every day."

"That's good. If you're free, then knock on the door. Room 311. The owner is handsome, kind, and charming."

"The coolest!" Do you think it compliments?

His face is so cunning, but I won't argue because the truth is something that can't be said

"Next is Chemistry. Get up and line up by the number on Reg." The interest associated with Faifah was broken. My friends and I quickly stood up, walked towards the queue to wait for the photo. A white screen is in one corner of the room. The front has a camera connected to the laptop, waiting for one by one to enter and then press the button gently.

Really tired of the unedited photo shoot.

How can you capture bad pictures? Puffy face, short neck, swollen lips! The photographer did not say anything because his only responsibility was to click the shutter. Huh, seriously!

"Gunyukol."

The second person in the department after rearranging the order is me. The word ko kai (kg) of course comes first.

I walked over, stood in the position where they used a marker to mark, stood up, straightened my clothes, face, hair, and ears. Then looked into the camera, hypnotized by myself that I was so beautiful. Boy, I'm the coolest of the 3 worlds.

Click!

"Done."

"B ... just one click? Isn't there a draft?"

"No. Go away."

I obeyed obediently and went around to see my face. Tigerooo. This is the face of a character in James Wan's ghost movie universe. Bro, take that away. I'd rather cut my head off and put a new face on. Angry! So Angry! I want to tear it into pieces but can only return.

I didn't bother with sitting in the front row anymore. I will take my old seat.

"What's wrong? Disgusting face?" Faifah seemed to know the joke so he was mocking me! How about we stab each other with knives?

"The camera is cheating on me. You are so handsome, why don't you just die. It's disgusting to be photographed."

"Accept the truth."

"The truth is that I look better than in the picture."

"So, look here." I don't understand what the other person is going to do, but how strange, I obediently follow the other person's request.

Faifah picked up his phone and touched the screen with his fingers before his slim hand opened a picture for me to see. It was a very beautiful picture of the beach.

"Look. Once I shoot to focus on something, it switches mood according to the subject."

"What?"

"If I take a picture of the ocean, the camera will show the word 'sea' to switch to a better image of water and waves."

"Well, that's that."

"This is the waterfall mode." Then Faifah slipped through the next picture for me to see. "This is a temple."

"So beautiful." Awesome smartphone knows how to take pictures even better than them.

"But if I try to photograph you,"

The other person turned the front camera towards me. A shutter sounded.

"Pet mode."

Khoannnnnnnnnn.

"You were trying to prank me on purpose, right?"

"No, I'm saying that if the phone camera recognizes your face as a pet, any DSLR can't take your pretty pictures."

"Faifah, the bad guy. You cursed me for being a pet!"

"I'm not cursing. The camera said it."

"It won't just end like this."

The time of suffering is just passing by slowly. After the Chemistry department took pictures, it was time for the Electrical department to continue standing up and clicking pictures. But I'm bored. Waiting and waiting still not done yet. I decided to go to the bathroom to deal with my sadness. Sitting bored and criticizing, I almost fell asleep in the bathroom, then devil Kongkiat called.

I immediately walked over to the sink to wash my hand, then turned around to leave. But my life was as usual unlucky.

Hello! Damn you!

I don't know who committed the crime. He broke the faucet but put it back together with thin sticky tape, pretending as nothing happened. Anyone unlucky to touch it is the victim. Is this a broken faucet or a toilet? The splashing water is no different from Don Pradu's hot spring.

Then I could do nothing but use my palms to do my best to seal the crack. But in vain. Now my appearance is no different from a dog falling into the water. Wet head, wet shirt, wet pants. Even my underwear is wet.

Crack!

And then the world also sent a hero to save me.

"Ugh ... Faifah ... W ... save me." What a blessing for me, because the person who pushed the door is my new friend I just met earlier. He stood still for a while, looking at me from head to toe before walking to the corner of the room and picking up a rag, then covered the crack with the cloth and tied with it.

About my appearance, nothing left to be said. But now Faifah is also suffering from the same wetness. The anger from a while ago disappeared completely when the opposite person offered a helping hand without saying a word.

"Thank you very much. The faucet played with me. Huh...." I said as I wiped the water from my face. The appearance is not different from the athlete participating in the marathon competition.

"Um." It hurts.

"Do we have to tell the lady to bring the workers to repair it?"

"....."

"Are you mad at me because I wet you?"

"..."

Still silent. Without taking his eyes off mine, he just pulled cigarettes from the bag to smoke. Cool too, buffalo. But I feel bad.

"Free time?"

"Do we know each other?" Huh? Being so overlooked, I don't know what to do.

"Look at it this way. I'm so angry at the person who broke the faucet. But If I accidentally wet my shirt, I should take it off."

"No need."

"It's up to you. Thank you anyway."

"Um."

Due to being frustrated, not wanting to get mad, I quickly dragged my wet body out. We were wet all over, like we both fell down the drain, so we gathered together to help each other kindly. I was touched, but the most embarrassing thing was that I wanted to take off the shirts and pants.

No need! It is enough to sit in front of a fan. It will dry in a moment.

It was almost evening when I turned to the dormitory to sleep. Played all day. Doing so many things can be tiring, whether it's taking a photo for a card or making new friends, or helping repair the faucet. Even the one who did all this is the new friend

Faifah ...

Tomorrow the Faculty will have a super big, extremely magnificent activity, that is the ceremony to receive the code. Some freshmen hoped and looked forward to seeing which seniors will take care of them, guide their studies, share documents, exam questions, or even buy food sometimes.

Kong is one of the kids who is very excited. Since this year there is no welcoming ceremony for juniors in the activity room due to the problem of students always hiding, plus it is no longer required to attend, the number of students participating in this activity has decreased. So the seniors found alternative activities.

Honestly, I still don't know what people are going to do. In the schedule it said, it will only take place this morning.

"Kong, let's go and eat."

"Wait a second. I'm betting with the next room to see if this year I and your code will be a girl or a boy." Master Kongkiat said while shaking his legs on the bed. Extremely happy face.

"Then if you guessed it correctly?"

"Pride and Joy."

"Oh well. Then there is no need to play. Come down to eat with me quickly. I'm hungry."

"Wait a second. There are 3 more kids to answer."

"Then I'll go first. You should follow soon."

"Yeah."

He's grown up, so there is no need to wait around like a kindergarten kid. The army that lives in my stomach is constantly attacking me, so I went straight to the dorm cafeteria, saw hundreds of people eating together in the cafeteria.

Every food counter line is as long as a football stadium. The fastest is the curry rice line because it's just to scoop in.

I'm an easygoing type. Even though basil fried rice doesn't have basil, it's enough for me. The other dish I chose is meatballs. For water, no need to be fussy. Get a bottle of filtered water from the cabinet, and pay for it.

Fortunately, the table is still empty. I choose to sit in the deepest corner of the long table to make room for people to come and sit later. The kindest friend is Gun.

After eating for a while, the voice of the group of people who had just arrived could be heard amid the commotion of the people in the cafeteria.

"This place is empty, let's sit down." I followed the voice, spotted 3 boys walking straight to me before squeezing in beside me. The first 2 guys I don't know who, but the third person sitting next to me is familiar.

"Faifah." When you meet someone you know, you must say hello. It's the courtesy.

"What's up?" He replied with a cold face.

"Having a meal with friends?"

"Um."

"And I am eating alone."

"I see."

"So bad." His mouth said that before rolling his eyes when he found out that we are eating the same food.

"Imitating what I bought?"

"Funny." Bored to death. Today this Faifah guy did not join in the fun. Huh?

"I took a picture that day, I got a card. Admit that it was bad. But I have nothing to be ashamed of." After taking my hand off the spoon and fork, I quickly picked up the wallet from the table and pulled out the card I received yesterday, and showed it to the taller person.

"The name Gunyukol?" Faifah asked. I nodded and explained more.

"Means 2 ears."

Whoosh !!

Damn it. His two friends sprayed water all over the table. You guys are without heats.

"I showed you the card. Would you mind taking out your card for me to see?" When I look in the mirror, I think I look pretty good. Ok, Maybe not stand out that much, but certainly not ugly like the photo of the student ID.

"Why show you?" He asked again as if to provoke me.

"To clarify whether it's the fault of the camera or the face?"

"Definitely the face."

"Isn't it too much?"

"Eat your rice in silence. It's troublesome to talk when eating."

"You bothered me the last time."

It is not clear what life storms he encountered. Sadly, I have to keep my mouth shut and then scoop the rice in my mouth greedily. These guys won't talk to each other. Silent as sheets. Eating is eating, not holding the phone to play. There is no chattering between them, like when Kong and I eat with friends or the eight-year-old for me. So it feels a bit strange.

"We will receive the code tomorrow. What kind of seniors do you want to have? Do you like pretty or kind? I emphasize that he/she has to have a lot of money." Because it was too quiet, I had to find something to chat with a bit. But this time it worked because the other person answered.

"Will accept whatever I get."

"Yeah, I think so too."

"Um."

End ... this topic.

Did you not finish it too fast? I asked! I asked...

"See that you are about to win the beauty contestant, handsome man. Are you interested in applying for registration?" Still not discouraged, find a new topic to talk to till when I finish eating. Don't want to be alone.

"Nonsense." This time Faifah was the one to answer. His friend immediately agreed to follow.

"I think so, too. Is there nothing more fun than that?"

"Right."

End topic number two quickly like a flash. YOU!!!... I'm so tired.

Ok. Maybe he doesn't want to talk, so I will quietly put the rice in my mouth quickly. The remaining half of the water bottle also drained in a sip. But I had to stop the rhythm of eating when the phone that doesn't know when to ring, started ringing. Furthermore, the caller was Kong.

"What's up?" My voice is low. The other end of the line quickly replied without delay.

[Are you eating rice?]

"Yeah. Done yet? Did you come down to eat together?"

[Down. Crowded?]

"Yes. But let me order rice. What do you want?"

[Hoi. Gun, dear. You are my number one. I want to eat chicken drumstick rice noodles and pork balls.] Eating and drinking are difficult. Then calling like that it's troublesome.

"You choose not to come down with me at first. Chicken thighs or pork balls?"

[Get both.]

"Greedy."

[The rice noodles at the restaurant have the one who cut Maruko's hair. "

"Sorry. Maruko closed the door today. You have to eat at another restaurant."

[It's fucking bad. Yeah, ok. Order for me. Keep a place for me. I'm coming down. Love you.] After these three lines. I hung up and turned to shoot poor puppy eyes to the group of friends beside me.

"Now I have to go order rice for him. He wants to eat chicken drumstick rice noodles with pork balls. If I go, will you look after my food for a little bit? "

It can't be helped. A moment later, Faifah agreed by nodding.

After getting the opportunity, I hurried over to the rice noodle shop and wrote what my best friend wanted to eat on paper. Waiting in the line is probably going to take a long time so I squeezed in and left the paper in front of the shop, then returned to the table. This time, there was no one sitting except Faifah.

"Where's your friend?"

"Gone."

"Yeah ... But thank you so much for waiting." I was being grateful while sitting on the chair.

"Nothing. It's fun to sit and look."

"Damn." This liveliness must get you the real number 1 position.

"If you want to get up, then go ahead."

"What about your friend?"

"He is coming."

"..."

Then we said nothing more. The rice on his plate is already over, and I'm still eating. Strangely, Faifah refused to get up but only picked up his phone to play until Kongkiat came straight to the table. His tall body suddenly jumped up.

"Oh. Are they gone?"

"Um." He replied as if he was afraid of falling of green chrysanthemums.

(*) Describes the state of silence, does not say anything.

"Thanks for being with me, Faifah."

"No. I just waited for my stomach to digest."

"Damn." My smile was halted and I became embarrassed. So I waved my hand to tell him to goodbye quickly, then turned to chat with Kong.

There! He has started eating at 6 p.m, now it's almost 7:30 p.m, my roommate only just finished one bowl of rice noodles.

Live football is playing on TV tonight. We planned to meet up in the dorm supervisor's room below because there was no TV in our room. So, before going back to the dorm, we must stop in to buy snacks. Each one has 2 dishes to share and eat while watching football.

"Gun, my man." The dorm area is round. Just walking around and buying things in Minimart for a bit and Faifah came to say hello.

"Oiiii. We had met when we went to eat, now we met again when we buy snacks. Have you ever thought about eating too well?"

"What are you talking about? When did I meet you at dinner?"

"Faifah, I'm not kidding now." What kind of craziness is this? Sometimes he is cold, sometimes he is funny. Today is close and the other day is not familiar. Strange, right?

"I'm not kidding. I haven't talked to you in days."

"Huh?"

Ghost! Please don't tell me jokes.

"Dreaming?"

"Crazy. What are you talking about? Confusing me."

"Look, buddy. On the day of the card photo, did you talk to me?"

"Yes. We talked. Your face was put into pet mode."

Every time I hear it, I feel a throbbing pain.

"Then when I broke the faucet in the toilet, you came to help me, right?"

"Um. I helped to take you to fan drying." Faifah was more puzzled than before. And yet, he raised his hand to scratch his head.

"I didn't mean that time. I mean it was in the bathroom when you covered the crack with the cloth. Then you sat down to eat with me a while ago and we meet again here. "

"Not me."

"You are standing here!?"

"Yes. This is me. But it wasn't me earlier." Suddenly, the furrowed eyebrows on his handsome face relaxed, while I'm still messed up like a chicken with wet hair.

"I get it ..."

"Please explain it to me." Don't let me be stupid alone.

"Maybe you don't know. Actually, everyone knows in the faculty."

"Knows what?"

"I guess the person with you earlier must be my brother."

"Huh!"

His answer was no different than 3 sticks whipped down on the center of the head. Even so, he continued to explain, making me even more shocked than before.

"It is my twin brother."

"Huh?"

"Well, he is in Civil Engineering."

"Huh?"

"Don't say the word 'huh' okay? Annoying!"

"Do you have twins?"

"Yeah. That's why I want to ask where were you ?."

"..."

"Don't you know Yotha or something?"

[End of Chapter 1]

2

chapter 2

Editor : JJG918, NomeHodas

From childhood to adulthood, my life has been full of surprises. The biggest surprise was probably when I saw my older sister again once she returned from Work and Travel, wearing all black from head to toe. Or maybe it was when I raised a cat for several years and continuously gave it food and water, just to find out it wasn't a stray cat like I had thought. Its owner was the person in the opposite house. Shit! Or maybe it was the time I found out my first girlfriend had started dating another senior in the same school.

A lot of things happened to me I was sure were the biggest surprises, but no, because right now, right now! This was the biggest surprise.

It's not weird that I wasn't able to tell them apart, but the fact that everyone knew except me is strange. Where have I been?

"Faifah, stand here for now. Let me find my ally real quick."

I do not believe I'm the only stupid one. So I rushed to find my best friend Kong in the minimart, and quickly pulled his neck to face the tall person.

"Kong, do you know who this is?" Without saying anything else, I pointed my finger at the target.

"Uuh, Faifah. The one you asked me about before. Hey, how's it going? I've seen you play soccer with the Sophomores. Nice to meet you."

"Nice to meet you. If you're free you should come play." Waaiiiittttt. He answered the question but started talking about something else like it wasn't important. I know it's impolite to interrupt someone else's conversation, but the confusion in my mind is still unclear.

"Wait, my friend. Wait! You know Faifah. Ok, I get it. Did you know he has a twin?"

"Ah, you're talking about Ai'Yotha? Who would be stupid enough to not know?"

"Me! Who else?!" Even Kongkiat knew. Why didn't I ever question anything?

* Kongkiat = Kong's full name

"Err. You didn't know?" He meekly asked me with an innocent face.

"You never told me."

"I thought you've known for a while. Everybody in our faculty has been talking about him. Oiiii. You're skilled when it comes to butting into other people's business, but when it's something important, you're stupid."

"I'm not stupid; I didn't know."

"Ok, now you know. Well, I'm gonna go buy a coffee to wake me up so I don't die. See you later Faifah." Ai'Kong is my best friend, but before me comes food. So after talking with us for a bit, he rushed to search for coffee. I calmly stood, confused, in a forest of sweets with my tall friend before deciding to drag Fai to the bench in front of the minimart to explain further.

* Fai = shortened form of Faifah's name

"You have a twin named Yotha." I repeated it again with a firm voice.

"Yes."

"But I'm stupid. I couldn't tell you guys apart."

"You're not the only one. Yotha and I have very similar faces. Most people can't tell us apart. You have to rely on our personality."

"So what's a difference between your appearance so I can tell you guys apart? To be honest, when I met your brother, I didn't have the slightest clue except for his gruff look."

"A difference? ..." The handsome-faced man rolled his eyes as if he was thinking. "I may have to take it off."

"Hey, that's dirty." He offered to take off his clothes to show me; just thinking about it made me nervous.

"What's dirty about it dude? I'm just taking off my shirt."

Right... I forgot. Just hearing "take off", my brain immediately imagined him taking off his pants.

"W ... why do you need to take off your shirt?"

"Yotha has a small tattoo on the right side of his waist."

"How dare he get a tattoo? He's still a child." I said that, but I also once dreamed of secretly getting myself a tattoo. I seem to be contradicting myself now. "So what's the tattoo?"

"Go and see for yourself."

"I'm not going to, and if you wear clothes who's going to see it? Can I have a more obvious difference?" Faifah sighed deeply, but still kindly told me everything one by one. I will have to memorize this just in case I see him again, then I'll be able to tell them apart.

"I have a little mole here. Yotha doesn't." The other person tilted his face a little and pointed to a really small mole on the nape of his neck. What the hell! If I stand 100 meters away, how would I know whether you are you, or you are him?

"Is there anything else?"

"I'm more handsome than Yotha."

"..."

"I'm kinder and friendlier."

"I don't think so." My mind has been running wild since he said he's more handsome. Their faces are extremely similar, it is impossible to decide who is more handsome. All I know is both of them are equally outstanding.

"But if you see him, you'll see that I'm 2 cm shorter than Yotha. He's 187 cm and I'm 185 cm."

"Only someone clairvoyant would be able to see that height difference. There's barely any difference."

"Our body odor? It's different."

"Why? You stink, and your brother smells sour?"

"Bastard. No. I mean, we have different scents. Like me, I have a pleasing scent, like a handsome man. If you don't believe me, try smelling me."

"I not going to smell you. I'm afraid I'll die. Is there anything else?"

"Then I don't know. When you see him again, you will be able to figure it out yourself. There are obvious differences. You'll just feel it." Wow. Witty. I don't even know what to say to that. What kinda shit advice is that? I couldn't tell them apart before and I still can't now. Even so, I nodded my head and said nothing, accepting the fact that I would have to learn on my own.

Next time I will not fail.

"If you don't have any more questions, I'm gonna go finish shopping." Faifah ended the conversation before standing up.

"Ok. See you later."

"Let me ask again. Who am I?"

"A bitch."

"I'm going to punch your mouth in a minute. Now say it right."

"Faifah."

"That's right, N'Beagle."

"Beagle my ass."

"Oh. You didn't know your face looks like a dog?"

"Stop comparing my face to animals. Go wherever you need to go."

"You should leave too. Don't forget. My name is Faifah, not Yotha." The other emphasized once more before grinning and going back inside the minimart, leaving me to sit alone. Despite those explicit differences, I'm still not sure if I can tell the difference between these twins from hell. Maybe I just have to wait...

And meet the man named Yotha again.

"And now, like every year, the important moment has arrived. You should all know that the code reception will be taking place today. So, first year and second year students, prepare and look forward to it. First row."

The activity room was so loud and joyful, like a fair. Not only are the first years participating in this activity, but the second and third years are participating too. I scanned the room; I saw a lot of people bought a lot of things.

I am also nervous. The sitting order was changed because of the height arrangement. My best friend Kongkiat moved two rows ahead of me. I can't talk to him anymore.

The code-receiving session began with the row of students from the computer department walking out first. The senior, who was serving as MC,

began to give an exciting speech.

"N'Pichitpol gets the same gear number 0136."

"Yeah!!"

Drums sounded. The first person looked surprised. All eyes were on the female senior code running across the platform to greet him. So many people were clapping and whistling excitedly.

During moments like this, it is said time will go by quickly. This was exactly what I was expecting. I'm so nervous, it feels like time is moving quickly. In a blink of an eye, the first 10 kids in the chemistry department returned. I was the second to last person in the third row, so I began fidgeting.

"Next row will be the Chemistry students."

Gasp!

I haven't prepared myself yet and it's already my turn. When I got up, my legs were completely shaking. I don't like situations where I have to go stand in front of people and let them stare at me. Is that weird? I'm usually someone who can get along with others easily, but if it's something like this, I would get so nervous that my mouth would start to twitch.

There are 10 people in a row. My row is all boys. The first one started to pick a paper from the blue box held in front of him by the female senior. Next is the 2nd, then the 3rd person and the next numbers began to pick. Ai'Kong's senior code is a guy wearing nerdy glasses just like him. It must be fate he's so well matched with his family.

"What's your name?"

When it was my turn, the microphone was immediately raised to my mouth.

I do not know if the other departments have this problem, but this year there are some changes in the Engineering department. Not only do we have to clean up the cheerleading room, but the tradition of wearing name tags has

also been dropped. So, before picking a code, everyone had to introduce themselves by saying their name through the microphone.

"My name is Gun."

"N'Gun, you seem really nervous. If that's the case, go ahead and pick." The lottery box was held out in front of me. I reached my hand inside; my heart beat nonstop as I took out a piece of paper and handed it to the waiting senior. She took it and quickly opened it, then announced it through the microphone.

"N'Gun has the same gear number 0513."

"Yeeesssssss!!!"

What's going on? My classmates and seniors are screaming together. I stood in front of them blankly until finally the magnificent senior code came out with a serious face.

He is a tall person, slightly dark skinned, has a beard, and is holding a Buddha wreath in his hand so I can't tell whether he is a baptist or is just dirty. Wait! The others have sashes and beautiful flower garlands on their neck. But this senior brought something different. Did he bring a Buddha wreath to worship me?

"Hey, this is Champ. P'Champ is our inferior 2nd year vice president. Cute personality, friendly, and suuchhhhh an alcoholic." It was almost good, and then I almost died when they said he was an alcoholic! Ugh, crap!

After the MC announced his name, my senior with my code number came in front of me and raised the wreath, clasped his hands and bowed before chanting something for about 45 seconds. You did not come to accept me as a junior; it's more like you came to conquer me as a ghost.

"For you." Then he gave it to me.

"Th ... thank you." If I do not accept it, I am afraid he'll break my mouth. Not to mention this senior looks ruthless, even though the MC had said he

was a good person.

"My name is Champ. I study IE."

"I'm in Chemistry. My name is Gun."

"Nice to meet you. Then, I'll see you after your row separates."

"Ok."

"If you're free, I'll take you out to drink and get drunk as a dog."

Damn! We just met and already this senior wants to take me out to drink. He's not gentle at all.

"Alright Phi."

Haa ... But the only thing I can do is accept it. P'Champ left and I slowly returned to my row amongst the harsh laughter of my friends. It's obvious they're laughing at my wreath. Who would think to give this to someone without asking? Bastard.

After picking our code, we must return to our seats and wait for the rest of the students. So now it's time to watch the action of the code ceremony. Sometimes I felt sleepy and sometimes I would bite my nails. Unfortunately, our phones were confiscated because the last time no one focused on the activities. So everyone looked as sullen as me.

"Next row."

Huh ~

But the boredom we felt disappeared in the blink of an eye, because one person in the line had captured everyone's attention. A tall person with a handsome face.

"Faifah ..." I couldn't help but mutter in a loud voice before being hit right on my arm.

"Yotha, dumbass."

"How do you know? How can you tell them apart?"

"Well, everyone in the department knows it's Yotha. If you think he might be Ai'Faifah, then you must be really stupid." Huh! Not only was Kong scolding me, this time his best friend Book, who was sitting behind him, also jumped in to contribute. Just like that, there was a moment of confusion.

Admittedly, once I knew the identity of the twin from hell, I turned to look at him. What the others do, I don't care. At this moment, I'm observing the older twin, Yotha, in order to find a difference between him and Faifah.

"Now, the 5th row."

I looked at him but couldn't see any difference. The same eyes. The mouth and nose are the same. The only difference seems to be his taciturn personality that no one would dare touch due to fear of getting hit. His face looks like he could kill someone.

"N'Yotha gets the same gear number 0775."

As soon as the MC announced it through the microphone, the sound of applause and drumming rang out like it did for the other friends when they received their codes. But it was also different because after someone stepped out, the Sophomores also began to scream and cry out loudly.

"AAHHHHHHHHHHH."

* This is the sound of screaming

"The bestttttt."

* They are still screaming

"The divine family code."

What? I don't understand what's going on. Please give me some insight.

"What is the divine family code?" I leaned back to ask Book.

"If you don't know, how should I know? But damn! Yotha's senior code is so cute." I nodded in agreement. The 2nd year senior was very small, white skin, cute face. He had stepped out holding a marigold garland and a crossband in his hand.

It was not until the two of them were facing each other that I noticed a clear difference. Woah! He only reaches to the tip of Ai'Yotha's nose.

"I asked the people behind me. They said his name is Arm."

"Really?"

I was starting to believe this code family was not ordinary. I finally understood how special they were when they had caught the attention of all the people in the faculty.

The code receiving ceremony continues. The topic of Yotha was still being discussed by the extremely rare girls in the department. Then it was Faifah's turn to step out, eliciting soft screams from the people in the room.

I know how these two are different!

The older brother stood to pick a code as if he was being forced. Contrary to the younger brother, who was happily smiling at one person and then another. Is there anyone in the department that you don't smile at?

In the end, he was given the same code as a small girl with monolids and a Chinese-like face, but who was very kind.

"Now that you're done picking your code, I will let you go row by row to get to know your seniors and your code family. Do you guys remember the next activity?"

"Yes. ~"

"What happens next Monday afternoon?"

"There is a flea market."

"Ughhhh, no! Next Monday there's a faculty activity. Everyone must wear black T-shirts and comfortable gym pants. Remember. Don't forget. Understand?"

"We understand."

"Disband."

When leaving the rows, the situation was not much different from an ant's nest. Some left and some ran to find their seniors with the same code. As for me, I was just chilling because my senior with the same code is easy to find. His mustache was all over his face, that I could see him even a hundred yards away.

"P'Champ, I'm here." When I finished, he threw me a bunch of meeting presents. At first glance, I see a Japanese-style table, basket, broom, mop, dustpan, basin, and clothes-hangars. Erm ... everything but school supplies.

"Necessary items for the dorm."

"Thank you very much."

"So, what do you want to do? Do you need me to take you back to your dorm so you can store your stuff first, and then do you want to eat lunch?"

"I drove over. I plan to send 'darling' back home."

"You have a girlfriend?"

"No. My car is called 'darling'."

"Damn. That's a cheesy name."

"If that's the case, then I'll change it. Give me a second, I'd like to go store my things in BM."

"Hoi. You drive BM too?"

"No. Do you not know what a joke is?"

"You're asking for trouble." P'Champ is someone who talks briefly and in a low voice, but he's not evil. Which is obvious since he has the position of vice president. So he must be suitable for that position if the family code can trust him with their lives. But on the way to the parking lot, I couldn't help but ask him questions.

"Why are you the vice president? Do you want to be a leader or something? Or are you a man of dedication and want to work for society?"

"No. No one wanted to do it, so they picked me." How unlucky ...

You're telling me it was all just a waste praising him in my heart for so long? I want to cry, but I have no tears. After throwing all my belongings into my car, I sat on the back of P'Champ's old motorbike to go to a cafeteria on campus. This shop has a good atmosphere. It also has air conditioning, and various dishes. But I don't like that it's crowded.

Most of the guests are from the Faculty of Engineering. It seemed like they couldn't think of any other restaurant, so they just dragged the first years here.

"Hey, Champ." While opening the menu to choose our food, someone's greeting forced us to turn our heads and look in the direction of their voice. I rolled my eyes, because the person standing in front of us was the junior with the same code as Yotha. I looked behind him and was shocked. It's the whole family. Everyone's face is so beautiful. You guys are truly divine.

What about me? Suddenly the pet filter on a cellphone flashed in my head.

"Demon Arm. There are a hundred places you could go, but you chose the same shop."

"P'Japan chose it. Is this your Nong?"

"Yeah ... I brought the dog. Doesn't my nong's face look like a Beagle?"
Hoiuuuuuu. Bastard senior. How could you sell your nong out like that?

"It's similar."

I don't even deny it anymore! I just clenched my teeth in anger and didn't do anything. Waiting for them to finish greeting each other and say goodbye took a while.

"How can you compare me to a dog? I'm angry." After they left, I didn't hesitate to quickly ask him.

"Don't sulk. You're a Beagle; they're expensive ..." Who wants to be expensive? "Stop glaring at me. Let's order food."

"Is it fine to order anything?"

"Anything is fine. But just order one."

"Why are the other family codes ordering so much?"

"There are a lot of people in their family. It's enough to order one each for our family. Don't order too much."

"Huh?"

"We'll save money for now. It'll be better to save it and use it to get you drunk."

"Huh?"

"I'm going to hit you. Hurry up and order. I'm feeling kind today, so I'll treat you to ice cream as well."

"Can I change it to bingsu?"

"Yeah, that's fine. But I like the mango bingsu." Is this senior letting me order this so I can eat it, or so he could eat it? Geez. But in the end, I decided to order mango bingsu because I also liked it, thinking that after the bowl is clean, we can continue eating dessert without having to wait.

"I want to ask. How are the rest of the family code members? Is everyone nice?"

"No. Our family is in short supply because my highest senior dropped out of school and my senior and code number never took care of me.

"What rotten luck"

"There are only 2 people left, so I want to take good care of you. When you have free time to hang out, lets hang out."

"Again?"

We continue to learn more about each other. P'Champ is the 2nd year vice president, studying Industrial Engineering. His hobbies are soccer and drinking. But is drinking really a hobby? He's also good at his studies. He has a score of 3 (out of 4). I don't know if it's true, but I'll just believe it for now.

I also told him about myself. Because he wasn't a complicated person, and I get along with people easily, we quickly became friends. After eating we had some free time, so the next topic of conversation was about the divine family code, which had nothing to do with me at all.

"P'Champ, the person who greeted you earlier, does he belong to the divine family code?"

"You're going to get kicked in the mouth." This entire time we've been verbally hurting each other. I'm really hurt.

"..."

"You see the person sitting over there?" My same code senior pointed to a group of people sitting in the deepest corner of the shop. "That guy, Jet, is a graduated senior. He used to go to this school. The girl sitting across from him is his girlfriend, Japan, who was a beauty. She's now a 3rd year. "

"Wowwww. Good job."

"That tall guy with a handsome face, wearing a MU football shirt next to P'Jet, his name is Arc, year 4, he's 'over-the-month'." I was stunned because he was really handsome. So beautiful that I wanted to be born with a face like him, but if I'm being honest, my face is not bad. *Cough*

* No joke, he really coughed hahahaha

* For any Arc-Arm fans, in this book it translated to "Over-the-month" not "over the moon"

"Why is he called 'over-the-month'?"

"He didn't want to be the man of the month, so people gave him the position of 'over-the-month'. That guy's in year 2, his name is Arm. "

"Ah, was he the one who was talking to you earlier?"

"Yeah. He's P'Arc's lover."

"Shit."

"Not only are they the family of divine codes, but they're also the family of codes that eat each other. How depressing." P' Champ said, leaning back in his chair, flossing his teeth like an old man. "They have a first year joining them. What's his name?"

"Yotha." I know it by heart now, because I've been stupid so many times already.

"Just as evil."

"How do you know he is evil?"

"Just looking at his eyes I know his heart already. Shit. I want to get acquainted. I want to take you to get drunk." Oiiiiiiii. Annoying. All day he's been talking about alcohol. I was tired of arguing so I ignored him.

I also don't know how evil this person is, because judging by his appearance I can only tell he is indifferent to the world, rigid and not very friendly. But

no matter what someone like Yotha is, it has nothing to do with me.

Ai'Kong was out late having fun with his family code. Not only did they treat him to lunch, but they also went to karaoke with each other. Even so, I am not lonely. I visit this room, then stop in that room to beg for a little food. Everyone in the Engineering faculty are my friends.

Who would fight me?

In the middle of the night, I went back to bed and waited for my best friend, but I didn't see him. The start of the term is a few days away, but the activities that started before the term will continue until the middle of next month.

"I'm going to sleep."

After sending the text to the other person, I put my face on my pillow. I don't know when I fell asleep.

When I wake up, the rays of the new day shine straight into the room.

Luckily, I had enough sleep, so I felt extremely refreshed. I sat up and stretched my body for a while before my eyes suddenly saw the person on the opposite bed.

"Shit!!"

"Hi ~ Two-eared boy." Kong said, looking like a zombie. Pale face, dark circles, and dry lips. Not only that, but his clothes were also the same as yesterdays. Where did you go? To battle?

"Are you okay?" I hurriedly got off the bed and rushed over to my roommate. I put my hand on his forehead to check his temperature. Fortunately, he is not hot, so I'm somewhat reassured.

"I went to sing karaoke last night."

"What time did you get home?"

"1 a.m."

"Why?"

"I was sleepy, so I planned to go to sleep. But I couldn't sleep because the light kept shining in my eyes." As he spoke, Kong seemed flustered as if he was about to cry. "If I turned off the lights ... I was afraid you'd have nightmares."

Stop the drama.

"Sorry it kept you up. But I have to ask. When we were sleeping with the lights on before, could you sleep peacefully?"

"I could sleep, I just put a blanket over my head. But I don't know what the hell happened last night. I was so exhausted, but I couldn't sleep."

"Try to close your eyes and sleep again."

"I can't sleep. The light keeps shining in my eyes. Ugh ..."

"Let me close the curtains. Wait a second."

"Torture. It was torture."

"Need me to ask the dormitory manager about changing rooms?" To be honest, I was wondering if anyone could live with me. At first, everyone said it was fine. But when we moved in together, living in the same room for a year didn't seem easy.

"Don't worry. I'll live."

"Okay. I'm afraid you won't be able to sleep and you'll die."

"Don't jinx it. It's okay. I said it's okay." Then Kong snuggled his head into the blankets, not planning to show himself and talk to me anymore.

If he wants to pretend to not care, that's fine. But he is my best friend, how could I not care.

So ... the next night's mission of trying to sleep at night began.

We discussed with each other and then reached the unanimous conclusion that he'll try sleeping in the same room for another night or two, this time wearing a blindfold enhancement option. Maybe it will help. But if the results are still the same, I will have to quickly work with the dorm manager to change rooms, or I'll have to pay twice as much so I don't inconvenience others.

* Gun is saying if he can't solve this issue with Kong's sleep, he'd have to pay for a room for himself, which means he'll have to pay twice as much.

And as expected, Kong couldn't sleep ...

But when I'm in the room I just get so scared I need to turn on the lights. When I start thinking like this, I also can't sleep.

As a result, I had to run and handle the room change. The entire hall was packed because there were two guys requesting to move rooms too. One guy was asking to move rooms and the other guy wanted to kick the older persons ass, but the dormitory manager didn't give anyone permission to move, except me who really needed to.

"This is the name of the new roommate you will be staying with." A sheet of A4 paper was held out in front of me. I took it but didn't read it.

"Then, this guy will be ok?"

"He'll be fine. He told me it wasn't a problem."

"Everyone says that at first, but I'm scared we won't be able to live together, even though I really want to get along with him." Even a guy that is close to me, like Kong, couldn't survive. The saddest thing is that he tolerated not sleeping for a week without saying a word to me.

"There will be no problem this time. A new roommate will move downstairs into your old room."

"I'm sorry for the trouble. But anyway, I would like to thank you."

"You're welcome. If you're all set, let's get everything moved today."

"Ok."

I bowed and exited the dorm administration room and read the paper with the name of my new roommate in suspense. He's on the 4th floor, room 423.

"The name is Yotha Thanawanyotha."

Shit!!

Tell me it's not true.

Kong has been searching for more information on the twin brother Yotha for me. There is not much to know about him.

His nickname is Yotha. His real name is also Yotha. His full name is Thannawanyotha.

He's studying Engineering; Civil engineering. Even better than that, his father was also in the Faculty of Civil Engineering.

Was he born just because of the word "Yotha"? If I was Faifah, I would be so sad. Oh yeah, I forgot. Their mother is also an alumnus of the Faculty of Electrical Engineering. It's very difficult to understand.

"Gun, dude, does this damn crate pop up?"

"Move. Let me do it myself. I'm afraid you guys will break it." The thoughts in my mind were interrupted, once again I was pulled back to focus on the work in front of me.

My friends from the Chemistry department came to help me move my things from the 3rd floor to the 4th floor, while the Electrical students struggled to bring things from the 4th floor to the 3rd floor. Surprises always happen to me. The biggest surprise happened in the middle of the day, because my new roommate, whom I will be sharing a room with for a year, is the twin Yotha, while his brother Faifah, has moved in to room with Kong.

My friends are out now, leaving only me, my furniture scattered on the floor, and the owner of the room.

"I'm sorry I moved in and separated you two. And that you no longer get to sleep with your brother."

"It's okay. I was getting bored of it anyway." The other guy replied.

When I look at him like this, I can clearly see the height difference between us. Even though I'm 176 cm, I still feel like I'm short and die every time I'm near him.

"To pay you back for your kindness, I'll be a good person and clean the room for a week."

"You don't need to pay me back. I don't normally stay in the room."

"Err ... Then, where do you go?"

"Nosy."

"I want to be nosy."

"Do you have a girlfriend yet?"

"W ... what?" The question just now made me extremely confused. However, the opponent asked again.

"I asked if you had a girlfriend yet."

"Not yet."

"Boring. Hurry up and get a girlfriend."

"Why should I get a girlfriend?"

"People who have girlfriends often become attached to their girlfriends and will have less time to poke around in other people's lives."

What kind of logic is that?

Yotha is a strange person. Every time I look at his handsome face, there are times I feel like he's indifferent to the world, but other times I feel like I'm looking at a dangerous gangster.

But I don't care, I quickly dismissed the thoughts wandering around my head and began to arrange the furniture, not paying attention to the opponent. Honestly, Yotha doesn't really want to talk to me. So, later in the afternoon, we went out separately to find food without either of us telling the other anything, then I went back to our room. At that time, the opponent was no longer there.

1 a.m. He hasn't come back ...

But people who are lonely know how to keep themselves entertained. I knocked on the door of my best friend Kong's room and asked him to play mahjong. Meanwhile, Faifah also joined us to play. When he was out of the game, Ai'Kong went to sleep first. So Faifah took the opportunity to invite me to sit and enjoy the wind on the emergency staircase separate from the building.

"Yotha hasn't gone back to the room." The tall best friend spoke like he knew what I was thinking. I nodded and replied.

"Yea. Where did he go?"

"Somewhere."

"Is he sleeping in a hole?"

"If it weren't for my legs feeling so tired, I'd have kicked you off the stairs." Always so violent with me. Cruel.

"I just wanted to relieve my stress." Faifah can't take a joke, huh? I wrapped my arms around my pillow and turned to talk seriously. "Why is your brother so different from you?"

"Because we were each raised differently. My parents are divorced. My oldest brother, Newton, and Yotha lived with my father, and I lived with my mother. Then in ninth grade we moved back into the same house because my mom remarried."

"Wow! That's crazy."

"So, try to sympathize with him a bit. He grew up in a house with only guys. He's rough and insensitive, but he is not a bad person."

"Ha, he's not bad." I said, and then clenched my teeth.

"When you get to know him, you will love him."

It's hard to believe.

I should look at this optimistically. I can learn how it is living with an alien. I can take it as a test that will help me move forward and help me grow as a person.

* Yea, Gun really called Yotha an alien. As in "E.T. phone home"

The two of us sat chatting for less than 10 minutes. Faifah yawned the entire time, so we said goodbye and went back to our rooms. Who would have expected that after opening the door and entering the room I would see a tall guy, that sorta looked like Yotha, sitting at the end of the bed drinking milk in yellow pajamas with a funny chick design.

Wait, is it because I'm tired or am I dreaming?

"W ... when did you get back?" My voice completely cracked. He can make himself look cute like this too?

"A while ago." The other person immediately replied, still holding his milk.

Damn! He's so cute. This is not Yotha.

"The dorm closes at 1 o'clock. How did you get in?" It is 2 o'clock now. He's not obeying the rules at all.

"I just signed in and wrote down a reason. What's so hard about that?"

"So, what reason did you write?"

"Porridge."

"Huh! With a face like yours?" There's no way someone like this would eat porridge at 2 a.m. It's definitely something else. I once saw him draw cigarettes out before. Trust me. He must have disappeared to go do something bad. I'm certain of it. But he's trying to hide it by sitting there and drinking milk in those pajamas with that chick design. He's just trying to trick me.

"That's a cute shirt, huh?" I can't stop myself. I have to tease him just a little bit.

"One of my senior code family members bought it for me."

"P'Arm? He thought it would be good to buy it and give it to you. Hahahaha."

"Laugh at your bed."

"Can't I laugh here?"

A deep sigh resounded. I can't mess with him anymore. I quickly jumped onto my bed and covered myself with my blanket, revealing only 2 eyes. Although I told myself to close my eyes and try to sleep, my two ears could still clearly hear the opponent's movements. Footsteps. The sound of furniture moving.

"Hey ... If I sleep with the light on, can you really sleep?"

It's the first night. Suddenly I'm worried about the safety of my roommate.

"I'll sleep fine." He gave me an answer, but I'm not sure if he is being sincere or not. Suddenly I remembered something important in the wardrobe, so I turned around to ask.

"Do you want an eye mask? I have one. I haven't taken it out and used it yet."

"No need. I can sleep under any circumstances."

"Hey,"

"Aren't you asleep yet?"

"That time we met, why didn't you tell me you weren't Faifah?"

"I was too lazy to tell you." Simple. Just like that. If it was somebody else, they probably wouldn't want me to mistake them for someone else. Forget it. This is Yotha, the exception to everything.

"But now I can tell the difference."

"..."

"You're taller than Faifah. Less talkative than Faifah. And ... your body odor is not the same as Faifah."

"What does that mean?"

"The smell on you is like formalin-soaked marigolds."

"You smell like dog drool. I haven't even said anything yet."

Oh wow. Hearing that, my blood boiled immediately. Forget having a good night's sleep, I sat up and argued with him so much that I was spitting. But do you know how the battle ended? It ended with just one sentence from Yotha.

"I'm tired. Let's fight again tomorrow."

That's all he said before lying down to sleep. I obediently did so too, not saying a word. The saying "let's fight again tomorrow" is not a bad sentence. On the contrary ...

It was the beginning of a good relationship.

The second night we stayed together, Yotha returned at 2am (again).

And as usual, he filled out the reason for coming back late as eating porridge.

Oddly, I didn't feel sleepy at all tonight. Probably because the faculty side stopped all activities until Monday, which is also the start of the term. So during this time, we are completely free and don't use up a lot of energy.

"Are you not going to lie down and sleep, or what?" Yotha walked out of the bathroom in light blue pajamas with seal patterns. It doesn't suit his face at all. Now look over to me. I'm sleeping in a t-shirt with stretched boxer shorts.

"No. Did your same code senior buy you that shirt?"

"Yeah."

"How many sets did he buy for you?"

"Nosy."

"Hahaha" He's always ready to curse me and fight whenever I disturb him.

"I'm not tired. Tell me a little story." I climbed onto the bed, leaned back against the pillow, and watched the tall body that was getting into the same style bed.

"What the hell is this nonsense about a story." Shit! Look how he responds.

"You're heartless. Shall we play a game?"

"I don't want to play."

"After playing, I promise I'll go to sleep. I won't say a word."

"Yeah, that's what you say." As he spoke, his thick hand turned and grabbed a Japanese manga to read. I remember this book but I've never read it. It is Guntz.

"Good. I'll ask first. When you see me, what's the first thing you think of?"

"A dog." Damn it. He replied so fast. He barely had to think.

"Does my face look like a dog?" Many people love to call me a dog, whether it's a senior with the same code or even Faifah.

"It's similar. It's like that dog ... Ogle."

"Beagle, you bastard."

"Yeah, that's it." When he answered me, his tone was super cold. He didn't even look up to meet my eyes once. Must be a good manga. But I am a lonely person who likes to talk non-stop.

"Let's talk about something else. What about love? When it comes to love, what do you think of first?"

"Next question. I can't think of a damn thing."

"You really don't have a heart." I used to play this game with my friends in high school. It helped us understand each other better. It's even better playing with new friends. But I forgot that this game is not for people like Yotha. "For me, the first thing I think of when it comes to love, is mother."

"Ugh, baby."

"You're one to talk, childish bastard. Speaking of Japan, what do you think of?"

"AV."

"Rude. I think of Mt. Fuji. I've seen it when it was covered in snow. It looked like a cup of shaved ice." Speaking of shaved ice, my stomach began to grumble again. But that's too bad. I already brushed my teeth, so I can't eat anymore. "You're not cooperating with me at all Yotha."

"Cooperating with what? Your game is bullshit."

"I made it up. Faculty of Engineering. When you hear Faculty of Engineering, what do you think of? This must be answered in complete sentences."

"What about you?" I was being asked in return. So, I have to respond a little.

"When I hear Faculty of Engineering, I think of uniforms, gears, interview judges, midnight canaries, the image of a girl screaming. Uh ... Pork burned garlic in Chemistry. And then ... "

"There's more?" Before I had time to finish my sentence, I was interrupted.

"Well, that's everything that comes to mind. What do you want me to do?"

"Damn game. Go to sleep."

"Uh, fine, we can go to sleep. But you have to answer the question first. When you hear Faculty of Engineering, what do you think about?"

"You, obviously."

" ... "

"The number one crybaby."

"How cruel."

I said in a sad voice. However, Yotha must have known that I was pretending, because he slowly lay down on the bed and pulled up the blanket to cover himself, even though he didn't want to sleep. Having an

alien as a roommate is exhausting. But someone like Gunyukol has to endure.

"Good night ..." That was it. I wasn't expecting him to say it in return.

The silence once again enveloped the room. When I finally stopped paying attention to it, I unexpectedly heard someone's low-pitched voice in my ears.

"Yea, good night."

3

Chapter 3: The Cheerful Gentleman of Chemistry

The semester begins!!

College life is a little different from high school in that there is no need to carry a heavy backpack and follow a dense schedule of almost all shifts. Semester 1 year, although the schedule is thicker than other years, but according to many people, it is basically drawn from the final knowledge, so I do not feel much fear.

P'Champ also asked me to rest assured, because he has already prepared the old documents and the first year lectures, even though I have to translate every line of his scrawny handwriting to read.

Beam ~

The sound of water flowing from the shower comes to my ears. At 6 a.m., Yotha woke up before me so he had access to the bathroom first. Personally, I have a mission to sit up and press the phone, post the usual cool cool status of the sassy kid who first felt the college life, then discover that my school friends are pulling each other to update their excitement to let the world know. Yeah ...

A moment later, the bathroom door opened. I turned my gaze towards the direction of the noise, and saw that the tall figure appeared and his upper body was exposed, the lower part was covered only in a pair of boxers. I couldn't help but continue to see.

"What are you looking at?" Damn. It's like sitting in meditation and going prickly.

"Nothing. That's a cool tattoo. Yotha is a villain."

"Take a shower."

He has got a boring face.

"On the first day of semester you must be a little active. Then our lives will be full of color. The whole day if you show a sullen face, won't it be tiring for you?" I pretended to tease before I was immediately rejected.

"When you show a dog-like face, you don't feel tired."

"Oh, my God! You're a dog!" We talked for a little bit and it was enough to turn into a hell of a quarrel.

I don't mind, showing an angry face before setting my foot on the bed. While reaching for the towel, I also do not forget to glare at the tall body who is standing still.

Although we really live in the same room, we can strongly declare that our intimacy is almost negative. Normally, every time I get to know someone, they are eager to accept me. And what is this? Not only not receiving but also cheating. So until now I know almost nothing about who Yotha is.

It is unclear why he returned so late and sometimes he returned near dawn to the dorm. I don't know what he likes or doesn't like. And what worries me all these days is that I don't even know about the tattoo on his right waist. Every time I pretend to ask, not only does he not answer, but he even scolds me.

Strings of 0 and 1 appear on smooth skin with a total of 4 sets. Each set of 8 characters. When I first saw it, I immediately knew it was a binary code or binary system. It's just that the series of numbers that are tattooed are too small. There is no way to see what numbers it consists of and what it means.

Forget it! Thinking is painful. Just enjoy the super fun start of the semester.

"BASTARD!"

Cold water!

One hand finds the water valve and the body is immediately hit with the Arctic ice. Why didn't Yotha tell me the water was so cold? Not to mention there is no water heater in the room. Guess there's going to be death of someone on one fine winter morning..that someone is me.

The time spent in bathing took place very quickly, because I did not take a bath, but just poured water over my body. Yotha was gone. I didn't want to pay attention, so I hurriedly dried my hair, got dressed, went downstairs to meet my best friends; a total of more than 10 boys and girls to eat.

The morning shift of the first school day consisted of almost nothing. Teachers in all syllabus development subjects preliminarily explained what in this semester we will learn, including what the next session's documentation is sending at the photocopier shop. After explaining everything in detail, he let the students go early. That's why we had lunch so early.

"Oh myyyyyy! The person on the other side is so cute. My heart is full. My expression is like someone who has fallen in love."

"You can play big and die."

In the morning, we were more than 10 people who had breakfast together but now only 5 were left sitting in the cafeteria of the Physics building of the Faculty of Science. And the other friends have split up to eat separately in the next building. Meanwhile, the usual conversation of the handsome guys began.

"Did you see that person over there? 11 o'clock direction." Kong looked towards a senior. She had dyed her hair light brown, dark skin, and looked equally sexy.

"What's wrong?"

"She looked at me."

"Then.."

"Like me for sure." Oh! Mr. Kong.

"I see you say that to everyone. I don't see people liking you back."

Don't know from where he gets his confidence. Friends sitting at the same table only lacked something to spit all the rice from their mouth. He's not only a coward but also rebellious, not to mention super self obsessed.

"I think she likes me more. I don't know. Shy." Gun's been with him for a long time, but it doesn't seem to make the whole table laugh. Absolutely quiet. "Why play the air of death with your friends?"

"I see that Kong guy is confident already, you are heavier than him, you devil Gun."

"Girls like funny boys."

"That's crazy comedy, man." Friends don't understand me. My friends callously hurt me.

"Why do people say I'm the joy of Chemistry?"

"People are lying."

"Hurt."

"That's all fun is. You can't fight someone. There it is... The gloom of the civil service is here." All eyes were on the target just mentioned. A group of people are searching for a seat, but one of them stands out even more. The person is wearing a long-sleeved student uniform. The sleeves are rolled up. Not only that, the other person doesn't even tie a tie like us. I immediately knew they were rebels.

Now, many people are starting to differentiate between Faifah and Yotha. One point that these two people are not the same is the scent radiating around the body. Although we cannot see it, we can feel it. Faifah is the type to get along with others easily, and Yotha is the exact opposite.

"Dark like a spell." Kongkiat chewed his rice while commenting.

"He is not the same in his room. Drink milk, wear chick pajamas. Oh there's also a seal*." That aspect probably hasn't been seen by many people. That's the blessing of the real Gun.

[T/N: He meant Yotha also has pajamas with seals(animal) on it.]

"It's just covering your eyes. Yotha is evil to death." One of my friends interrupted eagerly. I couldn't help but ask.

"How evil?"

"I heard he's always late for his room. Definitely going to do something bad."

"He told me he goes to eat porridge."

"Eats whatever he wants to eat every night... That's cool, isn't it?" At the end of the sentence, it turns to praise. "It's a dark one worth looking for. Idol can die." As soon as the first one compliments, the 2nd and 3rd child are crowded with joy.

"I agree. I want to calm down. I want to be cool."

"Oh, my."

And then the flattering time came. Wait. I heard them sitting there talking badly of my opponent, why did they end up changing the fall to a cheer? *

[T/N: Changing fall to a cheer is used to mean when you start praising someone when you were just insulting them moments ago.]

I let my best friends babble about what they wanted to say, with no intention of interrupting. As for myself, I turned to focus on eating while glancing at my roommate sitting a bit from our table. Many questions are constantly appearing in my mind. That evil guy you were talking about...

I'd love to know how evil he is!

On the first day of the semester, new student welcome activities also began.

Life is doomed. After finishing school in the afternoon, instead of lying on the stomach, I had to go to the department wearing a tight t-shirt, sitting in the departmental operating room.

Everyone said how lucky we were this year not having to join the activity room. All the time, the seniors must participate in the activity for 7 consecutive days. Perhaps the educated seniors were also old-schooled, so this year they completely re-innovates the regime. Instead of having to participate in daily activities, it changes to Monday-4-6. Not only that, they refused to reveal what they would make us do, but they had to be nervous to look forward to it.

"All of you have arrived. From now on, we have put you guys in different groups. You will be divided on the basis of the colour of the paper you have picked." I lowered my head to look at the wrinkled piece of paper in my hand. Mine is green, and Kong's is orange.

"In order not to waste any time, everyone get up and gather in their groups."

Just that, a chaos immediately happened. Each of them ran back to the line with their color names, waiting until we gathered together took almost 10 minutes. People in the group; some of whom are acquainted, some do not even know each other's name. But by nature, I'm a talkative person, so I don't feel too claustrophobic.

"After the gathering is complete, now I will explain the activity to you guys first. In order for everyone to get to know each other better, we want each group to come up with a piece that can be done with reference to 'Department of Engineering'. We will let you guys practice together. Next Monday, we will start performing. Do you understand?"

"I understandddddddd."

Some of them don't want to understand. They're going to die.

"If so, then start gathering your groups to find ideas. At 7:00, I'm going to disband, so you can practice together until then."

"Yeah."

Then all gathered their heads to exchange ideas before coming to the agreement that they will perform a musical like in La La Land.

The idea is there, and the script was written by two volunteers, who were girls, which was not lengthy, the rest when we will act for real, we will improvise. Everything went smoothly, until the step of choosing the performer.

Since they all have our roles, we spend a little longer dividing our tasks.

"Gun."

"Yes." Odd, the leader of the group, called out my name. Friends sitting in a circle all looked at me.

"What do you think Gun can play the best?"

"Dog?"

I see you!

"I feel the same way. The role of a dog is fusion." Of the ten characters on the list, the only role that is non-human is the dog. But why am I the chosen one!?

"C ... Can I have another role? I don't think I'm suitable. I'm afraid of not doing well." To the point of scratching my head to treat my embarrassment, hoping to change my friend's mind. But no ...

"You will do a good job. Just bark and howl at the right time."

"Then it's okay for someone else to act."

"Gun." Odd raised his hand and clapped my shoulders before raising his voice no different from the golden hour movie lead. "No one else has a dog-like face like you."

Devil!

"You guys hurt my heart."

"I chose you because I love you. Your eyes are big, your mouth is good and your nose is tiny. You look like a puppy."

"Is this complimenting or cursing?"

"Praise. In short Gun is a dog."

"That's great, man." All the applause was congratulatory with excitement before the girl in the group put pen to paper, writing down the position and the role, as big as the house I had received.

Gun, as the celeb dog of the Faculty of Engineering...

My mission is nothing much, just bark and howl at the right time, practice running on 4 legs and then wrap my body. Dejavu! I can die. I also had to practice like this when I had acted in school.

The world is not fair. Just when I think I can move forward, I step back on my legs.

Sitting in the toilet for half an hour, we also finished assigning roles. The next step is to come up with an idea of what scenes should be in the play together, and then tomorrow afternoon we will have a rehearsal after school.

"Gun."

"Yes." Step up to the idea of being interrupted when my senior of my code came over to say hello with a very suggestive look.

"Bring this stuff."

"Seriously? I'm glad to have a convulsion." After saying that, I did not delay, asking permission to stand up, and went to a senior of my code, a paper bag.

"For you."

"Thank you." He gave things to me and I quickly accepted it. P'Champ is such a kind and considerate person. I tried opening it a little to see a bag full of snacks and water, so touched that tears flowed to my feet.

"Tell me what you want to eat, I'll buy it or not is another thing."

"Uh? What are you saying?"

"I asked to look like I care."

"Boring."

"Have you figured out the show yet?" We talked to each other a bit and then he turned around suddenly towards the group without warning.

"I figured it out. We're going to do La La Land the hell version."

"What role do you play? Male protagonist?"

"You guessed wrong."

"That's all I'm saying, but who will choose you as the male protagonist. If you have a dog role, consider yourself lucky."

"..."

It took him three seconds. Bastard Champ! How does he know?

But this, I'm not going to admit, and I'm going to drum it up in a hurry. The atmosphere of the first day of the semester begins and it's time for food for my eyes; like my cute senior in the neighboring department.

After talking for a while, I asked permission to leave, but still didn't forget to say goodbye.

"Saturday night, you'll be at the dorm, right? Remember to leave your schedule empty."

"What's wrong? Where are you going to take me?"

"Go get a drink."

"Just at the beginning of the semester, how many days did you pull together for a drink?"

"Who dares to scold me? I'm the 2nd year vice president."

"Then what should I say?"

"No. If you go, I guarantee ... crunchy."

Crunchy his head!

"Remember to leave the schedule empty. Saturday, 9 o'clock. If there is nothing, I will pick you up in front of the dormitory. Ok, dear junior. I'm going."

"W... wait a minute!"

Hoyiiii.. He came looking for me to invite me. I was about to open my mouth to refuse, but the senior strode away without waiting for any protest. Indeed Gun's karma in face of fate is inescapable.

I went back to my room after the end of the activity, sitting thinking about the costume concept to grand-opening in the pub. Meanwhile, Gunyukol's life has never been lonely, as his best friend Kongkiat stops by to knock on his door with a giant bag of Roti Samai (cotton candy).

A Japanese-style table is laid out in the middle of the room. The two of them sat on the floor to eat it enthusiastically. And then the topic of discussion tonight is the story of the roommate, which is very suitable.

"Faifah dreaded flowers. Last night there were too many seniors to send him stuff. It must be spread all over here." said Kong, throwing cotton candy in his mouth.

"Not very surprising. He mingles easily, everyone loves him."

If you ask who is the first year hot boy in the Faculty of Engineering, you can strongly answer that it is the hell twins Faifah and Yotha that many people love. Although his brother is always like a wormwood player, but, due to his misguided personality, he can sometimes be skimmed. Faifah alone receives 100 points of interest from those around him, because he is friendly, funny and good at heart.

"But how is your roommate? "Kong turned to ask me.

"Yotha is like I told you. He always comes back to our room late. When we are together,he barely talks."

"Does he have any peculiarities?"

"The weirdest is his pajamas. Just like the Safari collection (zoo)."

"Yeah. This is funny. I haven't seen it with my own eyes, but I still find it funny."

"I don't want to gossip but I will just tell a little." I sat up straight, ready to explain Yotha's strangeness to my best friend. "He has a lot of designs; yellow chicks pajamas, seal blue pajamas, white penguins. Then last night, he went to sleep in the pink rabbits!"

"Huh?"

"It's true. With a barbaric face, Kitty's heart could die."

"Why don't you sneak a picture,I want to look."

"I can't do that. Afraid to sleep and sleep because he trampled on the bed."

"Are you afraid of him?" Kong's a good boy. There are things, if you can't fight, don't be reluctant. While my thoughts may be a little cowardly, what's said is only allowed to be cool.

"Woah! Can people like me be scared?"

Oh tiger. Fate repeats itself. It is true that my karma and Kong's is ill, while sitting around talking about my roommate, at that moment, the opponent poked his head in a way as if the room was empty and came inside. His life must be so long, think of the devil and he appears.

His tall body closed the door, strode to his bed, not even saying a word.

That's good.....

Silent as if meditating in the middle of a cemetery.

Even chewing on candy.... could not dare, because unexpectedly the other owner of the room returned early. The watch on his hand said it was only 8pm. Or did he stop by to pick something up and then go out?

"Y ... yo, what's up, friend?" Perhaps the atmosphere of death lasted for so long that Kong turned crazy. Yo your ass!

"Good." Is that the answer?

"Yotha is back. You guys probably need privacy. Well ... I'll go first. See you tomorrow morning." It all happened suddenly. Kong made his way to escape by running away from the room, leaving me alone with the dark man.

How do we do that? If I will use my playfulness to fight, I'm afraid he's going to fight back. But when you're in this country, you're going to have to take steps.

"Are you not going out today?"

"No."

"What did your team come up with for the faculty?"

"Acting."

"Wow. Like my group. I will play the celeb role in La La Land." What is the celeb role? But I don't think Yotha is paying enough attention to ask me. He

also turned to avoid it, jumped onto the bed and picked up the comic book to read. "Hey ... Not going to say anything to each other?"

"What do you want me to say?" When answering, he didn't even bother to raise his face to look at me.

"It's about the food. Do you want cotton candy?"

"No."

"The Japanese table in my room is sacrificed for common use. You can just use it for junk food. We care about each other."

" ... "

Silent. The phone number you have just dialed has no signal.

Ok. Thinking that he was concentrating on reading manga, I didn't want to disturb and continued to sit silently engrossed in eating cotton candy. After I finished eating, I moved the dishes to the bathroom to wash.

"That's a lot. You have a good family of codes." I'm sure there are not only gifts from the code family but also other seniors.

"For you."

The tall-bodied owner raised his voice, although his eyes were still intently reading the manga.

"For me? What? "

"I don't like candies."

"Then share it with your friends."

"Friends have."

" ... "

"And on your desk."

I can't believe you heard the last word from the mouth of someone like Yotha. Did I get it wrong? It's really not evil at all, it's even very kind.

"Thank you. And my senior with my code buys salted egg fries, salted egg bread, salted egg burger. Everything is salted eggs. You can just eat it all."

"I hate salted eggs."

"Really. What do you like?"

"Depends on my mood. I like whatever I want to like."

"Yeah ..."

Forget it. I think that's him. I don't know who Yotha really is today, but I think I'll definitely understand each other better in the future.

After school, some people rushed to the faculty activity room to practice for their performance on Monday, although there were also those asking permission to go home since it's Friday afternoon, so the dorms are a bit empty. The atmosphere in the room is quite relaxed, without any murmur like before. Actually, no one wants to practice. They would rather make an excuse to form a PUBG team.

After the match, it is convenient to set up the team to gather for dinner. After that, I went to the bathroom to prepare, because in an hour my senior with the same code would come pick me up to have a trip.

"Can't you change your mind?" Until P'Champ drove the old motorbike to the door of the dormitory, I hesitated till the last minute.

"You have to keep your eyes open. "

"Don't get drunk. I just want to be handsome."

"Definitely not drunk."

My senior code had been true to my heart and had been troubled for many days. He said he felt guilty when the day he received the code did not take me to drink, while the other code invited each other to watch movies, sing karaoke happily. So this time he asked for permission to correct the mistake by taking me to a top spot.

But the joy at first disappeared in the blink of an eye when we reached the famous pub on the university campus, but were kept by the staff guarding the front door.

"Show your ID card."

"Damn. It's fine to look at my face." P'Champ softened his voice and then shot pleading eyes.

"You can. What about the other? First year, right?"

No one answered but my appearance was extremely suspicious.

"Not allowed in the first year. Not old enough. Go to the next milk shop." This sentence is mocking. It's like chasing me home to breastfeed. I stumbled when I watched my senior with his strong punch number. The end result is as expected. Broken!

Stunned for a moment....

"Motherf--r. Last year I was able to get in, why can't he come in now?"

"He's not big at all."

"I'm going to kick one now. Come! Let's go."

"Spoiled."

"When I have free time to buy things to go to the dorm, I drink."

After all, I lost my way back to my motorbike. I first tried to introduce him to another bar, but P'Champ refused. He said the pub legend could only be

this one. It's called Bangon Pochana - chill chill pub on the opposite side, but the other refused and said there was no atmosphere like this one.

Ok, that's the way it is.

I'll go back to my room ahead of time, thinking if I'm bored, I'll probably go down and get Kong with Faifah. But as soon as the door opened the room, new agitation occurred.

"Not going out today?" Yotha sat with his legs stretched out on the bed, surrounded by scattered furniture.

"No, no."

"What are you doing? That's a mess."

"Seniors with my code gave me these."

"This many?" I asked, but my legs moved forward until I reached the bed of a tall relative. So there are these buttercakes, school supplies, clothes, including ... Damn it.

"Is this what your senior bought or someone else bought it?" I pointed to countless boxes of enough branded condoms in front of tall legs.

"P'Arc bought."

"Then why buy it? Why is your family like this? I'm scared."

"It's all about other people's business. Then in short, don't you go out with your seniors from your code?"

"No. The bar won't let me in. Not old enough." I said in a low voice before encouraging myself. "My face is so childish. Everyone who sees me, doesn't want to let me in."

"Your face looks like a kid or a dog? Be honest. Usually the pub doesn't let pets in."

"Say that, you want to have a fight with me, Yotha?"

"What the hell. Stupid." Hate someone who can't joke.

It seems familiar and unfamiliar. Over a period of more than 10 years teasing friends, arguing with others, Gunyukol has no case of succumbing, but when encountering people like Yotha, he does not know how to take a loss.

"I can't argue. Let's sit down and have a cake. I'm hungry again." To end the battle I hurriedly built a good relationship by changing the subject, then turning the person sitting in the middle of the room.

In the front, on the tiny Japanese table, there are a lot of sweets that have not been eaten. I picked up the entire menu of salted eggs and ripped the shell, then slowly chose the other dishes Yotha gave me.

"Hey, have a question." My mouth can do many things. Can eat while talking. "We've been roommates for a while, are we not going to get to know each other seriously?"

The person in the bed raised his eyebrows, sweeping the furniture around him into paper bags negligently. Only the food hasn't been moved. Therefore, I stare without blinking.

"Unnecessary." Responding not wanting anything anymore. Huh ~

"We have to stay together for a year."

"So what?"

The answer made me mute infinitely.

"People have to understand each other's temperament once they live together. Suppose if I know what you like or dislike, it will be good for sharing a room. As I know about Kong's story, then the quarrels happen in the right way.

"Like I'm going to be mad at you."

"Who says? You're always ready to go. If you punch my mouth one night, I can't fight back." The height difference is nearly 10cm. The size of the person is also different. The killing intent is not mentioned. People like me only lose and lose.

"Talkative. Got what? Cake?" Change the subject again. What do I do with the dark gentleman? Bring joy to the fight, on the contrary, it is like water pouring duck head. At this point, you had to go down the river.

"Take it. Give me strawberry cocoa milk."

"How do you know I do? Looking at it?"

"Took a peek." Just in a snap, when the milk carton was floating in the air, I raised my hand to pick it up.

"Get anything else? Shaved ice cream?" In addition to milk, there is also a side option. If I've been deliberately shut up with food, I'd be happy.

"Sweet. But I also want it."

Then the cream puff flew straight to the center of the forehead.

"Cookies?"

"Give it to me." I clicked my finger, but Yotha refused to throw it. He sat still and ordered in a lower voice than the supervisor.

"Get it yourself. It would be troublesome if you break your head."

"Worried ..." Touching the evasive head, I hurriedly closed my mouth. At this point, I had to personally go through the bed of a tall relative and hold a small box of cookies to embrace.

"Chocolate? It looks like it's gone." Yotha asked. And I didn't say no.

"Take it."

"Do you want to take condoms too?"

"Úiiii. Please keep it for your use." Always makes my soul leave my body. His personality is not only tough but also good at teasing. "Thanks for the junk food."

"Seniors from the same code bought it."

"See it as a blessing for me to go then. I am finished stealing!" Happy with the food for a while, I ran back to my old seat and devoured everything, almost overeating. Yotha does not care about me, just sitting, still playing on the phone. But with that said, people who talk as much as Gun can't keep quiet. I have to find a topic to talk.

"Yotha, you give me so much food. Just tell me what you want. Do you have the introductory materials?" The first year of Engineering Department only studied the general subject of the school only. Not to mention that I was fortunate to have documents from seniors with the same code before others.

"Already have. P'Arm gave me."

"What about the science materials? Math? Physics?"

"No need."

"The book of calculus?"

"No." Extremely lame.

"Got it all. I want to know if you have a girlfriend yet."

Finally, I can pull the other party into a trap. Besides wanting to help, I also felt like I wanted to know many more things.

"Why did you ask?" This time Yotha took his eyes off his phone to look me in the eye.

"I want us to understand each other better. Honestly, I was just wondering why you keep coming home late. Is it because you sleep with your girlfriend right?"

"I don't have a girlfriend."

"I can't believe it. But that's good... At least I understand something about you. It's better than knowing nothing." Although I don't know why in hundreds of questions related to him, I chose to ask him about love.

But I think partly it's probably because of what some people have said. At this age, love is a huge problem for life.

"Yotha, do you want to understand who I am? Let me tell you."

"No need. Can you keep me quiet for an hour? I want to play the game."

"We should know each other better."

"Unnecessary."

"Oh this man."

Loneliness could kill me this Sunday afternoon. The male dorm's friends are addicted to games, and Kong went out with his seniors with the same code. So I had to sit and eat chicken rice alone at the dorm cafeteria in a sad mood.

When half of the rice in the plate was put in my mouth, my eyesight turned to a piece of paper placed quietly in front of me. I raised my face to look at someone over my head before muttering softly.

"Faifah."

"..."

"Just kidding. Who wouldn't recognize Yotha." Just kidding. However, instead of receiving an explanation, he ended up standing still without replying. "Then what is this?"

"Sample question." He sat down on the opposite side and held the pen in front of me.

"What sample question? Who gave it?"

"Seniors."

"Ah." Guess maybe it's due to need to keep information to take care of the first year while participating in the activity?

I let go of the spoon and fork and reached for the pen, sweeping my eyes and reading questions. Most test the satisfaction level when staying at the dorm. But apart from such questions, all of them are personal questions like my favorite food, allergy food, my favorite corner of the department and more than 10 miscellaneous questions, which makes my hand lack any desire to write.

Back in the old school, when participating in group activities, the organizers always had to make questions like this to prevent emergencies, such as suffering from congenital diseases, not being able to eat food, to solve the problem that may have occurred in the first place. But the main question is ...

Having joined the activity for a few days now, why do I apply now?

"Done. But are you hungry? Let's have a meal together." At the end of the sentence, I also boldly invited the opponent. I don't know if I will be denied anymore. But there's no harm in trying.

"Just say you're lonely. No need for excuses." Motherf--r, knows my intentions too.

"Yeah, I admit it. My friends forgot about the 'fun of Chemistry' like me and buried their heads in PUBG. So I order you to have dinner with me right away."

"The kid just likes to do what he wants." Although it seemed unconcerned, but in fact, he obediently stuffed the questionnaire into his pocket, then turned around to go to the restaurant to order food. I sat still, refusing to eat, but waited until the opponent came back with a bowl of noodles before I picked up the spoon again.

"Like to eat seafood noodles?" Nossiness is my specialty.

"No. It's just instant noodles."

"You're easy-going. Not very picky. I observed it last time." When I still mistakenly recognized Yotha as Faifah, we ate together, and we ordered the same curry. The reason is only one, which is too lazy to wait, so it does not require much. If you can eat, just take it.

"Last time there were a lot of people so I did not want to wait." See? How could that be wrong. "And this time I'm just afraid of you waiting."

"Geez. I can't believe such good words could come out of a man's mouth like Yotha. How emotional."

"Fake."

How can he see it?

"Want a drink? Let me buy it for you." Seeing him come back to the same lunch without water, I wanted to volunteer as a good friend, but the other party refused to accept the kindness by shaking his head and then concentrating on eating in silence. Occasionally I look at the other party. Admittedly, he is bright-faced, hard to belittle. As for the love story, please allow me to move to the next life and discuss it.

"I don't like to drink water when I eat." Suddenly the opposite person spoke quietly, making me too excited to sit still in the chair.

"What about after eating? What do you like to drink? Soda? Or herbal water, artichoke tea, chamomile tea?"

"I don't like anything sweet. Normally only drink filtered water."

Is this called opening up ...?

I have a lot I want to know about Yotha. Before that I wanted to ask, but every time the opponent dodged them. But this time I made an estimate of

the opponent's situation and mood. I think it might be time to take the risk of giving it a try.

"Are there any allergies to something? Let me know so I won't buy those things or take them back to the room." Each item of information that I had just filled down in the sample paper immediately popped up in my mind. It is very suitable to take as a question to understand each other better.

"No allergies."

"Is there a congenital disease?"

"Not at all."

"Like exercising?"

"When I was a kid, I hated exercising, and now I play tennis sometimes."

"So ... why did you study Civil Engineering?"

"I want to be like my father." Maybe the Faifah guy wants to be like his mother too. These two children were probably raised differently because their parents separated from each other, so their new personalities are completely opposite.

"How about a best friend?"

"No. Normally playing in a large group."

"I can be a best friend."

"Don't want to have a dog like you."

Bastard Yothaaaa! He stabs every time. It's still sticky. Mentally prepared, I could have been stabbed by an invisible knife, but did not expect to be stabbed without getting back in time. I think it's sad.

"Can we do something else like a normal person? Don't want to be a dog." I said that while blushing, my face looked gloomy. And Yotha, still sitting,

showed the same face.

"Beagle Dog."

"Beagle, bastard."

"Yeah. There's nothing bad about a dog-like face."

"..."

"It's cute."

Shit!! Something exploded to pieces. I think his sentence destroyed the mind and emotional cells in several parts. I don't feel angry, but I feel happy.

This is the first time I feel that the phrase "dog face" is not as bad as I thought.

Is the dog cute or not, I don't know. But what I can sense is a certain part of Yotha's personality.... Is just adorable.

After eating rice I felt particularly good.

Yotha left. See asking to submit the question form. So I whistled as I walked back to the dorm in a relaxed mood. The ten male dorm friends are still rooted in the common room. Fish rice does not eat anywhere, we gobbled up french fries. If I have a stomach ache in the future, It will be worth it.

"Gun is here already? Team up for a game?" Book greeted me as he pressed his fingers wildly on the screen of the phone.

"No. I'm stupid. I can't play." Tried it, the results are not very satisfactory. The character who had just set foot on the ground was shot to death. I think I probably have no aptitude for this. Seeing the smell must go back to teasing friends like before.

"In short, did you eat rice?" Another friend asked.

"Well, if you're done playing, go eat. The shop closes soon." Kong's with his seniors of his code, so I'm not worried about him. I'm worried about the rest of them.

"Okay."

"Have you filled out the questionnaire form?"

"What form of question?"

"The one that the seniors asked you to give him. Seeing to fill in personal information too. I think it must be important when participating in the faculty activity."

"No one gave anything."

"Uh. Don't you guys have to fill it out?" Too confusing.

"So who did the seniors give it to?"

"Yotha."

"..."

Do not want to believe must also believe. All stopped moving as if the Earth stopped spinning. The 10 male dorm friends all raised their faces to look at me. Even the cell phone in hand loses its meaning.

"What the hell is wrong?" They have been in that position for a few minutes, so I can't help but react.

"You said Yotha was the one who distributed the questionnaire?"

"Right."

"I'm going to ask you the truth. Who dares ask for it? Every guy's scared of being gagged. And every industry has a leader, they take care of that stuff. No need for the questionnaire." The one who just said that, he's the leader of the first year in the machinery industry.

"I don't know. But did nobody get one?"

"Yeah." From the eyes of the people who are gathered here, not only Chemistry, but also other industry friends. And it's very difficult for all of them to not receive the questionnaire.

I can only think and wonder. As I walked out of the room scratching my head, I immediately met Faifah drinking Red Bull at the entrance.

"Did you get a questionnaire?" Go straight to the question, no need to begin with the same old questions.

"What kind of questionnaires?" Same answer.

"Sample question from seniors."

"No."

"Didn't Yotha give it to you?"

"Wait. Is Yotha the one who gave it to you?" I nodded, facing Faifah who slowly smiled and then turned to laugh as much as possible. Red Bull was all over. What was it? I have to think, analyze and distinguish. "If that's the case, it's not his senior's, it's his own."

"What did you say? Say it again."

"Yotha is like that. Likes to take a detour."

"I don't understand."

"What you fill out, it won't submit to seniors. Trust me. He will keep it to himself for reading."

"Huh?"

"Um. Congratulations."

"....."

"He wants to get to know you."

4

Chapter 4: Yotha's Secret Without Secret

Yotha is the strangest person I have ever met. If it was divided into parts, it would be infinite. But after living in the same room for a while, I noticed... One, not having close friends. Every time he went out with his faculty friends, it was in groups of three or four, but no one seemed to be close friends enough to know his secret. Two, it's the dumb-faced type. The joke that the whole faculty burst into laughter did not work with Yotha. Three, eating porridge late at night is just a lie. Maybe Yotha has a dark side that doesn't want anyone to know. After disappearing almost every night, I think it's definitely impossible for it to run away and do good deeds. And four, the detour that knocks the universe out of its galactic orbit is what is most surprising. Even just because it wanted to get acquainted, it took the effort to sit down and model the question. Ask the truth. Do you like self-mortification? Is it difficult for you to open your mouth to ask? But since I've made it this far, I have to act like I don't know. Well, pretend to fill in the information and submit it to the senior. Fear of shy roommate Tsundere. "It's time for the first group members to prepare for the stage. Are you all ready ooooo?"

"Ready gggggg~"

"Then give the red group a round of applause."

"Quiu tangerine!"

Too busy thinking about the story of the dark gentleman, but forgetting about the current activities of the faculty. The familiar MC seniors still do their job well. The first group of friends stood up, went to the front, and waited in line for each of them to be hit with a microphone, because before the performance they would have to introduce or interview something. Wait until it actually starts is also... then almost 10 minutes.

On Monday afternoon, each group's performance began with an atmosphere filled with excitement, because my friends did not go to sea, but only came to make the audience laugh and then left.

One group after another quickly passed. For so long that the brothers and sisters had to hold the tree to inhale their nose because they were about to go crazy.

Personally, I am not inferior, playing the role of a sweet dog is more than a real dog, making my friends laugh and beg me to stop barking. But today...one of the most awaited performances of the first year seems to be Yotha's group right now lined up to go out to loud applause and whistles.

"Uh..."

What's not to eat like that?

His friends stood there grinning without wanting to dry their gums. You stood with a fierce face as if you were about to assassinate someone. But how strange, no matter how unfriendly your face is, your faculty friends still pay attention to it.

"Invite the pink girls of the 8th group to introduce themselves." The pretty sister gave the microphone to the person closest to the front. After the first person has introduced and answered the question, start passing the microphone to the person next to it, and so on, until the last person is the tallest person in the line.

"Would you mind introducing me to your friends?"

Yotha took the microphone and adjusted her low-pitched voice to a loud, easy-to-listen voice.

"This is not Faifah."

"Haha." Laughter echoed throughout the room.

This damn boy. Is this a self-introduction sentence that says yes and no? Who can't see it?. You guys are so different twins. If it were a movie, Faifah

would be the embodiment of feel good comedy, and Yotha would be a terrifying melodrama.

Its mother. Not saying it's more haunting than the vent ghost.

"If it's not Faifah, then the person standing here is Nong Yotha. What role does Yotha play?"

"You said just stay still."

"Eiiiiiiiiiii."

"Oh nooooo." The girls, who were originally small, shouted loudly, making the rest of the boys cough. Tired of its coolness. Even Faifah with the same face doesn't look as irritating.

"It's a role that attracts a lot of attention. So are you ready to see the pink group's performance?" The older sister asked while smiling brightly. The rest of them went down the stream, quick to respond.

"Ready."

"If that's the case, let's do our best for the pink group."

Less than a few seconds after that last sentence ended, the small-scale play began with the title "evil Engineering senior and the boy with an F". All have their own duties. Each of them took turns saying the lines that were rehearsed in addition to the outstanding acting.

However, there was only one person who remained standing motionless in the corner of the room, as if your friends let you play the part of the faculty's natives.

"Poor you."

"Poor what?"

"That's Yotha. My friends don't allow me to act at all. What a shame." As I said that, I faked my tears.

"There's no need to feel sorry for yourself. Behold...It's over there." I looked back towards the stage. Just a little distracted, the tall figure that used to stand there had already disappeared from its original position.

"Where did it go?" I mumbled to myself, but the voice reached the ears of my friends.

"There. In the back."

"HEY." My gaze drifted to the background that was slowly moving with the supporter. Ask your friends how to know who is the helper. Oiiii. Just seeing 3cm of hair exposed, people know that it is Yotha.

"Must be boring."

"Oh."

"And it's cuter than I thought. At first, I thought it was a pervert." The boy is still whispering.

After having some exposure to Yotha, I think it's not as bad as I thought it would be. If it were someone else, it would have been a long time ago. And here it is still coming. Friends do not ask to do anything, he also devotes himself to doing everything.

After moving the background, the other person went to get water to serve those of you waiting for the next scene.

"Shiaa.. How can people give you water with a cool face like you're taking a pictorial." Kong's flattery is here. He already likes to compliment boys. This time it was even heavier. Yotha's pose is really provocative, but it doesn't make anyone feel like hating, because it's been like that from the start.

"Oiiii. Cool. It's carrying the props."

"..."

"And keep the script for you, too."

A whole bunch of work that he volunteered to do. With this much energy, you're the Faifah in disguise right? But when he looked to the last row in the corner of the room, his eyes met Faifah sitting right there. Therefore, this conjecture was dismissed.

Until the performance stretched to the last scene. The actor retreats to the background, and the last person to actually end the play is Yotha, who stands in the middle with a serious face and succinctly speaks in his signature low voice.

"The end."

"Haaaaaaaah."

Come out just to say that much? Want people to laugh or love this!

But the other friends seem to feel both ways. The image that no one has dared to touch so far of Yotha has completely changed. Applause echoed throughout the room, accompanied by constant cheers of "Yotha is cool". Not to mention the funny thing is that it comes from the clumsy boys of the department.

So, after finishing the activities and then splitting up for dinner, I talked to each other and greeted each other when I happened to meet each other in the dormitory canteen.

"What's up, Yotha? Really cool today. Good job." Because the other party's friends had split up to wait for the meal, only me and the other person were left at the table.

"I did nothing."

"So humble. You help your friends so much. Looks better than me playing the dog."

"It's good to be a dog and make friends happy."

"Oi. It's cool again. It's so cool." Her mother, can't help but praise her friends.

"What's wrong?"

"Bored of someone's cool."

"Nonsense."

"It's so cool. It's cool to scold."

"Get away from my feet."

"In a cool way."

"Can I buy this word and throw it away?"

"It's expensive to buy."

"How much to keep you quiet, tell me."

"Uhuukk. That's Daddy. Then I'll take the friendly price of crispy fried noodles with soft and tender pork plus a special meatball skewer."

"Oh, wait a minute."

"Hey, for real? I'm just kidding."

Before he could say anything, he stomped off the table and went straight to the restaurant. Then there was nothing Gun could do but watch over their table before one of the group's friends turned around with a suspicious look. So I was attacked by the question.

"Having a meal together?"

"No. Waiting for Yotha to talk."

"Seeing him queuing up for crispy fried noodles, I guess I'll be back in a bit. Have a sit." So inviting. I also really want to sit, but I have to eat with the gang and the devil Kong.

"It's okay. I'll wait for Yotha to come back and then come back and sit with my friends later."

"Up to you." And that was really the last sentence the other party said to me besides eating and picking up the phone to make a call.

The 2nd and 3rd friends also joined them one after another. They all looked at me like they wanted to ask questions, so every time I had to stand and explain that I was waiting for someone.

It wasn't until the troublemaker returned with a bowl of crispy fried noodles almost the size of a bowl that I gasped. Did you end up buying for people or dogs?

"Are you going to repay each other?"

"Buy it already. Take it." His thick hand gives a bowl of crispy fried noodles. I vaguely accepted it before asking further.

"How much?"

"Buy it. In exchange for your 'cool'." So it's really cool, how can I not say it? Well, let's change it to this sentence...

"So cool."

"What more do you want? Do that kind of radical eradication, don't say it." The taller one said with a face full of disgust for the world, making me stop teasing him, and gave him a big grin before replying.

"I'm sick of rich people. I don't want anything. Thank you for your bowl of crispy fried noodles."

After that, I quickly turned around and left, not intending to look back at Yotha. Kong, Book and his friends were already waiting, so we had time to eat while updating each other's news today.

But after eating half a bowl, I suddenly felt like I forgot something. When I raised my head and tried to focus my eyes on the back of a tall relative

sitting far away, my brain immediately remembered.

So, after eating, I asked Kong to go to Minimart to buy drinks and some snacks.

Yotha already kind enough by buying me a meal, so I have to giving him back with some water. I did not expect to see heim like any other friends.

But this time, the most surprising thing was that my roommate didn't seem to be in a hurry to go anywhere, so he had time to return to his room and rest his feet on the bed comfortably.

"Since when you are here?" I asked while closing the door gently.

"Less than ten minutes before you."

Not only does it shake your feet, but it also attracts new comics to read. I have never seen this book before. Buy every day.

"Then why don't you go out today?"

"It's only 9 o'clock."

"Hangout with me."

"Too troublesome."

"Evil." I pouted, then placed the bottle of juice and bread at the end of the bed. "Take this."

"What?" Asking is like making trouble.

Careless enough to not even talk to each other properly for once?

"My thankness for crispy fried noodles. Actually, the noodles aren't crispy at all, but it's forgivable because the pork is so tender. The skewers were too much so I could barely eat the whole thing. My favorite is that the vegetables not bitter at all. Eat well. Give it 4/5 stars."

"Go and talk to the salesman."

"I just want to talk to you Yotha. You know? When I eat, I have to keep it in my mouth for a long time. I'm afraid to swallow it, I'll regret it. Not like you who eat only once every ten years"

"Nonsense."

"Hey hey. Don't forget to drink juice."

"I don't like carrot juice."

"Karma. But this brand is delicious. Trust me."

Yotha didn't answer, just looked down to read the comic. I didn't want to bother anymore, so I turned around to change into comfortable clothes and went downstairs to gather with my friends, using the name of the student union to go to the girl of the neighborhood faculty, not paying any attention to the beautiful roommate. male.

21:45

Time to go home. I returned to the room. Surely this time Yotha was no longer there. I grabbed a towel to wipe myself, whistling as I went to the bathroom comfortably. When I came out, there was one thing that I forgot to notice at first, it was the juice bottle that I bought and kept at the end of the bed.

Royals.

Thinking it wouldn't drink anyway, I decided to pick it up and put it on the table in the middle of the room, when I have some free time, I would take a sip. But the unexpected happened to me again, because the bottle of carrot juice was opened. Not only that, it's only 1/3 left.

Shiaaaa. That means Yotha drank it already.

I suddenly felt so happy that my nose was swollen. A feeling of pride welled up in his chest. Apart from the day when the interview results

announced that I had passed the Faculty of Engineering, this time I felt that all my effort were not vain.

Someone who used closed like Yotha, is now starting to open up. That's too good...

Engineer Cute Boy

Premium handsome affair. Department details.

Yotha and Faifah, 1st year Faculty of Engineering
#handsome_duplicate_word of mouth/Cheeky Admin

His story caused stir on Tuesday morning, right after a photo taken in the faculty activity room yesterday was posted on a page with hundreds of thousands of likes like Engineer Cute Boy - the famous page of the science student.

Engineering our school. But it was more than that it attracted the attention of students from other schools.

Every day, the admin page has a handsome picture of our faculty to post. However, the reason why many people are interested right now is probably because the latest picture posted belongs to the hellish twins Faifah and Yotha.

In the picture the two are standing next to each other. Faifah smiles brightly, sending joy into the camera. And Yotha is the opposite, making an expression that is not much different from the stone statue in front of the faculty gate.

'Oh tiger. Seeing them together can make the road in front of their house destroyed due so many people want to meet them as if the light bulb immediately flash brighter with their aura.'

'I meet him at dorm canteen. So handsome that I have to turn my head to look at him. He was so handsome and because of that many people followed the line to buy rice behind him. He is so tall everyone, and his shirt is fragrant. \$#%&^*)@!&'

'Iiiiiii. I really want to go through the gear gate to meet them.'

'I just knew they were twins. .'

'I'm at a loss. Just call 081-35xxxxxx. If the recipient is a man, tell him i am looking for my boyfriend.'

'Do you like to play plane? I just want to fly with you.'

'Are you looking for sugar mom? I can support my baby with my allowance.'

Each comment...

Most of the typing is joking, not serious. However, the display of howling and joking made me laugh. This picture has just been posted for less than an hour, but the likes, shares, including comments are so many that I can't read it on my phone. What is so fiercely hot.

Looking pictures of other Engineering students posting on the page doesn't get that much attention. I don't know if it's because the twins have very similar faces or because they're both so handsome.

Ok. Keep the jealousy in your heart and then read a little more.

'Who is this person from the code family? Looks like he is single. >///<'

Not only asking questions, but the owner of the super beautiful profile picture also attached a photo. At a first glance it was a picture taken by the sacref code family on the first day of the code reception, because the clothes and hair were exactly the same.

But the thing that confuses me is why should I cover the face of Mr. Troi Moon, P'Arc, with a heart shape?

Or is it that the poster doesn't want to show his handsomeness to anyone?

But whatever you say, with such a bright face, the Engineer Cute Boy page has never posted a picture of the 4th year Troi Moon.

Wondering too much, never got an answer in the end. I scanned my eyes and continued reading comments until my eyes met someone's comment, because there were a lot of comments.

'Seems like I met him at cocktail bar. He with someone too.'

'Sad story everyone. Got a girlfriend.'

'Who's that? A little nosy.'

'Is it the one on the left? Because I've met both of them before, but I think the one that I met frequently at the bar probably Yotha.'

'I also seen him in cocktail bar. See him a few times. With different people, everytime I met him there.'

'What a playboy bad boy.'

'Which bar is that?'

'I will tell you on DM.'

Someone said once met Yotha at a cocktail bar, one girl at a time. I'm not sure if that person mistook it for Faifah or someone else.

But these pieces of information can be logically linked. From the moment we shared a room together, all I knew was something that everyone could see. As for the reason for disappearing in the middle of the night, the fact that his friends all think he is evil and the smell of darkness, I have never had a clear answer.

Is it time to...

I dedicate myself to spying into Yotha's story!

General subject is one of those things that all the boys in the boys' dormitory looked forward the most. After 2 times going to class for studying, it turns out that this class is quite crowded. There are about 200 students in a class, and there are many faculties, because there is not only the Faculty of Engineering but also other faculties. Iiiiiiii.

Gun has time to find a girlfriend. Dad doesn't forbid. Mom doesn't worry. Then proceed!

"There's the top row. It's right next to the Anthropology department."

"So funny. How can you not be excited." I turned to discuss with Kong, but his appearance was much heavier than mine.

Like I said, just pushing the door in is already getting people's attention. The reason wasn't because they're handsome or the girls scream, but many people were wondering which department this top group of 10 is in. The thought of wanting to stab a senior was scary. Give me my faculty uniform immediately! I think wearing it might attract more attention.

"Quick. Then stay calm." The industry leader reminded by Chep.

The only "keep calm" line that I think is good is to go straight, put one hand in your pocket, tilt your head and facing up as if your head falling off the pillow, slowly climbing the steep stairs with a bright gaze. brilliant.

Pop...poppp

Damned!

What a cruel fate. There was a slight technical glitch. Are you busy posing for a handsome look without looking at the feet of the child in front of you? The man in the back lost his soul because the girl was staring at him, so he stepped on each other's feet and fell.

When we were able to pull people up, the eyes of the people in the room turned to look at us at the same time.

Damaged. Gun will tell mom~

I was the first to rush to get up. Turning left and right, seeing my friends fall on the floor, my friend immediately thought about what to say to hide his embarrassment.

"Hey, be careful when walking. We've got the reputation of our Electrical industry." The things about throwing faeces on other people are my specialty.

People are not supposed to know that the whole bunch of Chemistry majors just made a joke.

After saying that, without delay, my friend immediately dashed to a seat near the top of the steep line. Who would have thought that on the way, they would hear still giggling behind them.

If you ever fall and you will know the embarrassment . Fortunately, this time I am not ashamed to be alone, because the strong love between us has dragged 5-6 more friends to fall with us.

"His mother. He's almost handsome." Kong said while tearfully as if he was going to cry. I raised my hand and patted the opponent's shoulder 2-3 times.

"Not now. When you have a school uniform, you will score again."

"I've been attracted to the girl of the Anthropology department since the day before. Falling like this, I don't dare to look at people's faces anymore."

"Come on. Your face is not pretty, so you have to endure some pain."

"Damn it."

Click!

Someone opened the door and walked in, making the room so quiet you could hear the hum of the air conditioner. I don't think we'll meet in this class. Or was it really my mistake that I forgot to look closely at the list in Reg. The opponent had never appeared 2 days ago, so today I was a bit surprised to see his face.

"Look at that. It doesn't matter, the girls are seen too." Kong said hurtfully.

My ears still heard my friend continue to whine, but my eyes focused on only one thing. It was the tall body of Yotha who was walking up the stairs confusion while looking at his group mates.

"This way."

The Civil Industry calls him loudly. The owner of the height of more than 1m8 immediately went straight to the left corner of the room and then quietly sat in the middle of the table, with his eyes closely following almost every movement. To the point that it passed by and still had to look back. Think and see.

"Cuteeeee." Then the chatter slowly rose up as usual.

"When he enter, it such grand opening. I can die by staring at him."

"Really. Do girls like people like that? I'll imitate him later." After focusing all of my attention on the dark man of the industry for a while, my friends began to form groups to chat about the person who had just arrived.

"Doesn't it win in the face?" At my rebuttal, Kong's eyes widened in displeasure.

"Tai, did you see the discussion on the Cute Boy page?"

"Gun. Call me Gun."

"Tai or Gun means the same thing*." Kongkiat picked up his phone and clicked on the Facebook application to read the comments eagerly. You have never been so serious with your studies.

"Hey. Seeing that someone met her with a girl, the male and female dormitories rushed to investigate, wanting to know if it was real."

(*) Gunyukol means 2 ears.

"Aha. Then what?"

"Really. I asked Faifah before, but he refused to answer, so I went to find out for myself.

"Do you remember how he used to disappear every night at midnight? Turns out he was a group of people who liked to destroy feelings, jostle. get into a one night stand relationship with someone's girlfriend. The most shocking thing is that he's crazy about sex." Kong's voice starts to fade away until it's almost a whisper, but my mind hasn't digested it yet, it takes a while.

Every night it disappears at midnight.

Each time a different girl.

There is a one night stand type relationship. More importantly, it's crazy about sex. Shiiitt. Am I with a roommate with such a fierce personality!

"Wait. Where did you go to investigate? Then how do you know?" If you don't want to believe it, ask again to be sure.

"From you and the inner senior."

"What's the inside?"

"There are many things inside the galaxy."

"The buffalo."

"Come on. You just need to know that the dark and evil Yotha is enough. When you're in the room, try to see if it calls anyone or is always holding the phone to talk. Maybe it's a deal. with girls too."

"Normally when I'm in my room, I don't see him chatting with anyone. I only see him reading Japanese manga and playing games."

"Is it a sex story?"

"Oh yeah. I've seen my mother."

It also makes sense. He often buys new comic books. There are sets I don't even know about. Guess there's a lot of 18+ scenes. The person who is always so lustful that having sex like that every night is drowning.

Damned. Life is different from heaven and earth to me. That made me more curious about the other side's story.

I know Yotha has never caused trouble or done anything to make me feel bad. When we were in the same room, we never had any conflicts. Not only that, the other person generously shared sweets and food.

However, the mind cannot stop being curious. Or is it because we are friends that we want to know more about each other?

No matter how lousy Yotha is, I think I can listen to his reasons.

Then the story I just told kept playing in my head all day, making it impossible for me to study, even when participating in faculty activities.

"Honey, lighten up a bit. Make a happy face."

"Oiiiiiiiiiiyy."

"Who can be happy?"

The activity to welcome juniors was extremely exciting. Last Monday, I just acted, this Monday had to drag my body to participate in the Big Cleaning day activity.

You know, join the cheering room. If you don't want to go, just hang up.

After all, it is working for the common good. The cup looked too evil, so I had to carry the body to the fullest. Everyone has their own tools. Kong gets a mop, Book gets a houseplant, Frong gets a broom to sweep spider webs, and I get a brush to scrub the fish tank with laundry detergent.

I'm crying here...

Where is the coolness of the boys in the Engineering department wearing gear and wearing school uniforms? There's nothing at all. Only t-shirts and gym pants left with cleaning tools.

"I was right. Should we go to school or get jobs as janitors?" Kongkiat grumbled while rubbing the cloth on the edge of the fish tank with a scowl.

Each sector will have its own area of responsibility. The Civil sector cleans the gear gate and the faculty board, the Electrical industry takes care of the main courtyard connecting to 4 buildings, the Machinery industry takes care of the operating yard and parking lot, the Chemistry industry takes care of the fish tank bricks covered with deep-buried moss. up to 5 levels, while the other branches are divided according to the area of the faculty.

"Yeah, I feel the same way. Her mother...Let's go see a girl today. Boring."

"Demon Kong, I'll go with you."

"What?"

"Faifah is he late to his room? Does his gesture sound suspicious?" I admit I'm still not free from the Yotha problem. But I don't know where to start looking for the truth, so maybe I'll start with my twin brother, Faifah.

"No. It's normal. I also see him coming down to play games in the common room. From time to time he goes out and gets drunk with his tapes, then comes back late."

"That's it. Faifah is in the room, so where did Yotha go?"

"Met girl probably. What else do you want to know?"

"Just curious. What if the rumor isn't true."

"Then you ask him directly."

"Ask. He didn't say." The listener shook his head.

My and Master Kongkiat's many stories are about the same. Trust me. My heart is pounding because I'm curious. It's just that right now we still haven't found the answer.

"Hey do you have his Facebook, IG or Line?"

"Tai~ You're his roommate."

"Your roommate also has something you don't know. Come on, is there anything else?"

"No. But let me scout. The girls will know. I've seen a lot of shouting lately."

"OK."

Let's stop this for now and start brushing the fish tank again. Arms, back and legs all ached. Wait until the scrubbing is done, wait until the cleaning is done, drain the water to release the fish back into the tank, feed the aquatic animals, and feed them. Ask the truth! This is the main job of the first year students of the Engineering department, isn't it? There are so many good things to do, why bother cleaning the faculty fish tank.

Almost 7 o'clock, the senior let go of the first year to the dorms. Today not only study hard but also work hard. So after dinner, no one wants to ask to play games or watch movies. Everyone dispersed to the room.

Ting!

My old roommate Kong, who sleeps on the 3rd floor, sent me the contact I needed. It's Yotha's Facebook, because of other social media it doesn't play at all. Personal line also no one has. Also, I asked Faifah and he didn't let me. It said this is a military secret, if you want it, you have to ask the owner.

Karma. Who dares to ask? Fear of being smacked to death.

I took my hands off the phone to take a shower and do personal hygiene. Looking back, the time has passed to 9.45. I jumped on the bed, my back against the pillow, opened my laptop, tried to type in the Facebook name I

just got. The screen actually changed to the picture and name of the person I was looking for.

And this is the starting point of the quest for the truth about Yotha.

Yotha Thanawanyotha

Your Face name has a lot of "Tha" words, you can die. Your profile picture looks so handsome. Even taking a blurry photo is like using a computer to take a photo like this and still realizing the handsomeness.

(** Tha means civil and Yotha has 2 'Tha' on his name)

Feeling like I complimented it too much, I quickly pushed the wandering thoughts out of my head before glancing at the activity on the timeline.

But it's kind of like...

Because I didn't add friends, and my best friend also set everything to private, I couldn't investigate anything other than looking at the screen in tears. But someone like Gunyukol with passion would keep investigating from another direction.

Facebook of Faifah.

We're certainly not close enough to have each other's Facebook and contacts as group friends, but we know enough from a few people.

That's it! The twin brother sets everything to private, where as the younger brother is the opposite when he posted all kinds of posts and make them public. That's right, what else. Start dragging from the status down to the image, whether private or public. As expected, there is a picture of Yotha in it.

It shows where they both checked-in, and who they know. If my mother had known for sure, she would crush my calves with the meddling of prying into other people's business, instead concentrating on studying in the bedroom. Ho~

Rustling!

OMG.

While sitting there talking, suddenly the power went out.

Darkness enveloped the room. Fortunately, the light from the laptop screen is still enough to see things. From memory, I started my quest to find the truth regarding Yotha at 9 o'clock, I don't think it's 12.25 now. If it weren't for the blackout, I would probably be peeking until morning.

Oh. Then the power outage like this tells me what to do? It hasn't rained yet, but I think it will come soon.

Thinking that, I quickly sat down to talk more. But there is still no electricity. It was almost 1 a.m., so I checked the male dorm's Facebook page to see if there were any new updates before realizing that it was announced this morning that they would stop generating electricity for repair and maintenance. But I'm not good. Guess Kong doesn't know either. Otherwise he would have told me in the first place.

Then fix it when it doesn't fix it, starting at 12 o'clock, but it's almost 5 o'clock in the morning.

Ok. When people are asleep, I can't sleep without light. The phone runs out of battery, the laptop will be turn off. Everything is against this, can't even close my eyes to sleep, I'm going to go crazy.

From having to follow the investigation of other people's lives, now I'm back to planning my own life.

Maybe the hospital will have a generator mode running. Should I stay there until morning? But what should I do when I go to the hospital? The case is over. I hope outside the school will not hang up. The 24-hour cafe is another option that I thought of because it has a place to charge the battery, has food, and can even sleep at the table.

Thinking so, I quickly folded my laptop and put it in my backpack, took out the phone and chatted with Kong. Usually responds to snap within seconds, but this time it's gone. It's like sleeping for sure. It's really sad to knock on the door now, so I decided to go out alone.

"Guardian."

"Oi! What did you come for?" I pierced the darkness and descended down thanks to the light in the phone to guide me. It's still not even 1 a.m., so I can go out without asking permission. But being a kind person, before going to tell people a sentence.

"Let's go out."

"Why are you going at this hour? It'll be closed in an hour."

"I'm hungry. I want to go out to buy porridge." Can this reason be used? Normally, every time Yotha says that it's okay to eat porridge.

"Um."

Oh, it's that simple. Don't ask anything more. What a delay, let's go through the darkness.

When I was a kid, I was the one who wasn't afraid of my shadow or anything like that. Going out to play until dark is never afraid. The only thing I'm afraid of is the nagging voice of my mother.

Until something else happened due to instinctive mischief. It's also stupid to lock yourself up and not be able to get out. After that, the darkness wasn't even something I liked.

The doctor said that although the symptom was not really a fear of the dark, the past has left such an imprint on my mind that I have nightmares every time I went to sleep. No matter how you treat it, it will not get any better, like the brain fooling itself that without the light, it is impossible to sleep anymore.

I drove my "baby" to a 24-hour cafe near the school. Fortunately, there was no blackouts in this area. It's strange that it's this late but the shop is still crowded. Most are students. I think being in the atmosphere that is not alone, having a cup of coffee and a piece of cake will help me stay up all night.

In particularly, the battery charger is also ready to sit and enjoy.

Where did the investigation go?

Well, in addition to learning from Faifah's Facebook, there are a few other people who are probably familiar with the hell twins.

Honestly, I just want to see with my own eyes what a super dark roommate is. Every time they share a room, they still know the way without doing anything to irritate the other party.

"Do what?"

"Ah, there's a lot going on. Damn it!" It was to the point that he had to say it, causing those around him to turn their heads to look at him. This voice, this face, moreover stood staring as if trying to cause trouble.

"Yotha."

"Faifah, you brat."

"You're just kidding."

"There's nothing to laugh about."

"Wow. It's broken again. Besides, what are you here for? I thought you were asleep."

"Go and ask the dog."

"Is there a time when I'm not cursed by you two?" Faifah appeared without a trumpet or a drum.

Not only that, no matter how you dress up, you don't have to just come out of the dorm.

"I want to curse. You look so happy when you bark."

"Shiiiaaa."

"Then what are you doing here?"

"The power in the dorm's went out, so I looked a place to play."

"Yeah, I know it's a blackouts. But your "playing around" means sitting around and looking at someone's Facebook?" It's gone...

"Did you see it?"

"Um."

Eyes can die. I've tried closing the screen at the speed of light, but not that fast?

But when I come to this country, I don't want to deny it. Once we are excited, we must frankly admit that we are excited.

"I heard that Yotha is crazy about sex, or has relationships like one night stand, every time she has sex with a girl, I want to know if it's true. Even when sharing a room, he knows how to behave. "

"You'll know if you're so excited. Yotha isn't the type to post everything online." Faifah slowly pulled the chair across from him before switching from standing to sitting. This time it seemed intending to stay here for a long time. No sign of other friends, guessing they just came back from playing and then separated.

"I asked many times but he never answered."

"Then let me answer, will you?" That last sentence made me roll my eyes. The essence of such a great conversation.

"Hold on."

"I want to eat chocolate mousse cake."

"It's OK."

"A hot espresso with cold lemon soda."

"Browse it."

"Brownie."

"Heyiii. You like everything just as much as I do."

"Really? What a coincidence."

"Sooooo scary." I stretched my voice before asking again. "In short, anything else?"

"All for me, okay?."

"OK." I answered and hastily ran downstairs, where a staff member stood nodding to the cashier. I ordered a cake and water before returning to my seat, waiting for the staff to bring it. Meanwhile, I started the topic with gusto.

"By the way, what's wrong with my roommate?"

"You're wondering where to ask. But before talking about this, I'm just telling you, not telling anyone else at all."

"Swear forever!" In order not to waste time, let's start with the first question. "Really Yothas are sex-crazy? Like BDSM, chains, handcuffs or something."

Hearing me speak, the listener suddenly burst into laughter, raised his hand and slapped my head hard.

'No. It's not crazy about sex.'

"What about the rumor that he likes to have a one night stand?" The second question popped up right away. Good to die for prying into other people's affairs.

"No. he's not that kind of person. But if it's you, then yes."

"Then why go there every night?."

"Have he ever tell you about Phi Newton to you?."

I shook my head. Once mentioned the name, but only once, so it was almost forgotten, now some people suddenly remember it.

"But that's it, New doesn't care about anyone but the girls he has sex with."

"Um..." Please allow me to roll my eyes. How intense is that?

"Is there anything else you want to ask?"

"If he don't go crazy for sex, don't have a one night stand, then where does Yotha go every night?" Can't think well. If it's not about girls, it's probably alcohol or addiction. Tiger. That's a big problem.

"He go for work."

"Where to work? In the cave?"

"You want to get hit? " Faifah seems to be hitting my head again.

"Relax. You just said you were going to work. Who knows where?"

"The cocktail bar that people talk about on Cute Boy's page." This time I nodded.

But so what? Overtime? Get a singing job? Or what is it? Many questions swirling in my head may appear on my face. Faifah also seemed to notice, so she continued to explain.

"The bar belongs to the eldest brother and his partner to play and play."

"I can imagine it."

"Then Yotha comes to help clean the shop. Plus he has his own bedroom upstairs. But the reason he likes to come is not because he wants to sleep or help people at the bar. He likes to come to divide the victim."

"Damn it. Murder?" I asked in a trembling voice, but this time I was punched by the person opposite me.

"No."

"If you don't kill people, what do you do? Curious enough to shake your whole body." Just do too much. Faifah pouted his lips in annoyance, but still told the whole story.

"Like I said, when I was a child, my mother adopted me and my father raised Yotha and New, so our thoughts were different. My mother made me believe that any love is beautiful. But Yotha thinks that the end of love is the end of love. There's never a happy ending no matter what. And this is why."

"..."

"Just likes relationships that come and go, not serious with anyone. But Yotha weighs more than that in people's excitement about breaking up."

"What?"

"That cocktail bar has a lot of people. Whenever I see it, I often come over to talk, ask for numbers, ask for help because I know where to find them. But what's the end result, you know?" The end of the speaker's sentence seemed to soften. Not only that, but also mixed with a hint of a smile.

"Who knows if he has a girlfriend, he will push people to break up and get back together with him alone. Then he won't need her anymore."

"So true."

"Eh. Shame to admit it."

"Then someone accepts to break up with his lover too?"

"It's both a yes and a no."

"How did you do it? Why did you do that?" Seeing such a beautiful world Gunyukol did not understand.

"It's been said that a true lover will never see another boy or girl. The appearance of a breakup is an opportunity to rethink the relationship so as not to waste any more time."

Adultery is not allowed, but that does not mean disturbing others to break up is the right thing.

"It's water and cake." The employee seemed to interrupt the conversation.

But after coming to this country, I thought there might be no more questions. Cakes and brownies brought to the front along with drinks. Faifah took the Espresso cup and took a full breath of soda lemonade, but her face was very wrinkled.

"You can die."

"How can espresso not be bitter?"

"Lemon soda's sour too, kid." While saying that, another person put his spoon into the cake before popping it into his mouth. "HMMMM. That's sweet."

"Try the brownies? Must be good."

"Enough."

"Do you really like it? Calling like a person who never eats."

"I used to eat. But I haven't ordered in a long time because I don't really like it."

"Then refuse to do what?"

"Just wondering how good your favorite dish is."

"What do you mean? Then how do you know I like him?"

"From the notebook." I scratched my head. "Aren't you curious why I agreed to tell you Yotha's story even though I never told anyone else?"

"Because I'm your sister's roommate."

"No. It's more because he opened his heart to you. Everything you like, whether it's food, drink, color, sport, song, book or movie, Yotha records it all. ."

"..."

"In his beloved notebook. And most importantly..."

"It just allows me to talk to you."

Faifah left at 2am, leaving water and cake on the table. So, I have to shoulder the responsibility of eating instead. Then the problem occurred. Tighten the skin on the stomach, the skin on the eyes loosens. It's 3:40, less than a few hours to get back to my room. But now, you should sleep well.

But before he could bend down to lie down, someone placed a cup of coffee on the table. Lifting my head, I saw the owner of a handsome face appear in front of me. In an instant, my heart suddenly thumped for no reason, along with the drowsiness that disappeared completely.

"How did you know I was here?"

"Faifah's call."

"Ah. So you just came back?"

"Um." Yotha pulled up a chair across from him and sat down, tapping the table with his hand, not opening his mouth to say a word.

Personally, I was still speechless, unable to control my emotions because of the other party's appearance.

"The dormitory was out of power until 5 o'clock. The cellphone battery was running low, so I was looking for a place to sleep. Actually you should go back to the dorm to sleep first, don't wait for me. It's comfortable here alone." I winked politely. Wink!

"What's with the eyes?"

Damn... some people don't feel it.

"You're a wood head."

"I tried, but I'm still young."

"Wow, Dad. You're so charming." The words I spoke were all satire, but the listeners didn't react at all, took a cup of coffee and drank it with emotionless faces.

From here, silence once again enveloped us. Nobody said anything else. My eyes started drooping, and I almost fell asleep several times.

"If you're sleepy, go to sleep." The low bass bar echoed briefly before throwing my jacket off.

"Throw me out to do what?"

"Do whatever they want." Yotha was still tapping his hands on the table with an aggressive look. I got tired of playing with him, so I leaned back on the sofa, then with the big black coat my opponent threw to cover everything from face down, leaving only 2 eyes.

It's late now. The customers in the restaurant were running out. Moreover, turning on the air conditioner is no different from being at the North Pole. However, in my heart, I feel warm when I am not alone, because every time I close my eyes, I still feel that someone is always there.

"Just now, Faifah talked to me." After a long time, I decided that I should speak. His voice was a little hoarse. Even though I couldn't see the other person's eyes, I knew that he was listening.

I thought carefully.

Since we're friends, I don't want to hide anything anymore. Maybe it's easier to be honest with each other.

"I know where you disappear every night."

"Um." Opponent answered. There was no tinge of anger in his voice.

"You keep scolding me for talking so much."

"It's not very secretive." Well, shame on you. It seems he doesn't care about the world.

"Really. Did Faifah say or did a girl come to you?"

People who hang out in the middle of the night also have various reasons. Some people just want to have fun with friends. Some people like the atmosphere and the music. People love the taste of alcohol. Or some people want to watch food for fun. However, it is undeniable that there are still people looking for a one night stand relationship or hoping to meet love in a place like that.

"Not just girls." The other person answered nonchalantly.

"Huh? You mean people like you too?" Damn will be better. Attracts all genders every day. "But you keep lying to people. Give other people hope, until they really break up, you won't accept it."

"They have to accept the trade-off from the moment they think of betrayal."

"B...but if they break up, just leave it to the two of us to deal with it."

"With love like that, nothing breaks up on its own when no one else is bothering me. Besides, I stay silent. They come naturally."

I think Yotha has more problems and a distorted view of love than anyone else. It's true what Faifah said, the twins were raised differently. With families whose parents divorced at an early age, a person is raised by his father in a male only family. I don't know what made him like this, someone who is emotionless and doesn't believe in love.

"Did you sleep with someone you rejected?"

"I don't sleep with anyone."

"So have you ever truly loved someone? Love is like... wanting to be together for a long time."

"Watching too many movies?"

karma. It's not as heartless as I thought.

"When someone asks for your number, how do you answer it?"

"Go to sleep."

"Drowsy but can't sleep."

"Too many excuse."

I lay down, sobbing, ready to inhale the scent of my best friend's tall coat.

I'm still trying to find something to talk about, because even though I'm lying down, my mind is still stuck with other people's stories. Or maybe the power of curiosity is more than just resting. Thinking that, I decided to sit down.

No more sleep!

"We're friends after all, I think I can hear a lot about you. I'm also open to telling you everything."

"..." Yotha sat still, not seeming to refuse.

"Then let's try and re-enact the situation." If I'm at a cocktail bar and I meet Yotha, who's sitting there making faces, how should I start a conversation?
"Uh... what's your name? I wonder if I can get your number?"

"Not for."

"Why?"

"Do you have a girlfriend?" The other person still asked with a nonchalant face.

"Ah, what if it is?"

"Go break up with your lover first and then we can talk."

"Sorry. Actually, I don't have a boyfriend. So can I have your number?"

"Lie."

"Look into my eyes first. I'm telling the truth, I'm not lying." Without saying a word, I brought my face closer to the other person and stared at the other person without blinking. "Here it is. The eyes of a genuine person."

"The eyes of a nosy man do."

"Hui. Your mouth is so rude. Promise me that if I get your number, I'll be your best friend."

"Who wants to be friends."

"What? Can't hear anything. Looks like the signal is lost." The next part started to stop acting, instead pretending to be stupid to tease the stiff-faced roommate. When it comes to making fun of others, Gunyukol has always been number 1.

"Or someone else did it?"

"I just did that to you." This is true. I'm usually a sociable person with friends, but I've never been with anyone like that.

"Okay. Don't joke anymore. I was just curious because you guys are friends, so I was worried. Whenever I do something, I want you to think twice."

"But what do you think?"

"Do you dare to pay today?" There are also those who frown. Evil really.

"Give me the phone. Unlock it." His thick hands giving me signal to hand over my phone, in still very confused but still obediently following orders like a tame dog.

"For what?" When I asked, I realized that I had given the phone to the person in front of me. Yotha lowered her head and pressed her finger on the phone screen for a moment before returning it to me

"Here's my number. Didn't you ask?"

"I just reenacted the situation, I didn't ask for it."

"Then pay."

"What do you have to pay?" But when asked if it was fun, the answer was always yes. Kind of like a friend who finally saw how important we were.

"..."

"Then are you going to ignore me again?"

"No."

"Say it already."

"I've never neglected someone who voluntarily typed my number in."

"..."

"If it's important, call."

"If it's not important, may I call you?"

"No problem, go back to your room and talk."

As I said earlier, Yotha is a stranger than any friend.

He has good sides and bad sides, but I believe everyone will someday grow up and become a better person if we really want to do it.

"Um..."

Just like today's men gradually opened up to me, made me feel like I too wanted to be a good friend to other people.

5

"Gun..."

"Yeah"

"It's okay to wake up." The low-pitched sound reaches the eardrum. I groaned loudly in my throat at the interruption before turning to the other side.

However, the result is still the same. I can still hear someone calling my name. Not only that, this time it was even tougher because the opponent tried to shake my arm vigorously.

"People are sleeping aaaaaah."

"It's six o'clock. If you don't wake up, I'll leave you here." Hearing that alone, his body automatically sat up even though his eyelids hadn't opened yet.

It took a long time to wake up from the super sweet dream and then adjust my vision back to normal. The first image that appeared after opening his eyes was of the dark-skinned man's strange face. His mother... He sat in the same general as last night.

When people wake up in the morning and talk to someone, how do we usually greet each other? Maybe it's a good morning, or a question like did you sleep well last night. However, with Yotha, his appearance just sits and blinks. Those statements are completely ineffective.

"Don't move, okay?." So after opening my mouth to say the first sentence, I attacked with a questioning question.

"Where to move?."

"Do you want to go to the bathroom?."

"..."

"Would you like to come down to buy some bread".

"..."

"Hey. Did you really sit like that all night?".

"Say so what. Pack your things." Or because the other person is obsessed with the fact that I use his shirt as pillow to sleep, that's why there's an expression of fear that drool drips from my mouth.

"I know. But let me wash your coat and return it later."

"Um, You can pay me anytime. After packing, let's eat something."

"Tiger~ Am I dreaming? Suddenly, Lord Yotha invited me to eat something delicious. It's amazing."

One thing's for sure, I didn't get any responses except for a deep sigh. Her mother. Yotha really didn't have a funny moment like other people. No matter how dark it was, everyone else always remained the same tone.

In order not to disturb the enemy, I quickly packed my things into my backpack before following my tall body climbing the stairs to the lower floor. The area around was getting crowded with people passing by, but in front of the cafe, only 2 of our cars were parked.

My 'pet' has a beautiful white color, which is perfect for the rider. And Yotha's is a brand new black Japanese import car. From outside, it looks like it's been used for a long time.

"Would you like to eat at the dormitory?". I went to the other side to get ready open the car door, but a high-pitched voice stopped my feet.

"There's a porridge shop nearby. Can go for a walk to eat."

"The porridge shop you talk about every time you enter the dorm?"

Yotha shrugged carelessly before turning to take the lead. Then there was nothing Gunyukol could do but follow his ass like a dog guarding its master.

"What do you want to eat?" After getting a seat in the restaurant, the taller person asked.

"Pig porridge with more eggs."

"Give me some ginger?"

"If you have anything, just let it in."

"Special or regular bowl?"

"My level is just exceptional."

"Okay." After receiving the order, the opponent strode straight to the place where the owner was in front of the pot of broth. And I did not stay still, went out to pour ready-made drinks.

Ever since I moved to the dormitory, I still haven't visited this restaurant to eat porridge once. Looking through the surrounding atmosphere, this is just an ordinary restaurant, not too crowded. But once Yotha introduced it, there had to be something good. So I'm really looking forward to that good thing in the taste.

The tall owner returned to the table and took a sip of the drink that I had ready to drink before sitting quietly. If it was Kong, he would have sprayed his saliva to put out the fire. What is this? Again, forcing me to bear the burden of thinking about the topic of conversation.

"I saw you yesterday at Information Science. What a surprise."

"The list of names in Reg is also there. Surprise what you don't know." Tired of you, refuses to cooperate with me at all.

"Have you looked closely? And you have never showed up once."

"What's the point of handing out each course?"

"The last period, you studied a little, but you also hung up."

"It's time to be hungry, so go eat."

"What an absurd and ridiculous excuse. Dad sent you to school, you don't have to go to lunch."

"Hungry."

"I'm not arguing anymore." Saying that, the topic ended just as the porridge was brought out. The aroma and heat that radiates make me very happy. I'm also bored with the dormitory canteen. It was great to taste the new flavors today.

I took a spoon to scoop out the pork porridge, put everything on it, and blew on it briefly before popping it in my mouth.

"Delicious~" After talking to the person in front of me, I continued eating with my bow.

"Is there something you don't like?"

"I am an easygoing person. If it doesn't taste bad, it's all good for me."

(Rrr - - Rrr - -)

It hadn't been long since he had sat down and was spooning porridge when the phone rang to annoy him. Picked up the phone to see the name immediately appear before his eyes. I forgot to call my mom last night, so it's not unusual for someone else to call this morning.

"What is wrong?" I cleared my throat while joking as usual. The other end of the phone quickly answered.

[It wasn't long before I forgot my mother at school.]

"Though. Stretch again. I'm sorry. I slept a little late last night." But I don't explain why. I don't want him to worry about minor issues, because I can easily adjust to these things.

[If everything is fine, then mother can rest assured. Then what do you do? Why talk like chewing something?] My mother is very gentle. Even noticed the sound of eating through the line.

"Honey..." I suddenly remembered that I was still with you, so I lifted my head and faced the other person before lowering my voice so you wouldn't know that I was whining like a child when I was with my mother. Yotha is only allowed to remember my cool image. "Eat porridge."

[Is it delicious?]

"Very."

[Insolent speech.]

"Very well." Tao answered as quietly as a fart.

[Then with whom? Kong?]

"Not available. Gun is with another friend."

[Why are you calling yourself Gun? Is there something you're hiding from me?] There's problem! That's mom. If you hear something a little strange, ask immediately. Ever since I was a kid, I've always to called myself "little" to people in the family.

"Not available."

[Has a shady smell.]

"Nothing..." Then the next sentence felt lighter than before. "Baby is eating with you. I have to take a shower and get ready for school."

[Okay. So I don't bother anymore. Pay attention to your studies.]

"Yes."

[What should I do before hanging up?] Mom~ We played hard all the time.

"Shame on you."

[Attacking what? I laugh a lot. Fast! Mother also has to go to work.]

"Kids will focus on learning. Won't tempt you. Will be a good baby."

[There he is. Then, let's have a good meal. Bye..] The call was cut off as I lowered my head, slowly put down the phone and focused on eating the porridge again, just hoping that the other person would be kind enough not to say a word about what I just said. . But in the end, the thing I feared the most happened.

"Declaring being a baby to your mother?" asshole. I was stabbed again.

"B... so what?"

"No. Just ask." The other person still answered in a calm voice, without the slightest hint of sly laughter like when Kong had first heard it.

"Together with your mother, you have to be sweet. That's how you get more money."

"So what if I don't give you more?"

"Then stop nagging three more."

"Good."

"You never nag and beg for anything, right? Ask like someone who hasn't."

"Usually, I don't even ask my father." The other answered as if he didn't care. This tone of voice is very stiff.

"Meet that spoiled brat." I said while chewing on the delicious pork. "Every time I asked for something, I had to beg until my mouth was tired. Plan

each item to see what types are suggested. 1 2 3 4."

Remembering the brave act I've done, I want to laugh again. Not to mention even funnier than that, the mother succumbed to helplessness. Maybe he was tired of having to put up with me talking in his ear all day, so that was the end of the matter. However, not all of my needs are met, because the point is still considering whether it is appropriate.

"No shame it's you."

"Well, you never nag at your father. But have you never cheated on your lover?"

"I told you I don't love anyone."

"True darkness."

"Who is like you."

"Such a good man. Everyone wants to be around."

Yotha was silent, sighing helplessly. I thought maybe I was talking a bit too much, so I didn't continue arguing, but just grabbed some porridge and put it in my mouth. When I finished my bowl, the other party broke the silence with a very unusual sentence.

"Um... Maybe that's true."

"Real? What's real?"

"That everyone wants to be around you." It took me a long time to digest other people's words.

"Extraordinary." I sat down and laughed, touching my cheek in a very sly gesture, otherwise, the other party would quickly extinguish hope first.

"There's no need to be ashamed. Our faculty friends love animals very much. They still love you."

Hah! Those happy people.

"What is your heart made of?"

"This is it. Making faces like that look even more alike."

"You once said that dog-like faces are cute too, right? So I'll take this as a compliment."

"When did I curse?"

"..."

"It's all a compliment."

Hmm! The leg of the chair is not broken. Tires don't explode. Pole without pulse. This tum comes from the heart. Something in the body is being damaged. Yotha is very good at making me feel like a short statement like this.

Physics Class 1 was filled with crazy topics that we dug into chatting while waiting for the teacher to come into class. A few days have passed, but the topic of the Chemistry group discussion, apart from social stories on Twitter, the story of the twin brother, Yotha, continues to receive attention.

"Inner spies reported seeing Yotha with a new girl." Hot rumors spread from Kong's mouth. Book and Frong immediately descended to join forces.

"I guess if he wasn't the type to woo and seduce girls, he would be working as an emcee as well." (*) Host: son of bao.

"You... Maybe not like that."

Very few people know a roommate's secret. However, telling me to speak without Yotha's permission, I might not be able to do so, so I should try to find an opportunity to refute by accident.

"I don't know anymore. Seeing the girls repeat it."

"Good rumors like to distort."

"Is it right?" My friends started to follow my persuasion.

"Actually, maybe Yotha isn't the type to cheat."

"You know me too well. Did your roommate tell you anything?"

"I...don't say anything. No matter how much I asked, he didn't answer."

"Um."

"But he's a good person. Trust me."

"Oh I know. What are you doing with a fierce face?"

I laughed dryly, taking a deep breath.

The topics mentioned are no longer discussed. It came so fast that it was fleeting. Maybe because there is something more interesting, such as the rumor that the seniors will vote for the beauty contest - male beauty faculty today. Therefore, the topic immediately turned to the story of the beauty queen that many people guessed whether it was the person they liked or not.

"Speaking of the Chemical rep, I think it must be Mint." Kongkiat answered firmly and received a response from all parties.

"I thought so."

"I put 10 baht."

"Buffalo. That sucks." I said scornfully before flooding in more numbers "I put 11 baht for Mint."

"Tiger soo. Tai's son. It makes me feel bad to order more than 1 baht."

"I've been poor lately. Has anyone else guessed besides Mint?"

"Bua's cute too."

"Buaaaaaah."

"Call me for what!"

"Uiii. Nothing."

Forget this whole Chemistry class. Sit down and raise your voice a little so everyone can hear. Even though our faculty daughter is few, she's always beautiful, kind, and has personality. Even though some of us are rude, every time we go out, we go out to protect everyone, although it's regrettable that we decided their future to find a girlfriend.

"Guess the girl, who will the boy choose? The gun... Are you interested?" As soon as he heard his friend's voice, his body jerked so violently that it shook the table leg.

"Do not do it. Exams are not my type. I'm more clear in prying people's business."

"Oh! If not Gun, who else?"

"It's me." Kong raised his hand to volunteer.

"The future of our faculty is hopeless." This kid didn't stop screaming. Kong raised his middle finger before expressing his opinion according to the situation.

"No matter what our department's son appoints, he can't be the department's representative. Here he is. What you are aiming for are the hell twins like Faifah and Yotha."

"Oh yes. Then I choose camp, the faculty representative must be Faifah." The book boy started to choose first.

"I'm on Yotha's side. I think this year you guys will send dark style to compete."

"I saw him too. Lord Voldemort would kill himself as soon as he met him."

"Just finished. I drew from that analysis. Every year there's a funny style as well as a strong style. So this year, I think I might want something newer. I'll pick Yotha's side too."

"That's interesting. Sounds reasonable. Yotha is another one."

Each of them started to express their opinion and choose sides clearly. I was left alone, still sitting still.

"What about you, ears? Who to choose?"

"Faifah." I replied, barely taking the time to think.

"Too cruel. Why don't you cheer for your roommate?"

Through the introduction period, looking at other people's views, thoughts, and secrets, I can see what he likes or doesn't like.

"Cheers are also useless."

"..."

"Maybe Yotha doesn't want to do such a thing."

Trust me. For someone who builds such a high wall for himself, sometimes it's better to let someone else do what he wants.

The morning was bright.

The Dark Lord got up early as usual. So lazy types like me have to queue to use the bathroom. After I finished applying the soap, I wrapped the towel and went outside to change. But this morning's shocking story emerged as soon as I saw the owner of the bed opposite him clumsily tie his tie.

"Do what?"

"I saw it then." The mouth is talking but the eyes are still staring at the screen. Ipad opens a Youtube tutorial on how to tie a tie a simple version. Even when people teach step by step, the limbs of the high relatives are still struggling back and forth.

"Never tied it before?"

"Um."

"Let me get dressed and then come and help."

"Does not matter." Then he tried to tie it again.

Very interesting. Usually going to school or seeing Yotha at the faculty, I've never seen anyone else dress seriously. At least never wear a tie. That's why I couldn't believe it today when I saw him trying to do something he had never done before.

Student uniforms in lockers are taken out and worn. I am a fast problem solver. Just a little was enough, so I volunteered to help my friends, even though others wouldn't help.

"Come here, I'll teach you how to tie. Get up already." It was as if this alone could infuriate Yotha, as she no longer opened her mouth to refuse like in the beginning, but obediently stood at the command.

"Difficult."

"I know. At first, I didn't know how to tie, so my father had to teach me. Then why did you practice wearing a tie?"

"The man was caught."

"The poor ones can die. Every! Where can I see it?" I spread my arms waiting to receive the tie from the hands of a tall relative before wrapping my arm around the other's neck.

Yotha is much taller than me. So every time we stood together, I had to lift my head to look, almost breaking my neck.

"Look. Look at the tail first. The tie is not the same width from head to tail. You have to see which side of the face is wider. If you already know, then flip it like this." Not only explaining, but I also don't forget to give examples so that other parties can visualize them clearly.

Yotha nodded in understanding so we immediately began to proceed to the next step.

"It's done, right? We're going to roll it in the back, then slowly put the tail into this hole."

"..."

"Finish then continue looping forward, then insert it into the old hole. It will have a node here right? I looked up and asked, pointing at the knot in the middle of my tie, near my neck. "You tuck the tail down, then pull it up, put it in place... This is it. Finished."

I took a step back, proudly praising my accomplishments after tying my tie. However, the tall relative's face still showed a dreamy expression as if he had not woken up from a dream.

"Is there something you don't understand?"

"All."

"Fuck. Then why don't you ask?"

"Then why are you looking?"

"Then do it again."

"Not needed."

"..."

"You tied me up."

This is clearly what they call an order.

"You can't. You have to practice tying yourself. Tomorrow or another day you have to do it. Let me take it myself and tie it up so it's easier for you to understand." I hadn't worn my tie before, so I was going to go to the closet to take it out and carefully teach it, but I was stopped by a thick hand.

"You tied me up. Complex."

"So what if you can't tie it up tomorrow?"

"I asked you to do it."

"The day after tomorrow?"

"You too."

"What if I'm not present?"

"Then don't wear it."

"Things he likes to do as he pleases. When I was little, I was spoiled by my father until I was spoiled, understand?" I'm disrespectful but grumble. But Yotha didn't mind, but turned off Youtube, patted my head in annoyance, then took it. his backpack and left the room.

What's that?

Causing a slight misunderstanding with each other. However, I can emphatically state that on a day when she was fully clothed from head to toe, she looked absolutely gorgeous...

Welcoming activities for the juniors have been going on until the last days.

Ask how I know, it's because I'm lucky to have a senior with the same code as a second year vice president like Champ, so I can find out some details. Like today for example. It is said that they will hold an activity to choose friends to give each other goods and look after each other for a year, then let them go. But I don't think the surgery will last long.

"Kids, since we are already sitting in the industrial queue, I will start today's activities as well." The faculty MC changed to a 3rd year senior, who I discovered a few minutes ago was last year's faculty student union president. No wonder he looks so charismatic.

"The activity we will be doing today is...Selecting stars to find a partner."

"Iiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiit." The girls in the front row shouted loudly while the boys in the back row whistled with joy.

Wow. Anyone who hears the phrase "find a partner" feels happy everywhere.

"Very low voice. Squirming like a worm in hot water." The chairman cleared his throat through the microphone with a very condescending expression on his face. "The reason for the 'Star Picking and Pairing' organization is because everyone should have their own friends."

"iiiiiiii."

"Quiu tangerines!"

"Calm down already. Shrink a little." No. What's wrong with this moment? Happy to the climax.

Participating in activities for a long time, there has never been a day where I feel as happy as I am now. Maybe it's because being taken care of by someone and being taken care of is a lot of fun. We don't need to buy much to give, just a push is enough, I think, for a first year of life.

"If I finish the activity, I will let everyone chat with my friends. The friend's treatment period is one year. This means that until the end of the new school year, people can always give gifts or encourage their partners."

"Please, princess. Please, princess. Please, princess."

Friends in the back sat trembling in prayer. The chances of boys in Engineering having friends of the opposite sex are pretty low, because our

major has more boys. But I hope they accumulate enough merit to get what they want.

No problem for me personally. Everyone was well taken care of by tricking friends into buying food for each day.

"Do you understand when I explain it like that?"

"Understood~"

"Then, are you ready to get to work?"

"Ready gggggg."

"Year 2, give me your first year star picker." At the end of the student council president's words, the 2nd year group beating the long drums marched in. They all played music happily as if they were watching a devotional ceremony. In the center of the line, where 4 people are cradling is a potted plant of an unknown species. Not only that, on the branches and leaves of the tree hung pieces of folded colorful paper.

It's a star tree.

Everyone looked at this tree without taking their eyes off it, until it was placed on the table in front of the activity room. After that, the selection of stars begins in the excitement of the first year.

"I will let you guys out line by line. Each person can only take a piece of paper from the tree and then return to the line. So please everyone work together in order. Let's get the top IE out."

Each line doesn't take much time, as it just goes out and gets the piece of paper you're aiming for. Many people, after returning, began to open the paper. Heard it was a number, not a name, so most still didn't know who their friends were.

"The 2nd Branch of Chemistry." My turn.

The people in the line got up and stepped forward cautiously. The tree has pretty much any color on it, but I like yellow because it's lighter than the rest of my friends, so I grab a piece, then follow your friend's ass back down the line.

Honestly, finding friends is as much fun as getting codes.

"What's the number?" Kong turned to ask. I slowly unfolded the paper.

"248."

After talking to your friend, fold back.

The problem lies here. We have to find the person with the same number as soon as possible.

Ten minutes passed, and the student union president finally resumed his duties.

"You must already have your friend's number. Now for the second activity: find your friends. I'll only give you 20 minutes to find it. It is everyone's job to plan how to find out. After counting from 1 to 3, he will start the timer. 1...2...3! Start."

And just like that, the situation was no different from a collapsing Earth. Everyone was running around the room like ants breaking a nest, asking about this and that, but there was no further progress, because it was like finding a needle in the ocean.

Luckily, we have a savvy team leader who helps keep order, it's not as chaotic as it used to be.

"Please divide into several groups. The first year takes up half the number of digits, so whoever has the first digit is this direction number 1 set, number 2 this direction, number 3 this corner..."

Luckily it didn't take long. My first number was 2, so I joined a group with people who also had 2. After that, the people in the group started to split up

again. My second digit was 4, so I ran back to the same group again. Until we meet...

"248 right?"

"Must. 248."

"Yes! My name is Gun, I major in Chemistry."

"Cards, Materials Industry."

"Pleased to meet you." We were both on the "K*" team, so we shook hands excitedly.

Card was a skinny kid, not much shorter than me, his skin was fair, his face had pimple spots and his hair was slightly curly. easy to get along.

(*) In Thai, k and g are the same.

We talked for a while before parting. At this time, senior had not ordered everyone to return to the line, so the whole room was still a mess. I went out to talk to this person and that person, not thinking that Card would come.

"Gun, do you mind if I change partners?" I scratched my head. Eyebrows furrowed.

"What happened? Did I do something bad to you?"

"Not available. Recently, someone asked to swap partners with me. He said he wanted to take care of you."

"Who?"

"Faifah."

"...!"

"Is not that true? That cold-faced one." Card didn't seem so sure. But if it was cold-faced, there might only be one person.

"

."

"Oh right there. Faifah or Yotha is okay. He called to ask if you wanted to go with him?"

"How about you?" Had to ask the Card person first. Is it natural to change like that, satisfied or not? However, seeing his eyes filled with happiness, I immediately knew that I had completely exhausted his benefits.

"I want to take care of the daughter."

"Oh, this karmic person."

"In short, what do you think?" It's okay to regret it, but your eyes tell me to agree.

"I'm already close to Yotha, so there's no problem."

"Then you must pair up with Yotha. Wait a minute, I'll call him first." Card didn't wait for me to protest, dashed through the crowd and then disappeared for a long time before someone tall, cold-faced, and well-dressed from head to toe came straight ahead.

"248." Another man raised his voice nonchalantly with no head or tail. I just know how to go with the flow.

"Must. 248."

We knew each other, but I was afraid of suffocating when I said that I was standing still, so I had to introduce myself for the umpteenth time out of courtesy.

"Gun, Chemistry."

"Yotha, Civil Service."

"What's the point of saying Yotha twice*?"

(*) Yotha also means civil.

"Tricky huh?"

"So bad. In short, why would you change pairs? Isn't your Buddy good?"

"He is better than me in everything. I'm just afraid of not taking good care of it."

"So you changed to taking care of me like that? Say it all the time. Take care of that person, you don't get what you deserve. That's forewarned."

"Just wearing a tie every morning is worth it."

Thrust thump!

The beat is hell. At the moment I was frozen with my tall best friend's words, the sound of drums coming from the front of the room suddenly interrupted. The 3rd year student union president cleared his throat through the microphone, pulling everyone back to the line. Yotha and I have not spoken to each other since then.

But strangely enough, his words kept ringing in my head.

"Today's activity doesn't just end with picking stars, because we have a surprise as well." The door flung open. Not only were 2nd years standing around the room, but 3rd and 4th year siblings also showed up to participate.

"Today we will have a selection session for representatives of each industry to participate in the school's beauty - male contest."

"Dry!!"

The atmosphere is more bustling than when picking stars to find pairs. Cheers and applause broke out. Meanwhile, the brothers and sisters one after another handed out small pieces of paper for everyone to vote for the first round.

I couldn't help but turn to look at my tall best friends Faifah and Yotha. Both seem to have been noticed already. But after a while, his eyes caught the dark man standing up, going to talk to his senior and striding outside.

I know that Yotha doesn't like being forced, so I guess she's trying to find a way to escape. I myself was not very interested in this activity, so I used my eloquence to ask permission to go to the bathroom to find my roommate. And just as expected...I actually met it there.

"Escape?" The handsome face turned around.

"The brothers and sisters are full there. They won't let you go."

"I didn't really care."

"Hiding in the bathroom won't work either."

"Who told me to hide here? I will come back to the dormitory."

"Then I'll go with you."

"It's your business." That answer means that they don't refuse, so they sneak out of the department and go straight to the dormitory in their own car.

While going up to my room, I didn't forget to text Kong and his friends. Another reason why I had to hide there was because I was afraid that I would be chosen as the representative of Chemistry by my classmates.

Not to mention I'm crazy crazy. I don't want to ruin the industry's reputation.

"Being in the room is also boring. What do we do now?" The whole 4-story dormitory is a freshman year in the Faculty of Engineering. We're still in the activities room, so the dorm is as quiet as a graveyard.

"Your story. I read comics here."

"Ok aaaaaaaah." The most creative in life is just that.

I jumped on the bed, pulled out my laptop to watch movies on Netflix. However, even though the hands of the clock had already passed 8 o'clock, it still didn't seem like anyone was coming back, so I couldn't help but texted Kong to ask what's going on. 10 minutes later, I found out that the first year guests at the department had not finished choosing the representative of the beauty - the male beauty. I think it's going to be a while before it's over. As a result, the people on this side are even more sullen than before.

"You guys haven't released it yet." I report the situation to senior relatives.

Yotha looked at my face as if she knew but didn't care. He read the comic for a while, then got up from the bed, changed from his school uniform to a simple one, and then made his usual ready-to-out pose.

"Are you leaving now?"

"Um." Damn it. Lonelier than before. Knowing that does not stop working.

"Drive carefully."

"Egle."

"Beagle. Its mother. Your game is not over."

"I'll go out."

"Know."

"Do you...want to go out together?"

I didn't open my mouth to answer, but instead chose to nod, making my head fall out.

If I'm so bored in my room, I'll go to any hell no matter what.

"Afraid?"

"No."

In an instant, we were standing in front of a cocktail bar, another world of Yotha I never knew existed.

"But your mouth is twitching."

"I'm not accustomed to."

The cocktail bar here is a small, luxuriously decorated bar. The interior includes a counter and cash register combined with the main black and white color scheme. Even though there weren't many visitors this time, I couldn't help but delight in every square meter I saw.

"Ask some. Can't you enter the pub if you're not old enough?"

"There's no such thing as drinking. Move upstairs." Yotha grabbed my wrist and pulled me forcefully. However, my mind was on the verge of panicking, so I tried my best to resist and shook my head.

"Tell me to come in n...should he?"

"You can't just die."

The audience didn't wait for me to make excuses, but quickly dragged me into the bar. It greets the occupants with just a nod before entering the elevator to go up to the rooms on the 4th floor. The building only has 5 floors. This is not a very big building. The atmosphere when the elevator doors opened was not as scary as I thought. Just have a regular restroom. Not only that, it's clean and looks quite expensive.

I wanted to ask how much it costs to decorate, but I think I should shut up.

"This shop belongs to my older brother and his partner." What! The family has such good money.

"The whole 4th floor only has 2 rooms for me and my brother."

"What about Faifah's room?"

"Not available. He doesn't really like the atmosphere, so he's renting an apartment." The tall friend went and explained to me. However, as we were walking across a room, I heard a strange sound coming out of my ears. It was a woman's moan.

Explosion!

Before I could ask, Yotha kicked the door with his foot, scaring me.

"Lower your voice. It's ringing outside." After that, the sound was really quiet. Damn ittttt. Where are you? "No need to be afraid. It's my brother."

"So what are you doing?"

I feel like I'm about to cry. It's only been 8 o'clock. Is it okay to take the girl home to sleep?

"You don't know or do you want to be mad?"

"Sorry. I know. I already know." I gulped down my throat and walked behind my tall relative, half daring, half afraid, to the room in the deepest corner of the floor.

The thick hand slipped into the pocket of his pants and quickly opened the key.

The inside of Yotha's room is very large because not only does it have a bed as I thought, but also hides another small room. A lot of areas are divided logically. There is a kitchen and living room corner. And there...right at that closed door was definitely someone's bedroom.

"Want something to eat so I can warm it up?"

"What's there?" If you've been to someone else's room and still get to eat for free, you have to speak easily.

"Once had basil fried rice. Used to have chicken curry. There used to be brown rice."

"There used to be, now have it?"

"Not available."

"Damn it. So what are you asking me to do?" The liver can die.

"Just ask." The tall body strode over to the refrigerator, searching for something for a long time, but was empty-handed, so he turned to look for dry goods again. After a long time, the other person turned to me with a grimace.

"Only Mama noodles flavored with minced meat and Tomyum shrimp. No eggs. No minced meat. There is nothing." Desperate to die...

"Then get the minced meat noodles."

"Okay."

"Hey. Change it. Get the shrimp Tomyum flavor."

"I'm fed up with the kid."

"I'm also tired of a big kid like you."

"Speaking of which, will you sleep with the lights off tonight?"

"Wh...wait. Something to talk about slowly. Negotiate with each other." Needless to say, the little slave immediately rushed to his tall best friend and volunteered to cook noodles in hopes of being rewarded. I told you, the trickery thing, please remember me.

Cooking noodles is very simple. Just plug in hot water, tear the noodles into a bowl, sprinkle with seasoning and pour in water, and in less than a few minutes you're ready to eat.

"What's the point of eating in a hurry?" Sitting at the table for less than 10 seconds, I didn't wait but took the noodles to my mouth with my chopsticks even while it was still hot, so it's not unusual for Yotha to ask like that.

"The noodles are crispy. I like."

"Show off your stomach." Grumpy like my dad.

"If you have an upset stomach, take your medicine, buddy." I suddenly remembered that I had just paired up with my red sea buddy, so I would like to ask for permission to use this word.

"Then who buys medicine for you?"

"You are who."

"Is that Osin?"

"YES." Yotha shook her head helplessly. We didn't say anything more to each other but just ate the noodles in the bowl to satisfy our hunger.

Until a knock on the door of the room interrupted us, forcing the two of us to turn to look in the direction of the noise. The tall figure got up from his chair and went to open the door. People outside did not take the opportunity to step inside, but stood in the same place.

Even so, I still see what the other party looks like.

Is this man the man named Newton?

The image you see is his tall and slender figure. The sons of this family seem to drink giraffe milk. Their faces are similar to the twins in hell, only they look a bit older and darker on the face. Even now, he was standing naked right in front of him. Underneath there is only boxer pants. Messy hair. Looks like she's probably just fucked a girl.

Huh... Scary.

"I was downstairs earlier. Not told you to bring the kid up to his room."

Damned! Not you.

Even though the other party didn't speak loudly, I could still hear it clearly with my two ears.

"You don't always bring anyone home to sleep." The people outside are still talking nonstop. After a long time, Yotha replied in her characteristic calm tone.

"I don't have a friend who puts everyone to sleep like you. This is a classmate."

"Don't lie."

"What's the point of lying?"

"It's strange. Where? Let's see your face." At that moment, the other party stepped in like a child playing hide-and-seek. He finally got a good look at me.

"It's not like that." Yotha tried to deny it, but the other side still didn't seem to understand.

"No wonder I brought it back to my room."

"New."

"Hey. No need to be shy."

"..."

"

"

Puck!

Hearing that, the noodles lacked something that wanted to fall out of her mouth. I was speechless, I could only silently look at Yotha's face while the

other side also looked back. Only the eldest brother in the family waved his hand in apology and fled.

1...2...3...4...5...

5 seconds. There was no movement.

Leaving the two of us just gulping down our throats.

[End of chapter 5]

6

After being dropped by a large bomb, the room was engulfed in a dead atmosphere for a long time.

The noodles in the bowl were already starting to swell, so I quickly put all the noodles in my mouth to break the awkward situation in front of me.

And Yotha went to the table and sat down. No one dared to look each other in the eye. It wasn't until nearly 10 minutes had passed that I decided to break the silence. But I timed it perfectly, because at that moment, my tall best friend also opened his mouth to say a word.

"Don't care man." Yotha immediately spoke in a calm tone mixed with indifference.

It's like...What should I answer now?

"Oh." Just say big. Because now my mind is gone.

Then silence once again visited. With my nature of not being able to stay still, if I just sit still, I will probably struggle and die, so I have to say a little more.

"But you are also very funny. Likes to play funny games. Hahaha. Ha ha ha ha." Am I smiling or starting a motorcycle? Hate yourself to death.

"What game?" The handsome face looked up. At that moment, the two eyes met again.

"Then that game of telling me is your style. Its mother. It's just ridiculous."

"No."

...!!

While reassuring himself, the other answer turned the tide.

"What do you mean?"

"

"

"Whattttttt."

"But that doesn't mean that everyone who fits your taste will like it. Or should I like people all over the world." Broken. Luckily, you quickly explained to me that I was feeling a little lighter. Otherwise, I'll probably just say "What" until tomorrow morning.

While waiting for me to come to my senses, Yotha stood up straight, holding the bowl of noodles on the table with both hands, went to the sink while muttering softly. Even so, I can still hear his words clearly.

"I told you I don't love anyone."

"So... what exactly are you talking about?"

"Or pretend."

"Oiiiiiiii. When did I tease you, you know?"

"Regularly."

"You are very weird. Do you know that?"

"Hmm." The other laughed in his throat before washing the dishes. I wanted to volunteer to help, but my ass got stuck. The great power disappeared in the blink of an eye. Take time to think for yourself and evaluate yourself.

I never thought before that Yotha would like a boy or a girl. But from what I've heard, "puffy" is by no means a gender-specific word. I still feel some girls are really good at flirting. Because of that, the opponent's tastes might

be very broad, to the point of being able to like the whole world like someone else is telling the truth.

Thinking that, I didn't want to pay attention to the small stuff anymore, so I picked up the phone to ask about the situation from my friends.

"Our friends have returned to the dorm. When are we going back?"

"Not yet. I also have to help you clean up the shop."

"Forget about expenses. So do you need help?"

"No need. Let's play something here first. Come down when the shop closes." I nodded in understanding while watching my tall relative trudging over to the sofa. The thick hand lifted the remote and turned to ask with an expressionless face. "Do you want to watch a movie?"

"OKAY."

"Netflix?"

"Okay."

"What movie?"

"Depends on you."

"What genres do you like watching?" Yotha kept asking.

"I especially like watching Japanese movies. Do you know? Actually, I'm FC Komatsu Nana. Every time she smiled, my heart almost melted to the ground. Hiiiiiiiiiii. Even talking about it makes me feel so embarrassed." Besides, don't let me imagine the person I like, because every time I think about her, my face almost always bleeds. Moreover, i was overjoyed when i told someone about her, so much so that i couldn't control myself.

"So cute, huh?"

"World Number 1."

"There's nothing funny about the name alone. Tonkatsu."

"Komatsu, man of karma." Okay, I want to step into a Japanese restaurant now.

"Oh, there he is."

"Or read Japanese manga without knowing it?"

"Necessary?" Answering like that, Gunyukol knew what to do. In short, what movie would you like to see? If it's on Netflix, let me turn it on."

"Nana recently featured Kids on the slopes, but it wasn't on the web. So I let you choose that movie. Anything can be seen. Not necessarily the rom-com genre. Maybe...play a movie with a female lead genre that suits your taste."

I'd also like to know how lame this "swelling" is. If you look down on yourself, you won't be able to see it, because all you see is good looks and good looks. Ha ha.

"Okay."

After hearing the request, the other person connected the device to the TV, then scrolled through the huge movie list in the streaming service before I knew the truth of what Yotha's taste was.

The (cute) girl wants to pinch her thoughts with the movie appearing right in front of her eyes.

Hotel for Dogs

Damn it! Or pretending too much. It's like being insulted like a dog indirectly. But because I didn't dare to refute, I had to frown and watch. In short, do I look like any dog in the movie?

It's been about 1 hour and 40 minutes, we're sitting on the same sofa. Yotha did not open lips to say a word, but only focused on the screen and then spent time on the things that lie in the eyes without neglecting. Contrary to

me, I was absorbed in watching movies and then looking at the divine side of my tall best friend.

"Look what?" The person next to me asked, making me jump, almost not sitting still in the chair.

" . "

"Go downstairs."

"OK." Although I found it difficult to understand when we were still in the middle of a conversation, I still agreed to follow each other down without arguing. The watch showed that it was now 10 minutes past midnight. But when I went down to the cocktail bar, there was no sign of any customers below.

"Why are the guests leaving so early?" On the way, I asked my roommate.

"Once it is midnight, the shop will close immediately. Not allowed to continue sitting."

"So what if we haven't finished the bottle yet?"

"You can take it home." The staff in the restaurant followed each other diligently clearing tables and chairs. The image that comes to mind is of us going down to help the brothers put things in the right place. But it turned out that we ended up sitting at the long cashier counter, where a brown-haired senior was already standing inside.

If I remember correctly, it was probably the person Yotha greeted when entering a few hours ago.

"This is Gun, my friend. And this is P'Nop, the partner who opened the shop." The very brief introduction takes place and ends in the blink of an eye.

"Hello." I clasped my hands and bowed to him before receiving a smile in return. I could feel an aura of menace pervading the air.

"First time coming to 15th November, huh?"

"...?" When I heard it, my face showed a confused look before my brain remembered that the name the other party mentioned was the name of the restaurant. "Oh yes. First time."

"November 15 is the opening day of the shop. Tell me in advance so you don't have to wonder." Finishing the sentence just now, Yotha immediately interrupted.

"It's also the day to close the shop."

"Damned. Curse me, you'll see your mother too."

Uh...Do they really love each other?

"What do you want to drink? Alcohol? Beer? Cocktails? No matter how heavy the is, the shop has it all." Looks like P'Nop doesn't want to argue with Yotha anymore, so he turns to me and asks me with a half-pressurizing look, like I'm asking if you have to drink. Oh~ For someone who tasted alcohol for the first time in 12th grade, it's straight forward that I can hook my fishing rod with just one drink.

"Can I have something lighter, please? ."

"Cider is fine." This is from Yotha.

"Is it too light?"

"I don't want to take care of the drunk person."

"Ok ok. Then how do you like the taste?" P'Nop asked again. Since I had no knowledge of this kind of thing, I had to turn to the unjust friend for help. The other party immediately chose the strawberry flavor for me, then sat down with the partner who opened the restaurant in silence.

"So how long have you two been dating?"

Phut!

Before, I sprayed noodles, now I sit and spray beer on the table.

"Brother, I am not a lover of Yotha. We're roommates, buddy, and just friends in the department." Obviously shy. To the point where the alcoholic drinks flowed from the counter to my feet, I didn't even bother to wipe them.

"Oh, not a lover? So why when New came down, he told you two to have sex? Or just one night stand? Is that how you break up after having sex?" Enough~ Can't this life let me do something else? Wanting to argue, but couldn't speak, so I let Yotha protest.

"Just you."

"Then sorry for the misunderstanding. I thought it was a lover, so I'm going to celebrate, but you also know how to love someone else."

The tall boy looked bored, as if the word "love" was a terrible thing to him. The scene changes to someone walking while hugging a girl in a black dress coming out of an elevator. Its mother. Different from one heaven and another.

"Wait a minute. Let's get the girl out of the car." P'Newton automatically became the focus of everyone's attention. Now he's not wearing just the boxer pants he used to wear, but he also has a t-shirt and pants that are worn over his body. However, the look of the two walking and pulling each other made me swallow my saliva down my throat.

In this house, the most normal person is probably Faifah.

"You can die indiscriminately. I have to go see the place tomorrow and now I'm taking girls home to fuck." The elder in front of him grumbled as he raised his beer glass and drank it down. Until the person in question returned, our conversation continued.

"Sorry. She's too attached to me."

"Don't use the word 'him'. Use the word 'you too'."

"Excuse me, is that okay, mate?"

"Nonsense." P'Nop shook his head and started a new topic. "We haven't properly introduced each other yet, have we? Then let me give it to you. This is Newton - Yotha's brother. Actually, this shop is owned by 3 people. The other is stuck with his lover upstairs. When you have the opportunity to come here again, I'm sure you will meet. As for the guy in New, this is your brother's friend, not your girlfriend. Make me misunderstand everything."

"Is that so?" A hunter like Newton showed a surprised expression as he went inside the cashier counter, then took out a small beer bottle and drank half of it in one gulp.

"Hello sir. My name is Gun, and I'm Yotha's 'friend'." When I speak, I also emphasize the word "you".

"Real friends?"

"Real." Before I could even open my mouth to answer, Yotha answered instead. However, the older man didn't bother to pay attention to his brother, but instead put his hand on the counter and stared at me, making me automatically hold my breath.

"Am I looking at it wrong?"

"That's a big mistake, man. I still don't have a boyfriend. But it won't take long for sure, because I'm very hot in the department."

"I like confidence. Nice to meet you, boy Gun." P'Newton reached out and patted my shoulder in a friendly manner, then turned to meet his brother's gaze. "If you haven't dated anyone yet, that's fine."

"..."

"You've been asked how many times, so I'm asking for help with this."

I watched with interest. The thick hand pushed a piece of paper out in front of Yotha. On it was a series of numbers neatly written. At a glance, you know for sure it's a phone number.

"Um." The tall relative put the above piece of paper in his pocket. After that, I could immediately guess that things would inevitably end in bad luck.

One person likes to go everywhere. The other person instigated the other to break up. No matter how you look at it, it's too heartless.

It seems that P'Nop saw the meaning in my eyes, so he shook his head in disgust, showing a nonchalant expression before happily switching to beer, telling each other sad stories from when he was young. running around the neighborhood naked until he grows up causing harm to society as it is today.

This tape is intense. Drink 5-6 bottles continuously at a time. The more beer penetrates the bloodstream, the worse it is to maintain consciousness. Only me and Yotha joined the conversation but didn't drink too much.

"Hey Gun kid. Ever since you were born, have you ever been afraid of anything?" This question comes from P'Newton. It came as headless, but I answered honestly.

"I am afraid of snakes. Afraid of cows that crawl with many legs. But the most afraid is still when the lights are off."

"Turn off the night light? It's strange."

"Because I used to have bad memories when I was young. The doctor said that everyone in this world has a fear. If we are afraid to a degree, it is called Fear. If the fear is serious, it will be called Phobia. I'm the first type."

"Like Yotha. Fear of having love."

"New, you're drunk. Stop talking about me."

"Ugh. So you two aren't close enough to talk to each other about anything?" Yotha shook her head. The older man laughed dryly and continued his story. "I also have fears. I'm afraid there's no one to fuck."

"And I'm afraid I won't have food, buffalo. Drinking every time is like deliberately knocking the shop down." P'Nop jokingly made me laugh. Then, P'Newton pulled out some crazy philosophy to analyze.

"Do you believe it? When we are extremely afraid of something, we often run away thinking that is the simplest way to solve the problem."

" ... "

"I kept thinking that if I had to hide for the rest of my life, I wouldn't get tired? Wouldn't it be better if we accepted to face each other once so we wouldn't have to hide again?"

"If you faced me, the daughter of this province would have rushed to kill you, New."

"Nop boy! Just interrupt me. Let me be handsome."

"Okay then. Continue." He made a "natural invite" face while Yotha was more quiet than before.

"There will come a day when we feel completely fed up with our own lives. Boring, repetitive. We want to escape from here, but there is something in front of us that we are afraid to block. We can't go on but we can't stay still. So... was asking ourselves if there was any way we could have the courage."

" ... "

"But there isn't. Ask a question, Mr. Gun. Have you ever found your courage?"

"Never have. I can live if I have to sleep with the lights on for the rest of my life." Now that I've always been a stubborn person but extremely cowardly, I feel like I don't need to make myself tired. Just run away like you always did.

"No thoughts of wanting to be cured? Maybe it would be better."

"I thought about it, but gave up."

"Oh, me too. Now, please allow me to call and make an appointment with a cute person. Stop fucking girls is not my method." Without saying a word, the guy New grabbed his phone and just walked away.

Wait. Concentrate! Before he could understand the conversation, he closed the matter by leaving.

"Usually when he's drunk, he often talks about this. Tomorrow it will be back to the old style. You can't see what you can't find by washing your hands." After P'Nop complained, he asked for permission to withdraw to talk to the staff, leaving the two of us behind. Moreover, neither of them felt drunk.

"Are you afraid of love?" After a long silence, I was the one to break the silence.

"No."

"But why did you say that?"

"Believe in drunken people. It's just that I don't believe in love."

"So, have you ever thought about going back there one day?"

"No." As if he didn't care at all. What is the epitome of true rigidity.

"It's me, I have long stopped thinking about sleeping with the lights off. But after listening to your brother, I also had a fleeting thought that I would have the courage to face him again. You must feel the same way, right?"

"No."

"Liars will go to hell."

"What is there to be afraid of in hell? I'm more afraid of you."

"That's rotten." Find stories almost every minute. I knew right away that he was a good man. "Hey... Yotha."

"What?"

"Do we have a test? Take the exam slowly, don't rush. Whoever defeats fear first is the winner."

"What do you get?"

"You have love. I also like to save electricity." This is a goal I've pinned, but doesn't specify when to leave. "No agreement?"

"No."

"The answer is not sincere. I beg the answer. Deal?" I repeated.

"You think you can do it?"

"OKAY." (Possible)

"

"

I didn't expect too much, but in the end I got an answer that made me smile involuntarily.

After the new bottle of Cider was half empty, Yotha did not allow me to drink anymore. We dragged our bodies back to the dormitory around 2am. Surely the dormitory is closed by now. And I was very scared when the security guard stared at me like I wanted to eat it alive.

But someone chilled as if nothing happened. Just pretend you don't or don't. Do you think they won't recognize you?

"Did you just come back from eating porridge?" Have you seen. The security guard asked as if he knew too much.

"Yes." Yotha replied before bowing down to fill in her name, student number and reason for being late.

'Porridge'

Damn itttttt. Do you really answer like that? Before, I thought it was a lie because normally people should find some reason to listen to it. Then it's my turn, how should I respond? Telling me to fill out that as soon as I come home from a beer, is like killing myself for stupidity. It is also not possible to fill in as new from the library because it is not open 24/7. So as soon as the taller person held the pen in front of me, I was forced to fill in the information with trembling hands that I had just come back from eating porridge.

Namo Amitabha Buddha. Just remembered. Why don't I write that I just got back from studying at the cafe.

However, it was not surprising that everything went by so easily. We were asked almost nothing more. Or have they actually realized the truth? Whenever you see Yotha, you know right away without asking why. If you're unlucky, you might have to deal with the person in charge of the dormitory.

After returning to the room, each person does their own thing. I sacrificed to let Yotha take a bath first, while I continued to chew cake in the middle of the room because the feeling that the bowl of noodles I ate earlier had begun to digest.

"Gun." The owner of the low bass bar pressed his face against the bathroom doorframe as if he needed help.

"What is up?"

"The shower gel is gone. Can I use yours first?"

"Oh. Just take it. Use whatever you want." The audience nodded in understanding before closing the door.

Having lived together for a while, all furniture is almost separate. Only cakes and food on the table in the middle of the room are shared. I'm not one to keep the motto that other people's belongings are not allowed to be touched. If you want to use something, use it.

Fifteen minutes later, his tall roommate came out with his beloved towel. Strange how I always enjoy peeking into her actions, from the moment she steps out of the bathroom to the time she picks her clothes from the closet.

And the pajamas that the other person chooses to wear cannot avoid the super impressive collection according to the Safari team that the senior with the same code bought for. Play with light pink tonight with a cute chirp chirping warbler. Oh... Betray the darkness on your face to death.

"Lovely, huh." Itchy mouth wants to poke.

"P'Arm said the same thing." Yotha paced the middle of the room and sat with me. It smells like my favorite body wash.

"What kind of man is your man with the same code number as buying something that doesn't match his personality?"

"So what kind of person are you to like a weird smelling shower gel?"

"Karma! The smell of Peony. (Peony) You must have a problem with your nose." My life is miserable. Sitting down to eat cake in a good way, I had to sit and hold my head with an unexpected thing. In short, so far in Yotha's mind, is that really the case?

"Who knows." Talk like you want to make people crazy.

"So delicious. Strange where?"

"It smells like moldy fabric."

Holllllllllll~ This is the first time I've felt such a loss of face. The last time I was scolded, it smelled like dog drool. Its mother. This time, it was said that it looked like moldy cloth. Has my life ever been better? Ask the truth!

"My mother must have cried." Everything related to me, my mother bought and hoarded for the whole semester. Now it's impossible to change. Besides, I haven't had any comments from my friends before, so I'm extremely confident.

"Why is your mother crying? You should be crying."

"Wretched. I will eat all your cake. Let's take a closer look at what is revenge." Doesn't it look retarded. But because I didn't know how to take revenge, I had to sit on the spot, unpack Yotha's cake and stuff it in my mouth until it was almost impossible to chew.

"Calm." The person in front of me protested before raising his hand to gently pat my head, causing the pace of eating to stop abruptly.

"What do you do when you pat me on the head?"

"Pat."

"No need." Tried to dodge but squid tentacles still chase.

"Your hair is so soft. Like dog hair."

"Woof woof."

"..."

Yotha's hand stopped. I took the opportunity to continue the sarcasm.

"Like before?" The other man didn't open his mouth to say another word, but stood up, walked to the bed and quietly pulled the blanket up to cover it.

What? We were joking before. Now the darkness interrupted again.

I didn't notice, continued to eat cake. After eating, I took a towel and prepared to take a shower. By the time I fell asleep, it was almost 3 am. My eyes were about to fall, so I didn't have time to notice if the opposite bedmate was asleep or not.

When I woke up, the morning sun was already shining into my room.

2 headphones hear the water coming out of the shower like every morning. If it were normal, I would have stood up and waited to use the bathroom again. But because I slept a bit late last night, I felt sleepy, so I stayed in bed rolling around. 2 headphones to listen for surrounding noises.

"Beagle." Well...this is the first time he correctly named a breed of dog.

Made me sit with self-doubt. Call it right, should I be proud?

"What's wrong?"

"It's okay to take a shower. Let's go out later."

"Then go. When I stop being sleepy, I will wake up on my own." After talking to the other party, I turned over and closed my eyes. Although they can't see it now, the remaining senses can perceive everything. Nothing moves around. That means Yotha is still standing at the end of the bed.

To prove the above assumption, I chose to open my eyelids again, sitting up and twisting lazily before seeing that my tall relative really didn't move as I thought.

"Aren't you planning on going out? What are you waiting for?"

That question received an answer as soon as the person in front of me handed me a tie. Honestly, I can't think of it, because I thought what Yotha said earlier was just a joke.

"Please go wash your face and rinse your mouth."

"YES."

When he opened the door to step out of the bathroom, his eyes saw that the super dark friend had turned to wait at the end of his bed. I don't know if Yotha knows or not, but its appearance at this moment is no different from an extremely obedient child.

I strode closer before the tall figure stood up as if he knew his duty.

"Don't you want to know something in your life?" His mouth grumbles, but his hands are still tied.

"It's buddy's duty."

"This is what they call Osin."

"..."

"Done." The person in front was in a neat student uniform. The tie is beautifully tied and straight. Looks like there's almost nothing to complain about. "Handsome already. Go to school."

"Thanks."

Just that one sentence made me hang, because never before had I heard him say that with a creepy smile on his face.

"You're welcome. It's buddy's mission."

Yotha nodded in understanding before grabbing her backpack and walking out of the room as usual, leaving me to stand in the same place with gratitude. I already understand how a mother feels when she stands to see her son off for the first time at the school gate.

Super proud.

This time is the special day of the faculty, because in addition to receiving gifts from brothers and sisters with the same code, each person also has a buddy who always takes care. Those who like a little stimulation will use the unexpected method of asking you to deliver things. The secret to hanging snacks in front of the door of the room or car is also there. Then the recipient will be happy to sit and wait to see where he will find his gift.

"Buddy is so cute. Buy Japanese crepe for. But we met a bit late, so his condition was as bad as a vegetable." Kong brought up the topic of

conversation after he moved his base to the Department of Education to flirt with girls.

"By the way, who is your buddy?" Yesterday didn't stay until the end of the activity so I didn't have time to ask.

"Ping. Representative of the beauty contest of the Computer industry."

"Aaaaah. Blistering." The friends in the group shouted and shouted. They look so happy. Kong is not even mentioned. Puffing out her chest proudly when a girl gave her cake and food.

"Enviably." After my friends expressed their congratulations, I was no less than sitting and clapping 2-3 times.

"What about you, Tai? In short, who?"

"Yotha."

"What!!"

Everyone made faces as if they heard the world would fall tomorrow.

"That's my karma." I'm not going to talk about the buddy swap because I'm afraid something big will happen if the 2nd year senior finds out. So let's just surprise us with what we said earlier.

"What gift did he give you?" Kong asked with eyes filled with excitement.

"Do not give."

"If it's dark, you can die heartlessly. What about you? What gift do you give him?"

"Do not know. Don't want to give." Just waking up every morning to tie a tie is enough. I'm tired of this topic, find an opportunity to change to another topic. For example, updating the situation yesterday after sneaking out of activity. "But who is the beauty - the male beauty in our industry?"

"Monkey Note with cute human Mint."

"Not unexpected." But from the way he called it, I knew immediately that my friend was extremely double-standard. "Is anyone a favorite?"

"Faifah."

"Really?" I knew you guys would choose it anyway, but I didn't expect it to accept it.

"If he doesn't answer the question teasingly and jokingly, then I think it's fine either way. Seeing that the senior said he would make an appointment to take pictures for the promotion next week. 50% points will be based on the number of likes and shares."

"What page are you posting on? Engineer is a cute boy?"

"Page Department of Student Affairs, Faculty of Engineering. Want to vote, want to share anyone do. One of my votes is for Ping only."

"I'm so good at flattery..."

"Well, where did you and Yotha go? Yesterday, the brothers and sisters looked for it and couldn't find it." I lost my soul forever. Now that I went to the dark lord's territory, I was afraid that my friends would spread rumors even more. Instead, I decided to lie. Hope you guys won't be mad at me.

At the store near the school. Yotha doesn't want to be forced, so poor me, take me away."

"Same as husband and wife."

"Ridiculous!"

"Poor thing. Now they can rest assured because they have found a representative for the Civil sector."

"Hey. Boy Book." While sitting happily talking, the atmosphere at the table was interrupted by the newcomer. The opponent is not a stranger, but a

friend of our faculty. Just didn't get the chance to talk often.

"What's up?"

"Gift." The other gave him a bag of snacks. Book hastily handed over the prepared item. Thank each other for a while, the situation returned to normal. It's good to have a buddy. Have time to take care of friends. But there is also a disadvantage that if your companions do not cooperate, it will be very lost.

"What do you guys think I should buy for Yotha?" At first, I wasn't going to give it away. But I'm afraid that when he's with his friends, he'll feel jealous because he's the only one who can't, despite the fact that someone like him would never think that way.

"Tai, you are his roommate. If you don't even know what to give him, how will I know?"

"Kongkiat, honey. When we were with him, we didn't talk about anything?"

"If you have cake, milk, or butter, you can buy it. Or make cute and pretty cards?"

"Ooh." With collaborators it is possible. But if it's a Yotha, it can be foreseen that it will be thrown away immediately. "Forget it. If you can't think of it, don't give it."

The friends nodded in agreement before coming up with a new topic to continue the conversation. Meanwhile, still don't forget to scan your eyes to watch the cute girls passing by.

After noon, we dragged our bodies back to study. Fortunately, there were no faculty activities this afternoon, so the group dispersed to find fun things to do. Most don't go far: the football field, the game store, the shopping center, or otherwise the common room of the dormitory. Personally, I would like to ask for permission to go to the supermarket to find a gift for my good buddy.

I went around a few times without knowing what to buy. The food is full. There are things that Yotha may not eat, so I have to walk to another area to see. Until I stopped at the cleaning products area. I remember her shower gel had run out. Also, I didn't want it to feel like it had to endure the musty smell all day, so I decided to whip up two large bottles.

I still remember clearly what brand my roommate used. Ask for real. Where is the smell better than this toilet cleaner? Can't argue. Every time I fought with silence and met with silence from the other side, I was sure to fail.

It hurts to think. I took the shower gel outside to pay the bill, then put the item I just bought at the desk because the other person hasn't come back yet

Due to some free time, I went downstairs to join my friends who are busy planning a mega project. It was about finding the best camera for Note - the sole representative of Chemistry.

"The Tai came at the right time. Go take a look at the picture. Which corner is the best?" It is said that next week there will be a senior in charge of taking photos of the department to take pictures. Even so, we still have to prepare a part in advance.

The DSLR camera connects to the laptop by a bunch of wires. The screen shows the Note's face in different movements. I run my finger across the touchpad, slowly scrolling through the images before deciding.

"I love this picture. The right side looks good."

"I see it too. Note, when you take a picture, just turn to the right."

"OK."

"With no need to laugh much. Too much profit now. Moderate severance."

"Okay. Let me try again."

Before he could change the style, the sound of the door sliding suddenly sounded intermittently. All eyes turned to the person standing at the door. Their bodies froze as if hit by a stick. In five or ten times, Yotha will never

be seen here. So today when he stood right in front of him, all his friends were amazed.

The other pretended to be cold, stepping through the circle to enter. Everyone immediately knew what to do and got out of the way, letting it wander towards the cold water machine in a convenient way. Turns out it was going to get water.

"Why are you leaving so early today?" With the atmosphere boiling over, I had to calm it down first.

"The shop is closed today."

"Ah. So interested in helping? Next week, Mr. Note has to take pictures to promote for the beauty contest - male beauty."

"Are not."

Cut the lotus without leaving the spider's web, but the heart does not leave anything for us*.

(*) This sentence Jitti plays on Thai words.

Yotha turned around and walked away after the bottle was filled with water, amidst the blinking eyes of so many people around. I was amazed, I don't understand why people unconsciously hold their breath. Only I can because I'm used to its heartless behavior.

"I can't be of any help." Without thinking, the tall best friend spoke again in the end.

" ... "

"But do your best."

The sliding glass is closed. The dark man had already left, but the atmosphere was colder than before.

"Damn ittt." After a long time, Kong shouted, causing the rest of the friends to shout along. They were both excited and didn't want to believe their ears. I don't even want to believe it anymore.

"Yotha said fighting hard? I see mom! This year, Note must be the cosmic male (moon)."

"You prepare a bounty for me. What Yotha says, I will take it as holy."

"Iiiiiiiiiiii. So cool. It's too expensive."

"If you win, prepare to be the size of two pigs' heads and worship it."

"How is it possible? I'll give you three heads."

"Ooh. Even if it means losing, at least winning Yotha's heart is enough."

"Ooooooooooooooooooooooooooooooooooooo."

No one is playing as a kid. They flatter each other even when they have to play loud and fire. It took a long time to wait until I regained consciousness. One thing today made my friends change their view of my roommate. It's Yotha

...Not as heartless as I thought.

The male dorm friends dispersed, and I returned to my room to see my tall relative still on the bed as before. The other person puts the laptop on his lap, focusing on the agile keyboard operation.

"Beagle."

"What?" Never seen each other call each other properly. Also, I hate it when I've started getting used to it myself.

"I see the shower gel."

"Ah." I nodded in understanding. "That gift. I'm afraid you can't stand it when you have to use a shower gel that smells like musty fabric."

"Thank you very much. But I'm not buying anything for you."

"I didn't expect it either."

"Have lunch?"

"Not yet."

"I haven't either." What's the matter of it?

"So what?"

"Do you want to eat together?"

Instead of refusing, I found myself standing in front of the dormitory canteen. Although Yotha's mouth said he would eat with friends, in fact the other person volunteered to pay for it. Therefore, I don't want to go against my beliefs as a treat from my buddy.

We stood in front of the restaurant to order. Every time the queue is crowded, I will always get frustrated first. But since no one regrets today, I can wait patiently for as long as I want. Just write a note and then find a table to wait.

"Ask some. The fact that we're eating together, being each other's buddy, and allowing me to enter your world means we're going to be best friends, right?" This is a long sentence that when I say it, I can hardly breathe. Actually, many times I wanted to ask but couldn't find the opportunity.

Today, two people can eat alone. Plus, no one was busy looking down at the phone, so there was a moment to interrupt to ask a question.

"It's you." The answer I just received makes me very satisfied.

"Friends yet?"

"Not yet."

"So bad. What criteria must be met to be called a body?"

"Do not know."

"Master your emotions without knowing it? Or is it inconsistent?"

"Probably so."

"Its mother. You can die complicated. Not like man. Think whatever you say. Here it is... Like when I was close to Kong, I said it was close. When I like Nana, I say I like it. You don't see anything difficult."

"So how do you feel like me?" That question came to me so I didn't have time to prepare. Perhaps because I didn't think Yotha would say this, I fell into a state of shock, sat still for a long time, could only mutter in my throat.

"Uh..."

"See? Even people like you who think or say whatever they say don't understand my heart."

"Who said?"

I hastily objected. I was silent not because I couldn't find an answer, but because I was asked suddenly. In fact, some people's feelings may be too mysterious to be understood, but for me, that's not the case.

"I understand my heart...that I want to be your friend." Dark eyes stared at me.

"It is not an answer to love or not to love. It's just a feeling of wanting or not wanting."

"It's all the same."

"Unlike. That way no one can answer."

"..."

"

"

Tomorrow is the last day of welcoming juniors

Everyone's pretty excited because once the main activities are over, we'll be getting both super cool engineering school uniforms and lock gear rings shortly after. But before that time, tomorrow there will be a huge giveaway from both siblings and buddy. So the case is heavy on what we should buy to give the other person.

Moreover, the brothers and sisters also told them not to buy expensive things to give each other. Maybe water or cake. But since this was the last of the faculty activities, everyone switched from sweets to items that looked thoughtful but not too valuable.

"Kong, what did you buy for Ping?" Faifah still hasn't returned to her room, so today I would like to sit with Kong's head for about 2 hours.

"Me? Cloth bag with son's name on it."

"Oiiiiiiiiiii. Buddy, do you have a crush?"

"Oh. I'm not handsome again. Name is Chanyeol. You'll meet him at the concert."

"Bruising." Buddy, Kong has obvious interests. When you want to give a gift, you can easily choose from here. But with my buddy...

"Have you thought of what to buy for the dark gentleman of the Civil Service?" State it fully.

"Unknown. I don't see it as anything serious.

"Have to ask him what he used to like."

"The more you say the more true."

"I'll wait for Faifah to come back later and ask. As brothers, we have to understand each other better than we do."

"Said that great. Makes sense." This time, I found the advice from the owner Kongkiat useful. So while I waited for my twin to return, I passed the time by knocking on our door to find more gift ideas. Ask for real. With my sister or family, I have never been so serious.

But waiting for a long time, the cheerful gentleman of the Electricity industry has not returned. Kong suggested that I call to ask quickly.

[Hello. Who is it?] Not long after waiting for the phone, the other party clicked to listen.

"I'm here. Still the good Gunyukol of P'Faifah."

[What the hell is wrong? Do you have a problem with your vocal cords?] This damn thing...Try to use that suppleness mixed with guts. Who is afraid that the results received are reversed, turning into curses.

"You can't poop today, why are you in such a bad mood?"

[I'm mad when you call. What's wrong, puppy?] Rolling his eyes slightly upwards. My best friend calls me Tai. Yotha called Beagle. Even Faifah calls me a dog now? Maybe my friends have forgotten that my name is Gun.

"Just recently I wanted to buy a gift for Yotha, so I was thinking of calling to ask if there is anything that your brother particularly likes." After asking, the other end of the line was suddenly silent for a long time. Are you looking for answers in North Africa? Waiting for it to reply back also made me so nervous that I almost couldn't breathe.

[Ask it yourself.]

"Fear not surprise."

[Then let me ask. Yotha! Your roommate has something to ask.] I froze after hearing the voice on the other end of the line. Are you two together?

"It's okay, Faifah. What's wrong with me..." Before he could finish, a familiar calm voice answered.

[What's wrong, Beagle?]

"Are not. Nothing."

[Fai told you to call to ask about the gift.] There's no time. Exposed eraser.

"Um. Want something? Let me buy it for you."

[Luxury apartment.]

"Damned! Answer something for him to respect the money in my pocket."

[No donation needed. Just tying my tie in the morning is enough.]

"So simple, huh."

[YES.]

"You really don't want anything?"

"YES."

"Depending you. That's it then." Almost without waiting for Yotha to answer, I hung up quickly.

As we talked, the word "tie" that my tall best friend mentioned suddenly flashed in my mind. So, I jotted that idea down in my mind to buy the item I wanted the next morning.

17h45

First-year students gather by appointment. The 2nd year brothers and sisters took more than an hour to get everyone to vote to elect the president, vice president, treasurer and volunteers to be the representatives of the class. The rest of the time after that is for gift giving.

The ceremony is not much. The student union president stood up to speak about the activities he had done during the past week, then the room fell

into chaos once again. Everyone ran to find their brothers and sisters with the same code and their buddy.

"Gun." P'Champ came out to greet him with a smile. He rushed over to me and held out a paper bag in his hand.

"Hello."

"Hi. This is a gift that I am very proud to present. Try opening it up." Damned. Saying that, who can resist. I accepted the paper bag from the thick hand and slowly took out the contents inside to admire each item one by one.

Uh...

"This. Free craft beer drink card. When we have free time, we go out to drink together." Is the purpose for you or for yourself? But with P'Champ, this is still a small amount. Because he has a lot more to add. "This is a coupon for winning a car from a gas ticket. Here is a group movie ticket with an immediate discount of 100 baht. Do you often buy cosmetics or face creams?

"Occasionally yes."

"I have a 20% off card. And here...I da!! Nana's frame."

"Hollllllllllll. How do you know I like Nana?"

"I'm good."

When I received the coupons, I immediately froze. But as soon as I saw Nana's picture frame appear in front of my eyes, my legs lacked the urge to fall. It's not just her in my dreams, but from now on, I'll have her go to school with me every day. I swear that I will leave all important study materials to Nana to look after.

"Thank you, P'Champ. I also have a gift for you. It's a beer can opener." After saying that, I didn't wait long but immediately opened my backpack

and gave it to him right away. My senior with the same code number was so happy that he wanted to cry, rushed to hug and whisper in his ear.

"Pants boy. My room has about 10 openers lying around."

"Eh. I don't know."

"Because you often forget. But yours is beautiful. I'll make sure to take out the toad beer bottle opener every day." I hate the sound of his tongue clicking. After chatting for a while, the vice president asked for permission to continue his duties. I'm still alone waiting for buddy.

Before I left the room in the morning, I told Yotha that I had a gift I wanted to give. If you meet a senior with the same code, then meet at the stage area of the activity room. But even now, there's still no sign of it. So I guess it's probably busy with the code family.

20 minutes passed...

The long wait ended when I saw my tall best friend walking towards me through the crowd.

"Too long wait, buddy."

"Talk to the code family."

"Ok ok."

"So where did you go?"

"I am the vice president. Busy with work." But so far, he has always taken good care of me, not letting me feel bored.

Anyway, now Yotha is standing in front of me. I didn't want to waste time, so I put my hand in my backpack and gave an unpacked item to my tall relative.

"I bought the school tie for that. Seeing that you only have one cord, I'm afraid that if I wash it, I won't have a spare cord to use. The important thing

is that special food is...I asked to have your birthday embroidered on the inside too, so there's only one string in the world."

I don't know what Yotha likes or dislikes very much. Or see only Japanese comics. When I bought it, I was afraid of being duplicated, so I had to choose the necessary items.

On the tie is embroidered number 0804 showing ownership. Tie it up, no one will see it. Maybe only two people, me and Yotha, know it.

"Does the Beagle have this much heart?"

"Of course."

"And this is yours."

"Wow. Why don't you buy anything?"

"I didn't buy it because I didn't know what to choose. Actually, I've never done that to anyone."

"I understand. Sometimes people are not all that subtle."

"But instead, the senior with the same number did this for me." The thick hand held out the white paper to me. When I tried to open it, I came across a two-box blank schedule with a separate title.

"What is it?"

"Lifetime schedule. Keep doing it together."

I still couldn't understand, so I scanned the text in each box on the schedule.

"Eat. How much do you have for this?" When I raised my head to ask, the answer was a nod. "How many times?"

"Unlimited."

"Wow. Sugar daddy is too much. However, eating every other day is 100 times more expensive than a tie. To be fair, I'll pay for the water and snacks in return." His mouth was still muttering, but his eyes continued to read to the second box.

"Um."

"If I want to watch 5 shows a month, will you go too?"

"Let's see if you're free."

"So do we fight over our favorite movies?"

"Then choose which one you both like first."

"Oh yeah. Why can't I think of me?"

"Beagle should be stupid."

"Hey!" I pretended to raise my hand about to smack its head hard, but Yotha took a step back as if she knew it. "Buddy, I have a question."

"What?"

"There is no benefit in doing so. Lose me enough road. Why are you doing anything?"

"Okay."

"What does that mean?"

"

"

"..."

"I don't see any downside."

[End of chapter 6]

7

The first year of college life is full of exciting things that sometimes I never experienced in high school. Usually every morning before going to school, my mother will be the one to prepare food for me.

Because I live in another province, I have to rely on transportation to go to school. In later years, the free time is less, because after finishing school, you still have to continue studying.

Ask if you've ever thought about skipping school, always say...haven't thought of it. Every time, the whole cup is in a hurry. Cup immediately without hesitation.

However, when I entered university, I felt that I had grown up one more step.

One, she doesn't have to wake me up in the morning or find something to eat before going to school.

Two, I can drive myself.

Three, there is no need to be bored with boring extra lessons. And one more thing that was unexpected but very happy was the first year activity organized by the faculty.

It was a huge blessing that my reception didn't have to be faced with a super barbaric welcome from juniors like my seniors, even though some of them complained about having to clean the aquarium. But if I look at it positively, the faculty will become cleaner and more beautiful, and I can exercise. Win-win solution.

"Damn Tai, are you going out now?" My karma is Guru Kongkiat shouting at me. Seeing him gnawing at Pocky in the common room with his hair and clothes on like he just woke up, I couldn't help but shake my head. It's 5pm and you're still wearing yesterday's clothes.

Today is Saturday. Many of the children had already dispersed to go home. But a kid from a small town like me won't come back like everyone else. Therefore, this afternoon I plan to go out and widen my eyes a bit. Since it was my first time using my friend's free meal, I thought of asking Kong to go out and party. But after hearing the dark man's name, he hastily shook his head in denial.

"It's been called. Can't wear much. Losing work and kicking."

"Why did you say go eat grilled food? Is it necessary to dress up so far? The other party asked with a questioning look. Don't tell Kong, even I don't understand why I'm dressed like this.

The most expensive shirts, jeans, sneakers I've ever bought in my life. I wear all of these to go out for a barbecue.

"You have to dress up a little. Afraid of not being able to fight Yotha."

"Does your roommate wear a suit to eat?"

"What are you doing. I can't just fight with his face."

"Be aware of yourself."

"Boys pants. Never take my side." I don't know who my best friend is anymore. Really angry.

"Standing by your side. You are very handsome today. Like you're going on a date."

"Dating your house."

"Didn't you notice? If you don't say you're dating Yotha, it's like you're dating a boyfriend." Kong's words left me speechless. Even so, I'm too lazy to argue to waste time.

"Nonsense. In short, what do you want? On the way back, I bought it for you."

"Buy me Ping's heart."

"Oh. I don't want to hear you daydream anymore. See you late at night."

"Okay." Kong pouted as he brushed his hand away. I stepped out of the common room and headed straight for the parking lot. Not only does her sugar daddy love to eat big, but Yotha also offers to be my driver at a restaurant. There he is... Handsome and kind.

First friend bonding activity

"Long wait."

Oh tiger. As soon as I got in the car, I glared. Stretch like my wife.

"Excuse me, okay?"

It's too late because you dress properly. But others are the opposite. Yotha only wore a black T-shirt, shorts, and simple flip-flops. Yotha, why did you let me play Rachadalai* alone.

(*) Huge theater in Thailand

"Hostel."

"Yes yes." Did you accidentally eat the Death Note or why are you always so mean to each other.

Without delay I ducked inside. Yotha cars are simple and spacious. The interior is completely decorated with black objects. The only thing that was red was a Japanese talisman hanging from the back window.

Wheel chair. Two thick hands expertly gripped the wheel before silence fell between the two of us. At first, I thought I would listen to music according to the owner's taste to better understand the other party. But in the end, I blew the pestle.

Darkness alone is not enough, life lacks even aesthetics.

"Usually when you drive, you don't turn on the music or listen to anything?" The question that piqued my curiosity made the handsome face turn around for a moment before the other one returned to focus on the road.

"No."

"Why?"

"Complex. Out of focus."

"It is possible to split individual nerves. So when I talk to you, are you focused?"

"Not available. So shut up."

"But I can't sit still for more than five minutes."

"Then do an inner monologue." Narrow heart! The internal monologue is only part of it. But that's not the same as telling the story out loud to the person next to you.

Okay. When my voice can distract my tall friend, I will sacrifice my silence.

1 2 3. Thrill!

Her mother. Stopping talking is not much different from being forced to hold your breath.

But it's hard to believe that when I spend time sitting still for a while, I feel things around me better. I heard the air conditioning, the engine moving forward at a constant speed, saw the action of the people behind the wheel. The opponent's movements look calm and natural to the point of attraction.

I scanned my eyes once, starting at the back of my hand, covered with blue veins, and sliding down to a sturdy arm that wasn't too white or too black. And then there is the smooth neck and handsome face.

"What do you see, Beagle?" But the eyes just stared at the lips, the low voice interrupted as if he knew too much.

"You didn't tell me so I saw your face instead." Receiving the answer, the thick palm reached out and gently patted my head, then raised his voice evenly.

"Then go back and talk."

"If I speak, you are out of focus. Take your hand off. Just hold on to the steering wheel!" I shouted at the person next to me before brushing off the other hand. Yotha is not stubborn. It obediently turned around to focus on the steering wheel and the road ahead. Luckily, the car turned into an alley of a barbecue restaurant, so the stressful time was over.

Yotha is a sugar daddy, the son of a rich family. After putting his ass on the chair, he handed me the menu and told me to call him without hesitation.

"You pay me like this, I will pay for water and dessert."

"No need."

"Needed, mate."

"Then order some food first."

"This looks delicious. This too. I follow the 'pork' religion, so no matter what type of pork you have, you can get it all out with whatever sauce you use. Hey, no way. Get the cheapest pork in the store."

"Shame to do anything. I ordered the buffet. You can choose whatever you want to eat."

"Shouldn't it be?"

"Did you see my face when I asked?"

"Or too sarcastic. Then take all the pork in the restaurant."

"This is what they call eating raw." Cursing but still asking. "YES. Then what else should I call?"

"Want to drink guava juice. And what water do you drink?"

"Water."

"Hiiiiiii. Can not. I covered you. How much is it to call here? Unworthy. Choose more." I hastily replied without giving up. Because I hold the motto if you give 100, that's me... I give 50 is enough. Not rich like you.

"Then get me two bottles of water."

"Karma. Much more expensive than before." Worth the pork you pay for.

"For now, take this much. I'll order later if I want something more to eat."

"Oh!"

The staff walked to the counter to take orders, then turned on the oven. When the pork arrives it's also a great time with the dish in front of you.

Strange but True. Our personalities are completely opposite. Yotha is a calm person, and I was so excited to try this and that that my butt couldn't sit still on the chair.

"No need to bake for me. You should eat too." From the start, I noticed my tall best friend couldn't eat a few pieces, the rest she threw the tender pork chops on my plate. You could say there is none. need to change hands because there are special service officers. hi. Can not. All friends!

"Eat here."

"Then why eat so little?"

"Watch you eat better."

"Is this a scolding or a compliment?" No objections. I then focused on eating happily. Who will seduce the uninvited guest appears with a super

cheeky greeting.

"Going on a date?"

Suddenly, Faifah's twins appeared without a trumpet or drum.

"Hi. How did you get here?" I gasped, still holding the chopsticks firmly in my hands. In contrast to the dark skinned man who remained silent, opening his mouth to ask in a languid tone.

"Fai child."

"There's no need to make such a friendly face. Just heard that Kong told us to go to this shop. Then when I was hungry, I decided to join a guild." Hearing that, I pushed my butt against the wall on the other side without delay and patted the seat cushion in lieu of an invitation.

"Come here. End yourself."

"Who invited..." Oh good. Are these brothers arguing?

"I invited myself. What's your problem, Yotha?"

Needless to say, Faifah's thickness is on the same level as mine. Because even though the other party said he wasn't invited, he still allowed himself to sit next to me. Not only that, he also called the staff to order more tender pork.

A small-scale battle of wits slowly flared up, as the two barely spoke to each other. Only Faifah asked me to speak. Therefore, it was Gunyukol's job to defuse the situation.

"Are you guys mad at each other?"

"No, no." Always answer in unison.

"The day before was still fun. hi. If you guys are angry with each other, do it right tomorrow." Faifah took the roast pork and put it on my plate without

saying anything. Not long after, Yotha also brought me the pork. Take turns so much that now I can barely eat. "Eh. ..it's enough."

"Dog, are you free the day after tomorrow?" Faifah let go of her chopsticks. His eyes turned to me without blinking.

"What is wrong?"

"Men promise to take photos to promote beauty – male beauty. Go help me a little."

"Oi. Comfortable. I will also support Note."

"Then let's decide."

"OKAY."

"See what? Do you want to cheer for me again?" After talking to me, Faifah continued to talk to the opposite person.

"No."

"Then let me order a Gun for a day."

"Please do what? It has nothing to do with me."

"But when you answered, your voice was very stiff."

"..."

"I know you well. But I didn't expect that you've made your face rise even after teasing this much." The speaker smirked slyly, making the atmosphere around him turn cold in an instant. "Yotha."

"..."

"Really? What you're doing is called being careful."

Deadly atmosphere...

I don't know when the two brothers fought with each other or about what, but the person sitting in the middle had no luck when the story was linked to the smoldering wick. I could only put meat in my mouth and quickly change the subject to create a happy atmosphere during the meal.

But strangely, in my head, I kept thinking of one thing, going nowhere.

Yotha take good care of me what?

Other faculties have posted profile photos of beauty - male beauty. On the side of the Faculty of Engineering, it is no less competitive, doing promotions quickly by making appointments with a large number of faculty representatives.

In fact, they don't let anyone there they shouldn't. However, because I am P'Champ, who is sitting in the position of second year vice president, I was able to enter.

The boys in the boys' dorm send lots of words of encouragement to Note and the other boys. There was no need to ask Faifah, because there were still many girls in the girls' dormitory and the neighborhood faculty waiting to cheer her on.

"Honey, it's okay to wear makeup."

"Oh, brother. I didn't take the exam." The 3rd year senior went to the chart unprepared. I immediately rejected him.

"Oh, no exams? Looks funny so I thought so."

"Summer summer." Take it as a compliment.

"Then if you have a brother who is still not wearing make-up, come and find me."

Behind the scenes of the most beautiful photos I've ever seen has a lot of detail. Even though she was wearing a student uniform, she still had to apply makeup, do her hair, prepare the scene, and adjust the light. Many

techniques are used. Just by looking at it, I almost wiped my sweat on behalf of the staff.

"Dog." I turned to look at the owner of the voice before staggering around to tease the enemy at close range.

"Hiiiiiii. Faifah is very handsome today."

"I'm handsome now."

"It's okay to be shy from time to time. There's no need to be overconfident." Faifah wants to take pictures. Everything from head to toe looks perfect. It's probably not necessary to expect to see how after posting a promotional image it will invite likes. Its popularity is certainly in the high rankings.

"Fai, give me a set."

"Come in handsome, P'Arm."

"How handsome should he be?"

"Can I get the P'Arc title?"

"Oiiiiiiiiiii." Apart from the staff, there were also members of the divine code family holding cameras and wandering around the room. If I remember correctly, he was Yotha's senior with the same code. So I'm not surprised that he is also close to Faifah.

Cup! Cup!

After pressing the shutter button for a while, the camera lens shifted to my face.

"N'Gun looks into the camera for a second."

"You know me too?" Damn. Sweet people know me. I was so happy that I didn't know what to say, so I could only secretly pinch the back of my hand to prove that I wasn't dreaming.

"If you're Champ's brother, you should know. Have a little laugh. Please be generous."

"If you smile, you will be able to eat my head."

"Then trade. I'll pinch my ears to make amends." Whoa! Seeing the cute little baby, it's so annoying. "This. If there is, I will copy the drawing and post it on the Engineer page. The gun allows it?"

"It does not matter." I don't want to be famous, but if a girl sees it and calls me, I'm fine. Ha ha.

Standing for him to take some pictures, the activity room was again in chaos, as the seniors went crazy, howling loudly when they saw an uninvited guest appear. No one thought that someone like Yotha who shied away from the selection of beauty - a man like Yotha would be here. In addition, he also carried a tall bag in his hand.

"Hi. Did you come to register for the male beauty pageant?" The twin brother asked everyone. But the person who had just arrived denied it in a way that didn't take time to think.

"No. Go to senior with the same code."

"Hmm? Where did you call me?" P'Arm scratched his head. Yotha made a blank face.

"On time."

"In short, what did you come for? Select one."

"Come cheer you up."

"Nausea. Someone like you?"

"Buy a high rise building for you."

"I have to take pictures. Do you think I can find time to eat?"

"Do not eat?" Faifah shook his head. The thick hand turned into giving me a bag of food. "Beagle, take it."

Naturally, he could eat a big bag of tall buildings from his roommates. Which universe you came from, I don't know yet. Even so, he was also provided with dishes that didn't suit the circumstances. If you're not a Yotha, you can't do it.

"Thank you very much." Even if you didn't intend to buy it for me in the first place.

Less than a few minutes, Faifah was called to stand in front of the camera. And Yotha and I were pulled out by P'Arm to take some more pictures. Only this time dark gentleman asked permission not to post pictures on the fanpage. He talked to the senior with the same code for a while before pulling me out for a private talk.

"Don't go to your room tonight."

"Going to a cocktail bar?"

"YES."

"Then why don't you come back?"

"Sleep there."

"Then... you didn't bring a girl to bed, did you?" I don't know what prompted me to ask this question. But in my heart I'm not too happy. Maybe because I know every time Yotha meets a girl it must not be a good thing.

"I'm not Newton."

"Cheerful. Then see you tomorrow morning."

"Um. If you're hungry, find something to eat." The tall relative raised his hand and ruffled my head before leaving. Not long after hiding the opponent's back, several 2nd year seniors raced to find Yotha.

"Did N'Gun see Yotha?"

"Yotha is back."

"Huh? So sorry. Let's support Faifah for a bit."

Suddenly, Faifah's voice echoed through the air, even though she was still in front of the camera.

"Brother, it won't come looking for me."

"..."

"He'd rather come looking for his roommate."

I didn't answer, but silently stared at the food bag in my hand. If I take Cao Lau, the bag that's left hanging with all of it is my favorite snack.

Then what's wrong with you? Hot face do? Is it hot...

I kept asking myself again and again but there was no answer but to stand up and laugh to myself. Damn. I've gone crazy!

Ting! Ting! Ting!

Line's announcements sounded nonstop. Whenever I hear this sound, I immediately know that my best friend Kongkiat has just sent a call SMS as usual. Every morning, he and I go to breakfast together before going to class. However, one thing that worries me is that the roommate who disappeared last night still hasn't returned.

Ting!

Kong texted calling again. I don't have time to worry about anything but my ears. If you arrive late, you may be disturbed all day long. Thinking that, I quickly grabbed my backpack and quickly walked out of the room.

My daily life is nothing different or special from other days. We still had breakfast at familiar restaurants, studying old subjects and meeting friends

from the same faculty. And that new friend, forget that thought because they don't even know me.

"You."

"What?" The friend turned around and whispered as the teacher sat attentively in the lecture.

"Is the Dark Lord not coming again today?"

"Do not know." I scanned the room several times, but couldn't find the figure of a person everyone knew.

After hearing the word "don't know" from my mouth, Kong didn't question it anymore. Guess it's lazy as usual. Although Yotha had never left without returning to her room before, when she thought about how it had been prophesied from the start, her worries gradually disappeared.

A day passes in the blink of an eye. Since my friends wanted to eat bingsu, I spent the afternoon straightening my stomach, then continued to hug my neck to go to karaoke. Back in the room again, the clock shows 11:30.

As soon as I opened the door and stepped inside, the first thing that caught my eye was darkness. It took me a long time to regain my composure, then I realized that Yotha had not returned. Or even out again?

I pressed the light switch. The light helps me see my surroundings more clearly. In the morning before leaving the room, my brain still remembers everything clearly. When something changes, even a little bit, I'll know right away. But this time... not at all. That means Yotha hasn't returned to her room since yesterday.

I don't know if it's annoying when I call to interrupt. But inside my heart is restless. Simply listen to the voice reply for peace of mind. But waited a long time but no one answered. Tried contacting Faifah and got the same answer. I ran downstairs to look for Kong. In short, no one knew where the two brothers had disappeared to.

The only thing I can do is wait. As time passed towards midnight, my patience had run out, so I decided to close my eyes and sleep in the hope that tomorrow morning I would see my flat-faced roommate back to normal.

02.50 am

It's not morning yet...

Click!

The sound of turning the doorknob reached the eardrums. Suddenly the body reacts automatically. I quickly got up and looked in the direction of the voice. Finally, the owner of the remaining room also returned.

"Yotha..."

Others wear masks, wear hoodies, and walk around like assassins with their heads down. A lot of things looked so weird that I raised my eyebrows. Not only did it not respond to my greeting, it also made a direct gesture to the bathroom as if to avoid it. But I was faster than that, rushing out of bed to grab the other wrist.

"What happened?"

"I will take a bath." He answered, his voice hazy. In a split second, my gaze caught the traces of something on his handsome face.

"What's wrong with you?"

"No." The tall relative tried to dodge. If it weren't for you, I wouldn't have insisted. Knowing that even if I asked, I wouldn't get the truth, I took the opportunity to raise my hand to remove my hood before my eyes widened as if they wanted to fall at the sight that appeared before me.

"Who did it?"

"Not available. Sleepwalking against a tree."

"You think that's funny?"

" ... "

Even though I didn't get a clear answer, the wounds exposed from the black mask made me know right away that Yotha was beaten. The heart stopped beating. Symptoms of numbness from head to toe. The skin from the forehead, the tip of the eyebrows to the corners of the eyes, was covered with serious wounds.

Blood was still flowing in several places. Which meant it probably just happened not too long ago. His once sharp eyes turned red. I tried to raise my hand to pull the mask down to see clearly, but Yotha refused, quickly pushing my hand away. Doing this over and over again made me almost lose my temper.

"Stubborn!" Really angry. Painful but still expensive.

"Are you sleeping already."

"Tell me how can I sleep when you're so messed up?" Since I didn't know what to do, I could only stand still, not moving anywhere. Wait until the person in front of you softens up and agrees to take off the mask himself.

Hi! It's not just the face anymore, but the palms are exposed from the jacket.

"Let's go to the hospital. It's okay."

"Does not matter."

"Doesn't it hurt?"

"No."

"Shut up and die." To be honest, I am more urgent than the injured person. From a restless place, this time it was even heavier than before.

Two feet running around the room, struggling to find the first aid kit, but eventually found that there was only one Para (cetamol) left inside the blister pack. And the red potion couldn't cure the opponent's condition. The bandage wasn't even there. Oiiiiiiii. I feel like I'm going crazy.

"I'll go tell you."

"It's a big problem now."

"Yotha...Then just wait. I'll go to the pharmacy instead."

"Not needed."

"Shut up. Stay in one place."

"What's the fuss?"

"Stop talking! There's nowhere to go. On repeat! Really not going anywhere. If I go back and don't see her, I'll be mad." After saying that, I without delay took the car keys and extorted the money, immediately ran outside, not intending to listen to any objections. Admit it my brain is blank now. Can't even think of what to do first. All I know is I have to go out to buy some medicine.

But bad luck attached to him, no pharmacy was open at the moment. I wandered around anxiously. I suddenly remember that I forgot to bring my cell phone so I don't know who to call for help.

The first shop is closed.

The same goes for the 2nd, 3rd, 4th and 5th stores.

"Oiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiii!" Is Yotha dead?

I drove back to school, hastily ran to knock on Kong's door because I thought I definitely wouldn't be able to drag Yotha out of the room alone. That stubbornness.

Bang! Bang! Bang!

"Kong. Monkey Kong. Help me out. "

After a long time, the owner of the room finally opened the door. His expression was half asleep, but I didn't have time to wait for him to shake off the sleepiness other than immediately opening his mouth to grumble.

"Kong, Yotha has many wounds. I thought maybe it was hit by someone. Then I went to the pharmacy earlier, but they were all closed. asshole. What do I have to do? Can you help me? Together drag them to the hospital to bandage the wound. If it doesn't leave now, it will lose a lot of blood. Then have you ever seen someone lose blood? It might die. Faster! Come and help me first."

"Calm down, kid. Breathe with skin?"

"You don't have to dream. Come with me first." Even when talking for a long time like this, Kong's eyes were still half asleep.

"What happened?"

"Where are your glasses? Go get them and put them on."

"Oh. Wait a minute." I ran out of ways, quickly grabbing my best friend's hand and pulling me up to drag the dark man to the hospital.

"Yotha, I'm here. Kong also came." The door opened. The dark figure sat at the end of the bed. One hand holding the towel touched the wound as if there was no pain. "The pharmacy is closed."

"Does not matter." Then it seemed to answer.

"Why can't it? Here it is. The blood is still flowing. Yesterday, I went out to look for a pharmacy, but every shop was closed. Or I have to run and knock on every door of the kids, maybe they have bandages. But I'm afraid if this gets to the manager dormitory, you will be fined. What should I do?"

Admit that I can't stay still. But just as I was walking around until my head hurt, someone's warm palm suddenly touched my head as if to calm me down.

"Beagle, calm down..."

"If you die, will you become a demon?" Another man was still moving his hands to pat my head non-stop.

"Tricked me, huh?"

"Oh. I want to cheat."

"Tired?"

"Tired. Went to the 5 shops there. You are stubborn indeed. Just went to the hospital in the first place and that's it."

"Not stubborn anymore."

"..."

"Sorry..."

"..."

"

"

Before, I didn't know what form I was in. But when the roommate was in the doctor's hands, I calmed down and began to have time to look at myself. 2 palms still shaking. From forehead to back wet with sweat. Heart attack. Everyone couldn't stay still, so I had to take a deep breath to calm my mood.

The tall best friend is in the emergency room, and Kong and I are waiting outside. The two of them were silent for quite a while until the person next to them started the topic of conversation.

"Faifah is on the phone. It will come later." Now my best friend Kong has probably realized that he doesn't have to depend on coffee anymore.

"YES."

"So what happened?"

"I don't know. Yotha didn't come to her room yesterday. When someone showed up, that person was already covered in wounds. Made me lose my soul."

"It really is soulless. It's not Yotha, it's you." I looked skeptical. Kong then continued to explain with questions that didn't help me understand better. "Do you know what I look like when you knock on my door?"

"What does it mean?"

"Your symptoms are worse than Yotha. Yet you keep blabbering like your roommate has broken his leg. "

"Because I panicked because of the blood."

"Then why act like you're going to cry?"

"When did I cry? Did you see it wrong, monkey Kong?" A moment of life and death, who cares. But as far as I know, I don't think I will cry or do what other people say.

"This is what they call not realizing it. Tai, ask a question. Have you ever liked someone?" What is Abstract (abstract) again? Why does nature step aside to like something? It's too hard to understand. Even so, I obediently answered.

"Lots."

"Have you ever liked your friend?"

"Never. Ask for what?"

"No."

"Monkey Kong. Forcing people to want to and then leave like that is not good. Say."

"Nothing. It's just a question to think about for yourself."

"Story?"

"You and Yota."

"Why?"

"When I was dragged into the room, that strange expression on your face was like a symptom of someone who keeps an eye on you but has more in mind than friendship."

"Damn it. Try Faifah in a room like that, you're just like me." I scratched my head. Where did he get this idea? Sounds like entertainment.

"No. I thought no matter who you were, you wouldn't look as rushed as you are."

"You have to be in an emergency to feel it."

"Reject yourself?"

"Stupid."

"Oh. That's ridiculous. But even worse than that, you're not only thinking further, but your roommate as well."

"...?"

"Sorry for the rambling, but when Yotha pats you on the head"

"..."

"

"

After 3 am, Faifah and Kong went to the room, Yotha and I sat on the end of the bed. We both stared at each other for a long time before it was I who broke the silence.

"Injured like this, do you need to report to the police for a statement?"

"Forget it. This is also good."

"Is this interesting?" Damn. Isn't this the first time? "Does that mean you get hit like that often?"

"YES."

He even replied like he didn't care about the world. But please look at me first. From head to toe, no body part is healthy. His face was full of bruises. The bloody spots were tightly wrapped in bandages. In particular the arms and legs need not be mentioned, as carpets are no different. It was already a blessing not to be beaten to a bone.

"Why did they hit you?" If possible, I don't want to get hurt again.

"Probably hate me for making them break up with their boyfriends."

"..."

"So I was the only one in the wrong while other people approached me."

"Don't say the person you're talking about is the person you're pushing to break up with."

Yotha did not answer but just sat quietly. I immediately knew what I suspected was right!

Then said. No one would just give up unless something serious was done. Not to mention that Yotha's main task is to divide.

"Can't you just go? If you don't think about yourself, then think about me when you have to go to the hospital to take you to the hospital."

"Promise me if there's a next time, I won't go back to my room."

"It's not like that. I just don't want you to get hurt again."

"Already accustomed."

Pannnnnnnn. I'm not familiar. When I was in high school, I never had friends who fought, so my life was peaceful like any normal person. The most special thing was probably when I opened a sex movie in my room and then my mother accidentally walked in and saw it.

"Okay. Talk to you later. Now lie down and rest." The appearance of this bruise may not have the power to explain it any further. I walked over to the bed, adjusting my opponent's pillow in place before slowly propping up my strong shoulders and pulling the covers over me like a national husband.

"You can sleep now."

"Um."

I obeyed the order to go to bed, forced myself to close my eyes and sleep like every night. But the difference was a worry I had never felt before. It tickled inside, made me just flip it over. Finally, his eyes were brighter than before.

Oh man. Can not sleep.

I got up and sat on the bed. The eyes that stared at the other person had probably been sound asleep for a long time. Even so, I was still uncomfortable, slowly put my feet on the floor, quietly walked to the other side.

I'm afraid it won't be comfortable. But when I clearly saw the breathing and breathing of the person in front of me, I immediately dismissed all worries and hypnotized myself to sleep.

Who would have thought that in the end I still couldn't close my eyes to sleep, because by the time I realized it, I was already sitting next to the dark man's bed again. HUUUU. I hate myself.

"Not sleeping yet?" A low, low-pitched voice sounded before both eyelids opened.

"Y...you. What to do? Am I bothering you?"

"Not available."

"Does the wound hurt?"

"No."

"Good. So I'm going to bed first. Just stopping by to see if you're dead or not."

"You should sit down and come over to my place in a bit, so let's see."

"Hah." Why you know? I guess I might not be able to sleep again tonight, even though Yotha is safe in bed.

"Hunting dog."

"Hmm..."

I don't know what face I'm making now, but suddenly Yotha grabbed my hand and put it on his forehead, I didn't know what to do, I could only stare at his handsome and quiet face which was full of wounds.

Yotha's forehead was not hot at all. Everything is alright. However, the unusual thing that could be seen was that my face suddenly became hot without any preparation. Damn it. How do I feel? Should I pull my hand out of the opponent's control?

Many questions keep popping up. In the end, I could only stretch my body and make eye contact with the other party.

"Is my body hot?" The person on the bed asked.

"No."

"He's not hot, nor is he in pain. Are you sure now?"

"YES."

I pulled my hand away from my tall best friend, slowly stood up, and returned to my bed. For some reason, the feeling now was completely different from before. I'm safer, less worried that I want to wake up to see his condition again.

Because Yotha said it's okay

"You bastard Kongkiat~ Stop looking at me like that. It's going crazy."

"There was an affair."

"If I had thought about more than just friendship with Yotha, I would have realized it long ago. I won't wait for you to come find fault."

"This. There are many people who are not aware of their feelings."

I took a deep breath. It's been 3 days now, and Kong still hasn't stopped thinking about my relationship with Yotha. Nothing is superfluous. It was just anxiety when a friend was beaten, but it caused suspicion for the beloved bespectacled friend.

We sat in a restaurant under the building. The other friends split up to buy food, only Kong and I stayed and watched the table. But apart from watching, I never thought I would dream it would turn into an interrogation room with me as the only suspect.

"With any friend, so am I." I can't remember how many times I told him this. But it never cared, always suspicious.

"No. If I were in the same situation as Yotha, what would you do?"

"I'll call to make a reservation at the temple."

"Boys pants. admit. You slandered me."

"If you don't stop talking, I will kill you immediately."

"Wait to kill. I haven't flirted with Ping yet." Then he made a gesture of raising his hand to pat my head. But with the speed of the spaceship class, I was able to dodge the enemy's palms before seizing the opportunity to counterattack quickly.

"Yes! Don't touch my head."

"Then how did Yotha touch it?"

I'm skinny.

Uh huh. Can't argue. Or when I'm touched by my roommate, I'm not ready?

"You two look like true lovers." Kong is still trying, while I don't want to admit what other people have said, because it makes so much sense.

"How can you be such a lover when I don't know about it? If I loved or liked Yotha, I would have felt it long ago."

"For some, it doesn't start with the word 'love'. Sometimes it can be caused by heightened emotions."

"..."

"

."

"Shake your head!"

"Try taking the emotion test? I tried it then. Correctly."

"Stupid. Childish." What is said only high school students can do. As adults, they will try to understand themselves better.

"Try and see if there are any downsides. Let me send you a link to Line. "

"No matter what you do, the result is probably just the word 'like'. Trust me. Her mother. It's like opening Google. It's just a stomach ache from not eating right and saying you have cancer."

"Try it. Nothing to lose."

Not long after, the notification from the cellphone suddenly rang. At that time, friends also went to the table. So, I didn't bother opening Kong's message again, but just got up and went to a familiar restaurant.

Since I was born, I've had a boyfriend. This is pure love like many high school students usually have. She was a normal girl, short hair, bangs, not pretty or extraordinary. But the reason I'm flirting is because I'm impressed that he's nice to me by helping me bring my friends' workbooks to the teacher's desk every morning, despite the fact that he's older than me. 2 years but.

But with my son, I never thought about it. It's better to dive into many things, get to

know people because you want to build relationships like friends. So is Yota.

It's true I don't understand.

Why did I click on the test that Kong found and sent in such a fuzzy way? Hate myself for protesting but read the instructions attentively.

Damn it! I dare not tell anyone that I did nothing.

From what I can see at a glance, the test is not very complicated. Without any psychological basis, just test yourself through basic assumptions. Each question will have 3 choices: yes, not sure and no.

Whatever it is, let's get started.

Um...

Why are we here? When they first met, they mistook Yotha for Faifah. If you ask me how I feel, it would be more appropriate to feel like I'm so stupid. Good grief! So the answer here is "no".

Ha ha. This question is really funny. I never remember.

But uh! When I enter the class, I also see if it shows up in that class. Or when another person disappears from the room, my brain keeps thinking about what he's doing. Seeing the smell means having to choose the answer "not sure" as the final answer.

Anyone with good looks, I can see them all, regardless of whether it's a boy or a girl. Even the dog in front of the department, I still see. That's stupid.

It's too simple. I can only answer "no", because usually when I'm with him, I feel like I'm going crazy. But there are also times...

Starting to be erratic.

Should I answer "not sure"? Looks like it's in the middle. Hi! "No" is fine. Or should the answer be "yes"? Because I'm usually in a good mood when I'm with him. My karma can die. Ignore first and then come back to answer later.

Dtttttttt. This question should be answered with "yes". Curiosity has become my character. Not only Yotha but I also like that with all my friends from the past.

Everyone wants attention. With Kong, Faifah, senior with the same code, teacher. So, in the case of the black man, perhaps the feelings are no different. Answer "yes" one more question.

When he was sick, he wanted to take care of him. But when he seduces the heart, he really wants to kill him. Her mother. Correct broad question. This feeling doesn't just happen to one person. Let it be. Sit down and analyze later.

My mom scolds me all the time. By studying, you don't seem to really care. Humming.

No aaaa. Only displeasure when it divides people.

This is undeniably true. Not only that, but often. If you ask me if I have problems with other people, go back to the day of the entrance interview. With the three young instructors in the cold room, my heart beat like a drum. So that also means I like the teacher.

hi. But his mood at that time was pounding with nervousness. What do I have to do...

Not wanting to change for it, but wanting to change for yourself.

I have been dealing with nightmares for 10 years. It wasn't until I heard P'Newton's words that I accidentally had a fleeting thought, what if I recovered? So I asked Yotha to compete because we all have fears hidden deep in our souls.

Even though I said that, I still haven't started the quest until today.

It is over.

There are 10 questions. Since some questions were still unanswered, I turned around and read it again. It didn't take long for me to start scoring goals before seeing an answer that left me baffled as it wasn't any different than I anticipated.

"

"

Oh hoo. It doesn't have to be Yota. If you flagged it as Kong, the answer probably wouldn't change.

Knock Tok

I threw the phone on the bed, went to open the door for the people outside. Before that, I have an appointment to go jogging with you. Now it's time for me to complain.

"Kong Kong."

"What are you doing now? Don't change your clothes."

"Your test sucks." I didn't answer but instead continued talking about the damn love test earlier.

"Why don't you do it?"

"My story."

"Then how ridiculous is that?" The friend put on a mocking face. "Or a result you like but you don't want to accept?"

"That's unbelievable."

"Then don't think too much. It's just a basic judgment. Whether it's true or not depends on how you feel. I want to change clothes. In short, you ran?"

"Oh yes." I tried to get the thoughts running from my head, reaching for the clothes I had prepared to change. Less than a minute later, I still can't stop thinking about what happened earlier.

"Kong Kong."

"Geeee?" The owner of the name answered while playing with the phone waiting at the end of the bed.

"Or the feeling I have for Yotha is called liking?"

"What?"

"What if I really like Yotha? How?"

Click!

The sound of fists turning to push against the entrance made both of us turn our heads to look in the direction of the voice. A sudden feeling of paralysis went from head to toe, because I didn't think of anyone that everyone knew who would return to the room this time.

Shiiiiiiiiaaaaaaaaaaaa.

That's my roommate. It stands in front. 2 brows furrowed. His face looked like he wanted to say something, but he refused to open his mouth, leaving Kong and me to hold our urine, in our hearts we could only pray that he didn't hear what I just said.

"

"

Until Yotha asked. What I prayed for did not come true.

Goodbye Mr Kong. I want to die!

[End of chapter 7]

8

Chapter 8: Like this, friends do too

I may have caused heavy karma in my previous life, so in this life, whenever I do something, I always face hell moments.

And this is one hell of a moment that no one expected. Even Kong could only stare. The surroundings were completely deserted. No movement or words came out of the mouths of either side. Maybe only the heart that beats without wanting to pierce the chest.

What did I say!!

Then what Yotha asked!!

"Like this, Yotha." Hate yourself to death. Whenever I am stressed, my brain goes blank. "It's like... Kong!"

"What?"

The owner of the name rolled his eyes. But the funny thing is that when my best friend and I struggled like worms in hot water, Yotha was still standing still. Except for the previous question, it did not open its mouth to say anything else.

"Kong told me to run. Hey! Gotta get going or the sun's going down. Let's talk about something later." After that, I didn't delay, quickly grabbed my best friend's hand, and ran out of the room on three legs and four legs.

At this point, my brain went numb. If you want to justify something, you can't think of anything, so you have to choose to solve the problem by hiding to insure the body. When I reached Kong's motorbike parking lot, large drops of sweat ran down my back, spreading to my crotch. If it weren't for the fact that I haven't run, I think I'd have just skipped a swimming lap in a triathlon.

"Damn Kong. This is all because of you."

"Oh good. Why was I wrong, kid? You were the one who took the test, say so yourself. So now you still have the face to blame me? Huh." He pretended to raise his hand but I was faster, grabbing the other arm before lowering my voice.

"My wife is thinking how to watch."

"Can we find a cool place to sit first? Her mother. It's hot to die here."

"No more running?"

"Or do you want to run?"

"Then get out of here first. I was afraid that Yotha would follow me and hit me and bleed on my head." Without waiting long, we hurriedly rode Kongkiat's favorite motorbike and left immediately.

In the end, we had to rest in a small cafe instead of jogging. To be honest, even after sitting under the air conditioner on the ferry like this, my body was still hot from the situation just now.

"Do you think Yotha really heard?" This question came from a friend who still wouldn't believe his ears. If possible, I'd also like to poke your ear again to hear better.

"If he didn't listen, would he ask such a question? I think we should be prepared to find a way to answer the question."

"Easy. So admit it... I really like it. Come on in. Have some courage."

"Man your head! I don't even know if I really like him or not. Ridiculous." Ambiguous test. Emotions are light too. When people like someone, the symptoms are definitely not just this. But if they are.. then maybe more like friends.

"If you still don't understand, find the answer yourself."

"I might find him in my next life, while today I have to find an excuse to answer Yotha, my friend."

"Tell him it's a joke." Kong started to come up with ideas. I paused to think before picking up the phone and typing one idea at a time.

"Reasonable."

"Or... like friends?"

"Big."

"But if you want to do it in a slightly sincere way, just tell the truth and try a test. The answer is yes, but maybe no."

"It looks good too."

"Am I your friend or your mentor, brat?"

"Kongkiat, since you are in the same boat, you must help row to shore."

"Her mother. It's been broken since Yotha opened the door and entered the room."

"Don't mention it. Or I'll be shocked again right now." Thinking about it, I nearly fainted, and had to hastily pick up my favorite lemon soda drink to relieve the symptoms of a nervous breakdown with things going wrong and literally making me sit up and have a headache.

We huddled together in the shop for a few hours before continuing on to dinner to satisfy our hunger. I didn't plan on rushing back to my room, waiting until my roommate came out to go to the cocktail bar like every night. If the other party doesn't ask, I will pretend nothing happened.

Who would have thought that when he peeked into the room at 9 pm, his eyes immediately met the person who everyone knew was sitting in bed reading a comic book.

"Ugh. H..not going to the bar today?" My mouth is twitching all the time. I'm so nervous that I almost pee again.

"No."

"Why don't you go?"

"His face is bruised. Newton forbade entry."

"Ah. Already..."

"Does the Beagle like me?"

Damn! Just like that, say no trumpet, no drum. That means you still haven't forgotten, right?

I rolled my eyes thinking. Not daring to pick up the phone to click on Kong's suggestion because it would raise suspicion. So I can only hit my own head. Picking one to justify might be fine. But when I sit down to think, I think people deny and lie to each other when we have to say what we think.

For someone who hates love and also divides other people's relationships, maybe they won't sit down and do the detailed calculations with me. When I got my answer, I sat on the edge of the bed and opened my mouth to speak to the other person frankly.

"Kong he misunderstood that we had sex with each other." Yotha immediately put the comic book beside him. In order not to think too far, I hastily explained at once. "But I deny it. No need to worry."

"Then?" Ask like you want to cause trouble.

"But to be sure, he did a test for me to try. Do it repeatedly, the results are satisfactory. But really, there are many kinds of love, right? It doesn't have to be the mistress type. Kong is just bullshit. Hah."

"And you go round and round with you."

"Why are you free?" Yotha frowned. I was impatient, but now I'm even more confused because I'm afraid he won't believe what I say. "The test really sucks. The credibility is 0%."

"How was the exam?"

"Try it? Let me send you the link." This time the opponent shook his head.

However, I'm a person who doesn't want to keep anything to heart for too long, so I hastily opened up an old link on my personal Line before scanning my eyes to read the question again. If you send the link, I don't think the lord of darkness will open it. So I voluntarily read it.

"First sentence."

"I said don't do that."

"Then why am I afraid you won't believe that bullshit test. Okay. Listen carefully. It has a total of 10 questions. You can choose to answer yes, unsure or no to what I read. Agree?"

"Do not agree."

"Just agree!" Please give me the last order. If you don't, you will be angry. I can only think to myself, but I don't dare to be angry with it in real life. Very silly. "Question 1: It tastes good. The answer is yes, unsure or no?"

Yotha shook her head as if very disgusted. But to put an end to the distrust between the two of us, I looked at each other expectantly. Finally, the tall boy also agreed to cooperate.

"Yes."

"Huiiiii. It's coming. Then move on to the second sentence. Always miss?"

"No." Respond as fast as a spaceship.

"Question 3: Take a peek at every opportunity."

"Yes."

"What are you looking at?"

"I love seeing dogs. Beautiful."

"Damn." Fool me again. I had to bring it back on topic again. "4: Feels really good when you're around."

"Yes."

"5: Wants to make friends and know everything that has to do with that person."

"Yes."

"Care about people yaoooooooooo?" I'm half kidding, half kidding. Yotha maintained his cold expression before explaining further to dispel any doubts.

"As friends, of course we want to know each other's stories."

"Very happy. Ah... Next sentence. Want attention?"

"Yes."

Why the more I do it, the weirder I feel about myself. He didn't seem to be expecting an answer, but deep down the opposite was true. Maybe as my sister said. No one wants others to hate them. Everyone wants to be accepted, loved, and cared for.

Thinking of that, I was even more relieved. If I had switched to Kong to take the test instead of Yotha, I would probably have been just as happy.

"Ask to continue reading the manga." My roommate's high-pitched voice brought my thoughts back to where they belonged. Okay. How awake. Clearing my throat, I started reading the next sentence on the test.

"7: Wants to take care of and make other people happy."

"Yes."

Damn. I can not stop laughing.

"Question 8 already. Feels dissatisfied seeing her with someone else."

"Yes."

"Why?" I immediately asked again.

"The poor."

"Buffalo!!" No real worries at all. "Question 9 already. My heart skips a beat when I'm close."

"No."

"Why not hit? Is dead."

"Getting close to you is like stopping breathing."

So is it good or bad? I could only think and wonder, and finally chose to let it go. Asking fear of being cheated and scolded again. Therefore, I quickly scrolled through the phone screen to read the last sentence before coming to a conclusion.

"Okay, okay. Question 10: I want to change myself and face the things I fear because of that person."

"No."

"Reply in a serious voice."

It's time to compile the results of all the questions asked. At first glance, Yotha is someone who understands herself to some extent, because since she took the test, none of the questions others have answered "not sure". Since this test has a different scale for each level, scores have to be added up, which is a bit of a hassle. And after doing the calculations, the result is...

"Like." Even when I speak in a very low voice, I know that the other person is definitely listening. Because Yotha sat staring at me for a long time before she opened her mouth to speak again.

"Is it right?"

"Y...you didn't think about me when you answered the test, did you?"

"

No. I was thinking about you.

"

Damn tool!

"See? So that means the exam sucks, because I got the same result when we didn't like each other."

"Possible."

Yotha didn't seem to panic at all. He answered curtly before picking up the comic book to continue reading. And I'm still standing in the same position. How to say. When I hear the other party say "I'm thinking of you", my heart doesn't beat fast.

Instead, I felt that I... almost stopped breathing at that moment.

Is this how Yotha feels around me? The feeling when we are together.

Does your friend usually have such symptoms?

Oh, that's all. friend...

Engineer Cute Boy

Cute style can only be this person. Weapons, Chemical Engineering, first year.

If you like, click like, you have to click love. / Admin is funny

My image uploaded to the page faster than I thought. I didn't see it at first either. But Kong rushed to the room to find me excitedly. So now we put our heads together. Everyone picked up the phone to look up.

Admin just posted a picture about 10 minutes ago. Although not as hot as Faifah or Yotha at the time, the responses and comments were quite good.

'Please give me your nickname, admin.'

'I saw a lot of people calling him Tai. So cute.'

'This Chemist gets along well with everyone.'

'This baby is the one I say has a face like a dog. Really funny. @Pinky Chippy'

Um. Smile and smile, the sun is shining bright.

When can I get out of the dog-faced cycle? Born to be this handsome and handsome, how can it be called a dog? The gun doesn't understand!

"That's mom. I laughed."

"Take the punch now." I rolled my eyes seeing it. Kong hastily lowered his eyes and frantically continued reading the comments.

'Please give me a quick nick.'

'A junior with the same number as the cute Champ. As for him, it's easy hooooooooooooooooooooo.'

'Is there Facebook or IG?'

"There are so many questions, do you think I should go in and give a nick?" Always recommend yourself. Constantly doing the price does not see any benefit. One of the joys of college life is knowing love.

"Let me stick it for you. You make yourself look very serious. "

"Then I'm serious."

"Tai, you're right!" Kong raised his hand to bury, but I dodged so I stuck out my tongue to make a mocking face. Less than a few minutes later, my personal Facebook and IG were quickly promoted by my beloved friend. Think and see. Every now and then someone clicks add friend.

"This guy has a cute profile picture. The vibe is gone."

"Relax. Waste of body."

"So?" I quickly clicked agree, almost mindlessly wasting my time.

"I have a question, Tae."

"What?" I didn't even notice it when I answered. Pay more attention to the person you just created. Since I didn't know many friends from other faculties, I was very excited.

"If the person who liked you was a boy, what would you do?" I immediately looked away from the phone, turned to look at the owner of the sentence.

"What are you asking for?"

"Amazed."

"If you have a good character, speak up. At least one more friend. Some people like it better than some people hate it."

"I mean, I like a lover like that."

"I don't knowttttt. It hasn't really happened yet, who can answer that."

"I'm assuming. You just have to answer what you think."

"Let's save it for homework." This is probably the best way to end the problem. Kong didn't ask any questions, but just lowered his head and

continued reading the comments. And I'm drowning with new friends who just added or followed Instagram.

"You, Faifah, come in. Many like it."

"Is it right?"

When he heard Kong speak, his finger automatically clicked on the home page before seeing the comments from the cheerful man standing in front of him. Just commented less than a few minutes but already hundreds of people like it. It's a shame to be a male actor.

FaiFah Thanawanyotha

His mother. Like a hot dog. Would you like to have lunch together this afternoon if you are free? Just want to be with sweet people

.

Gunyakol Jiraroj

Damn thatttt. Play well and die. Anyone who doesn't know thinks I'm paying the rent.

Why are they so mean to each other when they talk nice in the comments, but when they meet in real life they are so mean to each other? But to get past other people's eyes, I have to answer which sounds kind of cool.

Gunyakol Jiraroj

I'm free! Make lots of promises

.

So proud.

"Someone let go of this anger." Not long after grinning, Kong's voice interrupted him. I was silent, staring at Faifah's comments to me. Of the hundreds of people who clicked likes, one person was angry with this.

Spear broken!

Voldemort appears.

Yotha Thanawanyotha

Did he even play the public page with other people?

While I was confused, unsure what to do, the dark man's call suddenly rang. I jumped up, staring at the screen for a while before deciding to answer the phone.

How do I say this? Since the day we sat down for some crazy test, Yotha didn't go to the cocktail bar anymore. The reason wasn't because he wanted to change anything, but because his face was still bruised.

"What's the matter, mate?" I said in a cheerful voice after picking up the phone, but my heart was pounding without exploding. Seeing him released anger but was afraid of being killed to death.

[Going to dinner this afternoon.] The owner of the cold voice gave orders rather than questions. But now, I must hastily refuse first because Faifah has just invited me. Also, I have to drag Kong.

"This afternoon is full. Faifah is invited."

[It's not idle.]

"What! How do you know it's not available?"

[Know. Instead, you should have dinner with me this afternoon.]

"Then I'll knock on the door to ask him after school."

[It doesn't enter the room.]

"How did you know that?" Starting to doubt that.

[Let's decide. 6 o'clock for lunch together. Meet at the room.] Then end by hanging up the phone. What is...

I don't know what to say other than scratching my head. Kong also seems to be making a waiting face to catch his breath. I took the opportunity to ask him to leave before accepting the refusal with a pale face upon hearing Yotha's name.

It turned out that this afternoon I had to go have a private meal with the dark man (again).

I will view this as a friend activity. That's just what everyone paid for. Taking advantage of each other is probably not advisable. Friends must know how to give in order to last long.

The location is not far. Right in the hostel canteen so you can choose your food according to the restaurant you are familiar with. And since the above hours are peak hours, there are rarely empty tables, so we have to take turns to reserve our seats. After buying rice, it was Yotha's turn to go buy his own rice.

"Monkey Weapon."

"Fuckttttttt." I turned to look in the direction of the voice. The screen saw an old classmate holding a bowl of noodles and rushing over to him. His name is Gue. 2 kids in different classes. But as far as my little brain can remember, we went to the same university, just different faculties. I graduated Engineering, and he studied Medicine.

"Long time no see. What's wrong?"

"Single. And you?" Usually when people ask you have to say okay or no. But me and those old school friends, every time I ask like that, I can only answer my emotional status to you.

"I have a boyfriend."

"How can you leave your friends behind, brat!"

"Can romance be banned again? Uh. Is there an empty space next to you? I just heard that the tables in the cafeteria are full. "

"Sit next to me." Having said that, I quickly moved my body to the end of the table to leave enough room for the other party to sit comfortably.

"Let's sit down and eat together later."

"Okay. The opposite side is empty. Just sit next to my friend."

We chatted with each other about happy and sad stories, moving on to the topic of the cute boys page I'm heating up right now until a tall boy came along. We both immediately turned our attention to him. He is very tall, has a messy head, wears a basketball shirt, and points to the chair across from Guea.

"May I sit down?"

"Eh, the thing is..." I tried to refuse, but I couldn't keep up with my karmic friend.

"Sit down." Very confusing. "That guy. His name is Thap, but I like to call him Thappee (spoon)."

"Haaaaaaa?" There were many surprising things that happened today. Because I didn't think that my friend would like a boy. When he was at school, he only had a girlfriend. But even so, I can still understand because Guea never said he only likes girls.

"Don't be surprised, kid. Thap, this is my old classmate. His name is Gunyukol, which means two ears."

"Fuck you. No need to translate the meaning."

Guea's girlfriend burst out laughing before we could get to know each other further through conversation. Although I dare not ask how they fell in love, I can see a few things. These two are like friends. Harsh words, dog mouths, teasing each other all day, makes me wonder what it's like to be called a lover.

Until...Yotha returned to the table. All questions are gone.

"Come at the right time. Friend, this is my old classmate, my name is Guea. Then this person is Guea's girlfriend, named Thap. And you guys... This is my classmate, named Yotha." I acted as the middle man to introduce them to each other briefly. Yotha nodded to show her understanding, put a plate of rice on the table and sat across from me.

"Gun, do you have any celebrity friends?" Say it with enthusiasm.

"Know?"

"I know. On the Engineer page, he used to post pictures."

"Wait a minuteeeeeeeeeeeeeeeeeeeeeee."

Everything runs simply and smoothly. While eating and talking. Yotha can be a little quiet because it's normal for him. Therefore, I had to find a topic to talk about.

"Gun, are you free to hang out at Bangon Pochana?"

"Not old enough, people let?"

"My level."

"No one can really compete with you when it comes to alcohol. this know? Yotha's sister has a partnership to open a pub. His name is November 15th. If you want to try a new restaurant, check it out." Finished, I immediately set my sights on the opposite person to let him do secondary marketing.

Everything is good except drinks, music and snacks.

Real hell broke out. Everything that is supposed to be good is also bad. Are you trying to call or kick your brother out?

"P'Newton will curse you."

"Close shop as soon as possible." Then pay attention to the answer. Shameless like Yotha. Needless to say, the expressions of my friend and his girlfriend were so muted. It took me a long time to get used to each other.

"This must reach P'New!"

"Leisure time?"

"Idle."

"Spend some time talking to New to clean the room."

"Hiiiiiii. It's clean every day thanks to me. My room also scanned. I also scrub the toilet. Good thing I didn't make the bed for you, or else I'd have to give the Outstanding Housewife award immediately."

"Okay."

"I'm being sarcastic!" Say you want to take off your socks and throw them in your face. "The reason I did this was because I was afraid of having to sleep with the light on every night. Now I don't want to be ashamed anymore. From now on, you must find a gift to return the favor, I will clean it for you."

"What do you want?"

"What?"

"Want to eat something?"

"Very shy." I answered, voice hesitant. "Milk, cakes, skewers at Bang Wan."

"Embarrassed here?"

"I am joking."

"But your eyes show that you are ready to eat." asshole! Know everything. You must be very good at using the power of darkness to distract me. Then I couldn't deny that I didn't want to eat what I said.

"And you, what do you want? Let me cover."

"Okay?" asked Yota again.

"Of course."

"New European imported cars. Red Sea."

"Young Yotha. Buffalo."

"It's hard to talk."

"Sorry. Say it again. Yotha boy. Bad boy."

"Behaving unlovingly."

"Who wants to be beautiful? I'm in a scary style." In the end, I didn't forget to make a fierce face. But the result was a soft laugh from the usually indifferent person.

Stand still and nothing else!! Oh man. This was already the climax of Gunyukol's life.

"I think the first time I saw you smile."

"..." HI. Just a little teasing but back to the face. Terrifying.

But in the blink of an eye, the silence was broken by the friend next to him.

"It's funny."

"Usually we fight more than that, Guea. You must see Yotha while she's in her room."

"You can die like me and you."

"Having a fight like this?"

"

Oh. When we first started flirting, we fought like that

."

Today is a special day. Oh no. The word "super super special" must be used correctly. Because it is the day that the first-year students of the Faculty of Engineering have been looking forward to for a long time. We wouldn't be a complete Engineering student without the legendary navy blue uniform that attracts the howling girls so impressively.

The biggest player must be Kong. Refusing to sleep. Its mother. Practice receiving shirts from last night.

The robe-giving ceremony was held in the evening at the faculty activity room. The brothers and sisters with the same code of each person will personally give to the juniors so that tomorrow our grand opening will be dressed up handsomely and showing off the girls in a bustling manner.

Mostly nothing much. It was just the teachers who came to give the opening speech, then handed out the shirts. However, there is one more thing that in some families, siblings with the same code will take them out to eat. But that guy Champ is more than that...

"Gotta go. Drink wine."

Does your mind not think that one day alcohol will die?

"Trust me. If I go to the old shop, I'll have to endure it anyway."

"It's because of you. Your karma is too heavy, Gun." If you can't get into the pub, blame it on my karma. Do you really love each other, brother?

"Then let me go do merit first."

"Dry. Can't drink, so what do you want to treat now?"

"Last time there was a movie theater coupon you gave me. Wouldn't you like to take a look to reduce the cost burden?"

"Good. I still have a bunch of coupons. Tell me what movie you want to see."

"I want the action movie 'Explode the mountain, burn the hut'."

"The kind of fire that burns all the time, right?"

"Correct."

"Evolving forever."

"The brothers are going to see an action movie. Let's imitate it." The insolent voice he heard was none other than that of Yotha's petty elder. I don't know why I'm standing here. But when I saw him, I didn't delay, immediately greeted him with a smile.

"Can't you think for yourself, friend Anon?" But my senior with the same number teased me first.

"Lazy thinking."

"Like when you were too lazy to cheer for Liverpool, right?"

"Wretched. This year will definitely win."

"Ok...It's all fine, bro." Whenever we talk about football, they look very close. Change the scene to me, only if I look forward to the story of the person I am close to.

"I also plan to take Yotha to the movies. Do you guys go together?" Then P'Arm changed the topic to ask the two brothers. Champ turned to look at my face as if asking for advice. But either way is fine, so let him decide.

"OK. Let me ride a motorbike and carry my juniors after me."

"P'Arc brought the car home to use. Can sit a lot of people. Let's go together."

"Your family is too big to die. Probably enough."

"Today it's just me, P'Arc and Yotha. Add you and me, and you still have a spare."

"Really?"

"Oh."

"So kind. What about the Po family and the Sand guy? Not invited?"

"We've gone to Bangon Pochana. Let's end it."

"Yes!"

There was no need to go back to the dorm to shower and change clothes since we were only going to go to the movies. So they all jumped into the car of the 4th year senior that everyone called Troi moon.

I absolutely love this code family. They seem closer than any family I've ever met. Starting from the first time seeing all the people. Not to mention, what's even more funny is that they're dating themselves.

Actually, this love is not complicated at all. Love is just love. Whoever it is, where it comes from, it's still love.

"Popcorn? Then what water to drink?"

When we arrived at the cinema, the first thing we did was not choose a movie or use a coupon, because Arm mentioned the food first. Everyone shook his head when asked, so he turned to look at me.

"C'mon." Very shy. Situations like this are bound to cause trouble. But what confused me was that even though no one said that they wanted to eat, the other person still bought a large box for me and Yotha to eat together. Not only that, there is also a glass of water nearly the size of a basin as an additional option.

"We have to help each other eat." I quickly opened my mouth to speak to my tall best friend. Normally when you find something a little sweet, it is rarely eaten.

"Um."

"Did you know that popcorn in a box doesn't taste so good?"

"Then what is delicious to put in?"

"In the mouth."

"Sober up, Beagle." Not even joking. Make a disgusted face at me again.

Because we arrived just a moment before the movie started, after we finished buying our food, we immediately pulled each other into our seats just in time. P'Arc and P'Arm sit together. Yotha and I sit in the middle. Next to him is P'Champ, who has been dozing off since the beginning of the movie. Wait. In the movie, people shot each other loudly, but how could he sleep?

I especially like the noisy movie moment, because when we chew or eat something, it won't bother others much. Once I went to see a silent movie that was replayed with you. Oh tiger. Popcorn is almost gone. It was so quiet that I dared not eat. Swallowing saliva down the throat, people in the back seat can still hear the sound.

"Eat side dishes." After popping popcorn for a while, I had a feeling that Yotha barely touched the food. I leaned over and whispered softly to the other party before being rejected with a shake of my head.

P'Arm takes the trouble to treat like this, eating diabetic retinopathy alone is sure. So I decided to feed the person next to me.

If it weren't for the fact that P'Champ had fallen asleep, I might have stuffed it in the other person's mouth as well. And Yotha, although now shaking her head, but in the end still couldn't stand the disturbing power, had to accept the cooperation by eating popcorn with her mouth open.

I remember when my mother forced me to eat vegetables when I was little.

"Is it delicious?"

"Salty sweaty hands."

"Huh huh." Bury forever.

"Put some more."

"Gosh. I'm addicted to the salty taste in my hands." So later on, my job was to watch a movie while feeding my roommate popcorn. Not only sharing hand sweat, but drinking water also shares a straw. If someone gets sick, it's contagious.

Ask if the movie is fun? Well, it's fun according to its genre. See a relaxed style, not burdened in terms of meaning. 2 hours passed quickly. By the time I realized it, some of the people had already gotten up and left the cinema.

22.15

Champ was drooling while sleeping. If he didn't shake the caller to wake him up, maybe he would have put me in the deepest realm of sleep by now. Today's program has ended and there are no plans to go anywhere. P'Arc volunteered to take me and Yotha back to the dormitory first. But while waiting for the rest to go to the bathroom, this was the first time...I was alone with Troi Moon.

Dttttttt. True handsome. My idol standards.

Usually invite this person to talk to that person. But when I was alone with him, I was speechless. On the contrary, the other party is the one who personally comes to talk to. Hol~ Idol standing at close range. Unable to breathe. Too nervous.

"Is that Gun's name?"

"Yes." The low voice is soothing to the ears. When talking, you have to put your hands in your pants. You're so cool.

"I saw Arm saying he was Yotha's roommate. Besides, it's very friendly."

"Not very close either. When we're in the room, we often curse."

"Then please curse and remind her about the whore."

"...?"

"Last time I was beaten up. Although it's over, people don't. Not to mention the other side is a student from our school, so it's even more dangerous."

"What do you know?" Just remembering the night Yotha came back to her room bruised, the hairs on her arms stood on end.

"YES. I told him but he never listens. The best way is to tell him to stop." I can feel that the 4th year senior is really worried about Yotha. But even if he's a respectable person, it won't work even if he doesn't listen.

"I've said it before. It doesn't work either."

"Arm said Yotha cares about you a lot."

"No, it is not. Yotha it's annoying I want to die."

"In that case, ask another friend to advise you. I have talked to him already. No one can handle it. If people break up on their own, it doesn't matter. Here, it interfered again. I'm afraid that the next time it might be worse, the leg will come back."

"And what about Yotha's father?"

"His father still doesn't know. But if you can't manage it, you'll have to say it one day."

"Then...I'll try to help as much as I can."

"What are you talking about?" P'Arm smiled and walked out of the bathroom. P'Arc's gaze immediately shifted to the smaller one.

"Talk about your juniors with your code."

After that, I don't care what anyone says anymore. We return to the room. All eyes were on the tall best friend alone. Before that, I saw him talking on the phone shady with someone. The more he changed his clothes and put things in his bag, the more his mind began to become restless.

The events of that night are still clear in front of my eyes. After listening to P'Arc speak, I was even more worried, afraid that he would drag himself back to his room again. So I don't want him to go out and do bad things like before.

"Today's movie is really fun. Love the scene where the male lead shoots a sniper at the villain and then the music plays. Oh tiger..."

"YES. Something to say later."

"Where are you going to go out?" Okay. P'Arc entrusted me, I have to do my best.

"The shop."

"The face is bruised, hasn't your brother sent you home yet?"

"Go to another restaurant." Hearing that, I immediately objected.

"Which restaurant? Do you go to see a girl? If yes...then don't go. Waste of time, you've been beaten back again. Ask a little bit. At that time, who was miserable going out to buy medicine? Not only that, but also have to be busy taking you to the hospital."

"I told you I wouldn't come back and torment you." The other grabbed his bag and slung it over his shoulder, pretending to get ready to leave the room. But I was the one who went crazy, rushed to grab the opponent's wrist.

"I didn't mean it like that. But lately, you've been eating your feet too much."

"I'm not going to cause trouble."

"So who called earlier?"

" ... "

"Not dating girls? If not, then rest assured. I just..."

"This is my life. What does that have to do with you?"

I swallow the word "worry" down my throat.

Normally, if I was refuted by other friends with this sentence, I would hiccup a little before bursting out laughing. But when it was Yotha, her mother was right. I don't even know what kind of face I'm making, but maybe it can't hide the word "heartbreak".

For someone who doesn't know what love is, to tell the truth, they probably won't know how to love anyone forever.

It's me that interferes with many things.

Always take yourself seriously that there are not many people who have been opened up by Yotha, so they are arrogant and think that every time I say or ask for something, maybe the other person will listen, even if it is really all because I misunderstood.

I admitted that I was speechless, so I chose to let go of the other's hand and go to my bed. Hoi. I suddenly forgot to do the homework assigned by the teacher. It must be done quickly so that Kong doesn't complain again.

The moment I lowered my head to search for books and documents in my backpack, I still expected something as unrealistic as a fool.

Something must have come out of its mouth.

Boom!

Until I heard the door close and the owner of the opposite bed left. Something in my heart also broke.

[Yotha]

03.45 am

It was dark everywhere in the school, only the lights from the front of the car shone brightly. Even the dormitory.

"Let's go eat porridge again. Don't forget to sign it." The security guard greeted him as usual. The reason I know it's him is because of his extremely distinctive voice and the light from the flashlight that helped me see everything around me more clearly.

"Is there a power outage again today?"

"YES. The high voltage power line in the field was broken, so there was a large outage. The same goes for the outside."

"What time is the cup?"

"More than two hours. But now the person in charge is out to fix it. There will be electricity shortly."

I grabbed a pen to sign and write down the reason in the after-hours notebook before asking permission to return to the dorm because I was afraid of something. It is estimated that if the power goes out, the provocative style roommate will immediately run out. But just to be sure, I still want to hurry back to my room as quickly as possible.

Two legs switch from walking to running. But why is it that the distance is only this much, yet I still feel farther away than usual?

Total darkness covered. I use the light from my phone to light my way back to my room. After opening the door, the first thing I saw was the bed opposite my bed.

It should be empty because someone is not present. Must to. It should be like that.

But something I never expected happened.

In the dim darkness and the light from the phone, I saw him curled up in front of me. The closer the footsteps moved, the more the two ears heard a soft cry coming out.

"Beagle." Even when he opened his mouth to call, the other party still didn't respond, only sobs could be felt.

I approached the bed, using the available light to evaluate him all over. Forehead drenched with sweat. Two eyes closed. Two eyebrows furrowed into a ball. But heavier than that was the pitiful trembling of the body.

Have a nightmare.

Maybe it's like what the other person said. When facing the dark, he always has nightmares. But the difficulty was that he couldn't get out of the place on his own except by asking someone else for help.

After coming to a conclusion, I knelt down, reached out and grabbed one of the shoulders of the person in front of me, and gently shook it while calling the other person.

"Beagle, wake up." Thought it would work, but it's the opposite.

He cried even harder, groaning in his throat like he was in great agony. This is the first time I've seen him so I don't know what to do but use the old method of forcefully shaking him.

"Beagle, wake up. Just a dream...Just a dream."

I told him, but it was no different from consoling myself.

It's like being punched in the face by someone constantly. But heavy in that I felt more pain than the actual punch.

"Gun."

I decided to turn the phone upside down on the desk next to the bed. Even though he wouldn't be able to see his opponent's face clearly, it wasn't as important as pulling him out of his misery.

Two hands slid up to grasp the sweaty face, trying to stroke the skin and pat it to wake it up.

"Gun, wake up."

"..."

"Gun!"

It was at that moment that I heard a sigh. The pale eyelids suddenly opened. The in-and-out rhythm is regular, as if it wants to take in as much oxygen as possible. Everyone was still shaking. Two wide eyes stared at me almost without blinking. In an instant, clear tears slowly flowed down...

"Huh..."

That was the only answer he said after waking up from his dream.

"No problem. It was just a dream."

Would it be okay if I was here to comfort him, even if it was only a few hours before that I had unintentionally said bad words? Until the light comes back, I want him to have a back up.

One hand slid from her sweaty face through her jet-black hair, then patted her as if the person on the bed was a child. Gun didn't seem to be fully awake yet, so he didn't move, but just silently watched my actions.

"Feeling better yet?" Really funny. Its mother. I asked like an idiot.

"Yotha."

"Um. Here it is."

"I...had a nightmare." The other spoke in a hoarse and trembling voice.

"Wake up."

"I had a nightmare."

"..."

"Dreaming that you abandoned me."

Hearing that, I could only pat his head, because nightmares and reality shouldn't be much different.

I ended up leaving him alone...

Gun is one of the few friends that even though I've only known each other for a short time, I'm still open to wanting to get to know this much. He is a bright, cheerful, talkative, energetic person. But now it's the complete opposite.

Didn't like it at all.

Want the former to come back.

In the darkness of the room, I promised myself over and over again that I would be here...

Until he returns to his usual smile.

Gun

Oiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiii!!

Sunlight shining in the eyes is a sign of early morning. Instead of refreshing, it brings a sharp headache. Even the eyelids are puffy. When you look in the mirror, you'll be surprised.

I look left and right. There was no one around. But the faint sound of water from the shower made me know at once that my roommate was probably using the bathroom.

Going back to last night, the brain still remembers everything clearly. After Yotha left, I didn't care about anything but showering and going to bed as usual. But who would have thought that after sleeping for a while, I was startled to wake up because my surroundings were covered in darkness.

I knew it was a power outage, but it was crazy to think I could be with it.

Tired of driving out to find stores 24/24.

Still sleepy.

Want to bravely overcome your own fear in a cool way.

Or is it that I really don't want to worry about anything because I only think about Yotha's business?

Whatever the reason, I ended up facing the nightmare.

I don't know when Yotha came back to the room, but last night he sat here beside my bed and patted my head comfortingly. Although I didn't dare to sleep again until the light came on, the warmth I received from him strangely calmed my chaotic mind.

Huh! Do not think that this little advantage will be able to reduce what the other person has done before. Once he told me it was strong enough to live, I didn't want to get involved. And I believe that perhaps Yotha will be happy if no one interferes in her private life. Setting boundaries like this is the best for us.

Click!

The bathroom door swung open. Tall body stepped outside. Perhaps no one is happy to have to endure suffocating silence with each other. I quickly got up from the bed, grabbed a towel and ran to the bathroom. Trust me. When she comes back, perhaps Yotha will not be there.

Think of something bright. Today, senior told me to wear the uniform of the Engineering faculty on the first day. We had to wear the same uniform because there was another gathering in the afternoon. Just thinking that today will be handsome like the engineer guy in my dreams, my heart is a little wet. I turn on the water from the shower, washing away the melancholy of yesterday.

Didn't think that after taking a shower, the owner of the opposite bed was still there. We made eye contact for a bit. However, I am the one who chooses to avoid eye contact first. When he hasn't come out yet, I'll probably be the one to sacrifice himself by dressing up and playing cards to get away first.

As expected, the outfit I'm going to wear today is dark blue jeans, a black t-shirt, and a navy blue school uniform. The shoes are also the same color as the t-shirt. He looked so majestic that the girls would have to scream. Transition to the other side...

It wears a student uniform.

Itchy mouth wanted to ask, but had to grit his teeth to stop himself.

Do not be garrulous. Do not be garrulous. Do not be garrulous.

I lifted my butt over to sit at the end of the bed, took out my socks and put them on. In my heart I kept saying the same sentence "Don't talk too much".

!!!

Lifting my head again, I found someone standing right in front of me.

"What is up?" I want to slap my mouth too much. In the end, he still blurted it out.

"..."

"Today, senior said to wear the school uniform. What if you forget."

Remain so. It didn't answer but just pulled me to my feet.

At the moment when I was doubting the other party's actions, something was stuffed into my hand... It was a tie that I bought for him. The reason I can remember is because I used to have the owner's name embroidered on it. Therefore, there is probably only one wire in the world.

"Take me for what?"

Still use silent mode to fight. But this time, Yotha did not stay still. It grabbed my wrist and shot a pleading look. By the time I realized it, my hand was already on my strong neck. Good at forcing me to tie my tie to death. Just like a kid doing whatever he wants.

I still remember the first day of teaching it, but the other person never learned, just waiting for me to do it every morning.

"I don't want to tie it anymore." The mouth said so, but the hands kept moving.

"Sorry."

"His mother..." His eyes began to heat up. Mouth wailing but still trying to hold back.

I don't want to get involved in it, but my heart won't listen.

"The men told me to wear the school uniform. Did you hear that?"

"Never mind elder brother. I will wear this."

"..."

"

I'll let you tie my tie

."

At that time, I couldn't continue to push my body anymore, so I was his mother, crying...

[End of chapter 8]

9

Co-translator : yukifeebleu

Chapter 9: Gun isn't an easy person

I hate myself.

Yes, I hate myself. I hate myself when I feel too much emotion, whether it's happy or sad, I can't control my body. Then look at how it looks now. Tears flowed like a broken faucet, but I still tried miserably to continue tying the tie for the person in front of me.

The coolness I've built is gone. No matter what, it's not cool anymore. It's all Yotha's fault alone!

"Sniff..." I was still sobbing. I want to bang my head against the wall until I die.

"Don't cry." The owner spoke in a low, gentle voice. Just saying it won't work for me. I am angry.

"Who cry?"

"Puppy."

"That's the dog's business, not your business." He once said that each person lives for their own. So this time I also responded. Let's see if it hurts like that. It's always throbbing. Huh!

Yotha is unapologetic. He stood still as if he was apologizing, making me unable to curse.

The eyes were blurred, and at this point it was almost impossible to see the image in front of me. Therefore, it causes many obstacles in tying a tie. When I raise my sleeve to wipe it, I'm afraid my faculty uniform will get

dirty. I just wore it for the first day. It takes effort to not be handsome and has to endure a grand opening. Yotha seemed to have seen everything I was thinking in my head.

"W...what are you doing?"

"Tears are in your eyes like this, can you see clearly?"

The other person opened his mouth to ask while raising his hand to wipe my tears. The passive person immediately froze, only swallowing the saliva down his throat as slender fingers slid across his cheeks and eyelids. However, the more he wipes it, the more it flows.

"I'm not crying because I'm sad but because you scolded me. Don't take... yourself seriously. You cry because you had a nightmare. You cry because the power suddenly went out."

"But I still dream about myself."

"Just a little dream. Just a little bit."

Normally, when I have a nightmare, the story will revolve around bad memories from when I was a child, mixed with great imagination. Once I dreamed of a ghost in the storage room. One day I dreamed of cows crawling under my feet. Or sometimes I dream that I'm locked in a dark place. Going back and forth there are only a few things. But last night was different, because Yotha appeared in my subconscious.

...Not only that, he also chose to leave, leaving me alone in the dark storage room.

Everything is so mixed up that it is impossible to distinguish. Because when I woke up, I suddenly realized that reality wasn't much different from the dream.

"I'm done tying it. Get your hands off my face."

The condition of the newly tied tie may not be as neat as usual, but I think maybe it's nice enough for me to be able to avoid that dark person without a

heart.

"Promise me that you'll stop crying."

"What does it have to do with you?"

"If you cry too much, you'll have a headache now."

"Many things."

"Promise..." The thick hand grabbed my face and locked it, forcing us to look each other in the eyes.

"No. You never promised you wouldn't make me cry."

"I promise."

"Is it as simple as that?"

"Um. It's your turn."

"..."

"Gunyakol, promise..."

Not many people call me by my real name. Being a flat-faced roommate is even more difficult. So when I heard those words come out of those plump lips, my heart immediately softened. Besides nodding, I didn't know what to do next.

Yotha is always good, because he is the only person who can both make me cry and comfort me until I stop crying.

The faculty activity room is still the gathering point for first years as always...

"You guys, do you think there's something strange?"

"What is it? I don't think there's anything strange." "Tai, turn your back and look first."

"What's yours, Kong? If it's nothing, I'll snap your ears... Damn it." I shouted loudly, causing the seniors sitting in the front row to turn around and look. Because I didn't know what to do, I apologized first, then secretly turned my head to look behind me again.

Near the end of the Civilian line, a prominent creature appeared in view.

"Do you think he forgot to read LINE in his friend group?" Kong still bent over and whispered.

Among the more than 600 first-year students in the activity room, the unique darkness became the black sheep of the department, because everyone wore the full navy blue department uniform, while he alone wore a white uniform student uniform sitting straight back.

Not to mention Kong was confused, even the seniors were scratching their heads in confusion. Also, he dresses neatly from head to toe. The viewer will probably be speechless because they don't know how to scold him. Only I know why Yotha is the only difference in the department.

'Leave me alone, senior. I will wear this outfit. I'll let you tie my tie.'

A single sentence ends everything. I wanted to be angry longer, but when I encountered his words, my heart softened instead.

"When you were in the room, didn't you mention him?" Kong still didn't stop right away. Not only that, it also evokes old topics by asking again.

"I reminded him."

"So why is he still wearing his student uniform?"

"He doesn't listen."

"Do you want to stand out? But to be honest, does someone like Yotha want to be the center of attention? I think it's more like he wants to annoy his

seniors." It's a terrible guess. Then it wasn't just my best friend who thought, but everyone in the department wasn't inferior, whispering to each other incessantly.

The thing is, how can I say that the reason he wears a student uniform is because he wants to comfort me? I just happen to have thin facial skin.

"Yeah. So how was going to the movies with the holy code family yesterday?" My dear friend Kongkiat hasn't finished the old topic yet and immediately added a new one. He got this curious and questioning personality from me, right?

"That's OK."

"Is P'Arc Troi moon handsome?" The look on his face when he asked was extremely exciting. Idol of all years, no wonder...

"Very."

"Isn't P'Arm cute?"

"Very well."

"So what about you? Have you gotten closer to Yotha yet? Have you asked out on a date?"

"Ohhhhhhhhhh. Don't say we're close, we don't even want to look at each other's faces." Since it's gotten to this point, should I tell him the truth? After all, we are so close that we know most of the secrets. Thinking so, I turned to face Kong who was hiding behind me, then replied in a soft voice. "The thing is, Yotha and I had a little argument."

"Eh. Why is that like that?"

"It was my mistake to interfere too much in Yotha's life, causing him trouble. So now I think I'll step back and let him have some privacy." I don't know what I accidentally did or how much it made me feel bad. Even though I'm no longer angry now, I think I should take a step back anyway. At least so neither of us have to feel suffocated.

"Have you resolved it yet? Living in the same room like this is very awkward."

"It's resolved."

"If you need help with anything, just say so."

"Oh. Ready to help or ready to talk a lot?"

"Both."

"Karma."

I was so engrossed in talking to Kong that I forgot to follow up on the issue the senior had just discussed. It's so painful that I have to go ask the guy next to me.

Today many people will be very happy to wear the Faculty of Engineering uniform for the first time. That signaled the end of welcoming new students. But everything stopped when new activities interrupted, making many people half excited and half crying endlessly.

The first thing is the beauty pageant - male pageant contest.

The second event held on the same day was the opening event for the active world.

Therefore, the seniors immediately convened the first years to divide the main tasks of each person. A group makes backdrops, props and everything related to the pageant - male pageant. Another group created activity domes, games and knowledge panels for the world opening event. As for me, who has so much talent, I was given a great responsibility by my second-year senior with pride.

"Gun, what mission are you doing?" Kong was dragged away for a long time by his seniors with the same code. When I return, he comes with a super cute position on the 'cleaning team'.

"Me? Don't want to say."

"Then stop talking."

"Whoa. How is that possible? I do very important work for the department."

"Taking care of beauty queens - men?"

"No."

"Do activity boards?"

"Nonsense!"

"Just say it, you bastard. It'll kill you to be so slow."

"Logistics."

"Whoa! That made me think about something. You're exaggerating and I didn't expect it."

"Yes, my friend in the cleaning team. But working in logistics to deliver food and water is also helpful for the mouths of everyone in the dental department."

Even with the effort of puffing out my chest and answering so clearly, even working together to honor me for about 5 minutes is not enough. Besides, I don't have any outstanding abilities enough to take care of other tasks. As for directing the acting of beauty queens and male contestants, you already have the brothers and sisters to take care of it. Collage, art, and fine arts don't need to be discussed. By O!

Let me make a bulletin board about academics and life. It's smart, but it doesn't work. Besides, the elite minds volunteered to do it. The only thing they see is probably their cheerfulness and ability to easily get along with everyone. Therefore, they assigned me an important position.

The main tasks of logistics aren't many. People in the group just need to meet to prepare enough food for each meal, serve water, distribute rice, including snacks from the beginning until the end of the activity.

"Puppy." After talking to my beloved Kong for a while, the extremely familiar voice of the scary twin Faifah suddenly interjected.

"What is up?"

"See Yotha?"

"I don't see it. Why are you asking me?"

"I saw you were roommates so I thought we were together."

"Roommates are not karma that follows every step."

"Yeah. Where did he go anyway?" The speaker scratched his head, before turning left and right, looking for the person everyone knew.

Among so many people walking back and forth, even if Yotha was wearing different clothes from everyone else, it wouldn't be easy to find it from a group of more than 600 people.

"Anyway, what's wrong with him?"

"At first, the seniors gave him the task of calling people into the dome, but he refused so he ran away."

"Call and see."

"I called but he didn't listen. Then please tell him that the senior has found a suitable mission for him."

"Doing what?"

"Logistics."

All activities will begin next month, but this week the 2nd year seniors leading each unit have already begun to line up to convene the 1st years.

These past few days, the atmosphere in the room between Yotha and I was still the same. Oh no! We hardly even talked to each other.

Something has changed...

Perhaps it was I who chose to keep distance between us. I can boldly say that I had no thoughts of holding grudges or keeping to myself the words I said that night. It's just not the same anymore. You can call this a relationship where you're angry but you don't want to tie his tie anymore.

"Beagle, tie my tie." There it is again, that whining voice in the morning.

"No."

I sat at the end of the bed, passionately trying to tie my own tie, not bothering to raise my face to meet each other's eyes even for a moment. We've been like this for a long time. When my heart is soft, tie it up. Every day I remember that the night before that the dark guy still left the room and came back late, I will have a hard heart and will definitely not tie it for him, and he won't insist any more.

"What's going on for snacks?" Unlike today...

"I don't want to eat."

"There's a giant barbecue skewer in front of the dormitory."

"I can't buy you food."

"Stewed pork rice from a new restaurant, but it runs out early, so you don't care, right?" Damn it. Yotha is damn smart. It's been a while since I've been able to eat something like this, so having to put premium dishes on the list is a bit overwhelming. But at this point, I can't buy anything... if it's not enough.

"I don't care. If you want to eat, you can line up and buy it yourself."

"Stubborn!" The other person said nothing, raised his hand and ruffled my hair. "Don't touch my head. I don't like it."

"Then let me rub it again." I immediately hiccuped. At that moment, the tall body collapsed onto the floor and bowed its head like a child. Damn it! My heart. If he plays this trick, how can I resist?

"N... no more joking. How should I tie a tie?" I spoke in a shy voice, averting my eyes in another direction. Not even daring to look at the other person's face as he slowly looked up. "You went to the workshop today."

"Remember again?"

"It's okay to change. I'm coming down for breakfast."

Having finished speaking, I quickly stood up straight, stomped my feet to get my backpack from the desk, before opening the door and walking out of the room, without intending to turn around to look at the person behind me. Just like this, my heart felt like it was about to die. If I stay a little longer, I might not be able to find my way anymore.

I tried very hard. I always try to keep a distance between me and his flat-faced roommate, so that neither party doesn't feel uncomfortable if their private space is invaded too much. But the more I do it, the more it feels forced every day.

"Tai, what are you daydreaming about?" Even when I was eating breakfast with Kong, my brain still only remembered Yotha's face.

"I don't."

"In short, did you sneak in somewhere? Why did you leave the room when you replied to the message but came after me?"

"I just found out that I'm going to meet Ping, the person you secretly like. What should I do?"

"Let's just fight and get this over with."

"The ones who used force. Bad..."

"Please stop being silly for about 3 minutes. Just a question. Have you and Yotha reconciled now?"

"I'm not mad at him that much." Last time I said it was resolved, but it seemed the listener didn't believe it.

"Really? Then why did Faifah say Yotha was strange too?"

"Are you talking about this with your roommate too?"

"A little bit." I want to slap my mouth to death. Kong knows, the world really knows. "But do the dark gentlemen still go out at night these days?"

"Yes. He is still going out like before."

No matter what, something will change. So that's another reason I want to stop making a fuss or showing my anxiety on my face. Because I know it's useless to do anything. It doesn't pay attention to what I say.

"Is this why you're sulking at him?"

"Don't be upset. I'll break your mouth right now."

"This is called sulking."

"Crazy."

"If it's not like what I said, then maybe we can have breakfast together, right?" I made a puzzled face and opened my mouth to ask what he wanted to convey, when in a split second, Kongkiat's strong voice called out someone's name, causing the hairs on my body to suddenly stand up. "Yotha! Come sit together?"

Kong!

"What are you calling for?"

"Seeing that he's alone, I'm afraid of being lonely. Yotha, come over here quickly. The seat next to Tai is still empty." After saying that, he turned to

talk to his tall friend while pointing at the chair next to me.

In my heart I could only pray that the owner of the name would refuse. However, that request was completely destroyed when his legs strode forward and he placed the plate of rice in his hand on the table.

I sat stiffly, taking a deep breath. My heart skipped a beat as the tall body squeezed into the chair.

Today he changed from his student uniform to a navy blue faculty uniform, looking completely different from usual, causing the people around him to turn their attention. As the other person decided to come over and sit together, more and more eyes were focused on our table than before.

"Alone today? How cool." Kong gave a thumbs up. Therefore, the atmosphere is that only you look happy. Damned.

"You guys aren't awake yet."

"Eh. Isn't there class at 8 o'clock?" My best friend, still on duty as an entertainment reporter, continued to inquire.

"Class is 10 o'clock."

"It's only 10 o'clock? Why are you up so early?"

"Beagle wakes up so I wake up too."

"What... what does it have to do with me?" Hearing that, I didn't delay but hastily interrupted. Yotha didn't argue but just looked at me silently. Only his hands begin to move the spoon to scoop rice into his mouth. I didn't want to sit still so I hurriedly continued to eat rice.

"Let's go out tonight." Then one sentence stopped my actions immediately.

"What are you talking about? Normally you never go anywhere."

"It's also true."

Done. There isn't even an explanation. Damn it...

That morning conversation stuck in my mind all day. Even after returning to the room at night, it still didn't fade.

Yotha seems to have gone out, because his favorite backpack and shoes are no longer there. That made me even more depressed.

Life is always cheerful. The saddest thing is when my favorite restaurant closes, making me angry because I'm hungry. But here it is! Why does this strange person have so much influence on emotions?

Knock Knock knock

The knock on the door forced me to put the random thoughts out of my head, before heading straight to turn the doorknob for the person outside. Lately, I don't really want to lock my door. Anyone who wants to come in just needs to knock on the door and ask permission.

"Faifah..."

"You're making such a sad puppy face." The other person grinned as he squeezed into the room, dragging a large, extremely familiar bag.

"What are you doing?"

"Kong's." Even more confused than before.

"Then why bring Kong's things here?"

"Room change."

"Huh!"

"Kong can't sleep with the light on, so I think it might be better if you move in and sleep with me. Let's let Kong stay with Yotha."

"I don't understand. Why did you have to go to this extent? What happened? Did you two quarrel?"

"It's you and me who are arguing. I've seen it all week. If it's too difficult, then move rooms." While speaking, the other person still tried to walk around the room to examine. But this person's heart almost dropped to his ankles.

"Is Kong okay? He's not close to Yotha."

"Okay~" Finally, the person mentioned appeared. Furthermore, Kong didn't come empty-handed, as he was also carrying a large paper box with him. Being so prepared, didn't you think about discussing anything with each other?

"You're afraid of Yotha, aren't you?"

"That was a long time ago. After getting used to him, I think there's nothing to be so afraid of. With both of you, it makes you worried. When being together is too difficult, you have to change."

"But the dormitory manager..."

"Don't let them know. Hurry up! See if there's anything important you need to bring with you."

"But there are a lot of artifacts."

"You don't have to take it all. Let me help arrange it." After listening to Faifah and Kong talking and pressing, I couldn't do anything but hum along and obey them.

Perhaps recently, I have behaved differently than before, making my friends skeptical. Not to mention Kongkiat is extremely worried about me. Unexpectedly, he would willingly accept the sacrifice of sharing the dark gentleman's room. How should I feel? Why am I so confused?

Do I feel sorry for Kong when I have to adapt again, or is it really selfish to want to continue to stay here?

"Stop making a bewildered face. Pack your things so you can go downstairs."

"What if Yotha comes back? Who will stay and tell him? Or should I call..." I told both of them. But before I could finish my sentence, the other person quickly responded.

"No need, Tai. Let me... Kongkiat will be the one to talk to him."

I couldn't argue anything other than nodding repeatedly at it. Part of the furniture has been moved one floor down. Kong's bed was possessed by me. The opposite bed still belongs to Faifah, who looks exactly like his old roommate as if he copied and pasted it.

"Faifah, you can sleep with the light on, right?"

"Okay."

"Kong said the same thing at first. After going back and forth for a while, he still couldn't stand it."

"I have a blindfold."

"Sometimes a blindfold doesn't help."

"Dog, you don't need to worry. Taking care of yourself is enough." The tall relative spoke with a firm voice. I couldn't refute it...

00.25

Changing rooms again creates an unfamiliar feeling. After showering, I jumped into bed and prepared to go to sleep like every night. During the first half hour there may be tossing and turning. But after counting a few hundred sheep in my head, I slowly fell asleep.

Clack!

Being woken up again was also when someone pushed the room door in without a signal to knock first. I opened my eyes, lazily sat up, before my eyes clearly saw someone standing in front of me.

Yotha...

But instead of rushing towards me like he was afraid, the tall owner strode straight towards Faifah's bed and spoke in a cold voice in the atmosphere as if a bull was about to charge.

"Who told you to take Gun downstairs to sleep?"

"No one told me, I told myself." My body is already heavy, brother. It's 10 times more annoying.

Looking at the proud appearance of the person on the bed, perhaps Faifah was not afraid at all, if any problems happened later. But I was the one in the middle and didn't want my cousins to quarrel, so I quickly jumped down from the bed to stop us both.

"Guys, if there's anything, talk slowly. It's just that..."

"Puppy! Go back to sleep. Let me talk to Yotha about this." I just went down and you chased me back.

Ask if you heard? Yes! I hear.

"Let's talk politely." I wandered back to bed again. There aren't many reasons for not staying to intervene. Just being afraid of being scolded is more than that. So asking permission to sit quietly and observe the situation is enough.

"Please allow me to make this short because I'm very sleepy right now. Let's exchange roommates."

"I don't change. People, not things, can be transferred back and forth."
Huu... Why do I feel happy when I hear Yotha say this? Almost wiped away tears.

"Gun is not comfortable being with you anymore."

"Have you asked yet?"

"You don't need to ask."

"Have you asked yet?"

"If you don't ask, will he be willing to move to this room to sleep? You've never been in the room. It gets worse as the power goes out. If you can't take care of him, let someone else take care of him."

I can take care of myself, Fai. There's nothing wrong with having to play the flashing lights that loud. When I tried to find an opportunity to intervene in their conversation, Yotha retorted, forcing me to sit still and continue watching the muay match between the two brothers in front of me.

"So have you asked me if I want someone else to take care of Gun for me?"

"Why do you have to ask? Are you something to him?"

"..."

"Clarify yourself first before we talk. Now you go back to your room first."

The story didn't last as long as I feared, because the dark gentleman chose to stay silent as if he didn't have anything to refute. I followed the back of my tall best friend. When it turns around, its eyes are still focused, which isn't beneficial. It wasn't until the other person stopped right in front of the bed that I woke up.

"Beagle, do you want to go back to our room?" That sentence was slow but filled with passion. That makes listeners like me just stare at the bed sheets.

I always told myself that I was never angry at him, but just wanted to take a step away so as not to cause trouble to the other person. But even so, I still feel frustrated when I have to force myself not to worry, not to ask questions, not to want to know.

I can't do it...

So what I can do is end the problem and speak directly to the other person, even if the sound is so light that it almost disappears in the air.

"I... I'll stay with Faifah."

"Beagle, tell the truth."

"I'm not lying. I'll stay here."

"Okay."

Yotha, he doesn't like explanations. After saying the last sentence, he quickly turned around and left the room. Faifah and I looked at each other silently. Tears welled up as if I was about to cry.

"You're such a child. Don't cry in the lab."

"Dust just fell into my eyes."

"Yeah. Go to sleep. Don't worry."

"I don't really care."

"I hope it's true. Good night kiss."

"Good night, kick you then."

"You were bothering me before. Now you're getting out of bed, while I'm trying to scream and kick you away." The speaker lay down and blinked to dispel the heat from his eyes. After a long time, I let myself lie down. I tried to close my eyes and sleep. This time we have to start counting sheep again. One sheep... Two sheep... Three sheep...

The 257th sheep. The 2nd sheep...

Clack!

The sound of turning the doorknob echoed in my eardrums. Even though it wasn't too big, I still knew it right away because I hadn't slept yet. Many questions motivated me to slowly force myself to open my eyelids. It took me a while to clearly see the image in front of me.

But there was no time left when someone next to me took advantage of the opportunity to hide under the blanket. I was speechless, unable to say

anything when I saw the handsome face just a few inches away from me.

The body feels twice as warm after being held up by heavy arms. The brain still doesn't process it very well. But now as far as I know, Yotha isn't sleeping in his room, but he is squeezed into the same bed with me.

Namo Amitabha Buddha... I miss it so much that I even dream about it?

Not only that, in the dream he also wore his favorite white penguin-shaped pajamas.

"Can I sleep together?" The other said, almost in a whisper. So much so that I could feel both his voice and his passionate breath.

"I'm upset."

"Promise you will sleep peacefully and not toss and turn." Wow, what a voice. As gentle as fabric softener. Yotha is definitely possessed. This is clearly a fake.

"B... but what about Faifah."

"Fai's asleep. Just don't tell him."

"The thing is..."

"I'm sleepy."

"Then go back to your room and sleep."

"Sleepy. I'll sleep now." Do whatever he likes.

"I don't bring a pillow. I don't bring a blanket. This item isn't an investment."

"I'll bring it tomorrow."

"Think there's still tomorrow?"

"If you don't want it, just go back and sleep together in our room."

"I don't go."

"Then it's up to you."

It seemed like he didn't want to listen anymore so he pulled me into a hug tighter than before. Hoi! My heart is about to die. Friends don't do that. Friends aren't allowed to make the heart beat too hard. I told myself, despite the fact that I remained still, letting the other person share the bed without pushing away.

I hate myself to death.

The bed was only 3ft wide (nearly 1m), so narrow that it was almost impossible to breathe.

Yet... I feel more secure than ever.

[Kongkiat on air]

Entertainment. These days it's all about entertainment for people like Kong to enjoy.

The hot topic at the moment is unavoidable about the puppy-faced best friend and the dark Lord Voldemort being jealous and angry at each other without end.

Get the truth? Watching two stupid people have feelings for each other but not realizing it is really funny. Outsiders like me sat nervously waiting to see when they would understand me. But waiting forever is like buying a lottery ticket and then being swallowed by the house. Dumped all over the place.

Worse than that, there's still arguing. Kong doesn't know how deep the source is, but I guess it probably arises from the lord disappearing every

night. Disappearing with girls or whatever, it doesn't matter, either way, it makes my best friend Gun worry and keep him careful.

"Are you done? It took so long to prepare." I stuck my head in and said hello. Since the day Tai moved to sleep in the same room as Faifah, I've stopped by to look for him very often. Oh no. It should be said that I go down to look for him every day.

Let's go back to the day I decided to change rooms. Honestly. Kind of extremely straightforward. Scared to death.

Everyone can see how fierce Yotha is. The more it is one of the reasons why lovers separate, the more terrifying Kong's life becomes. You must take out a Buddha amulet and pray to protect yourself every night. My heart is bruised. But Faifah said that friends must help each other, and then we must play until the end, no matter how much our face is at risk of eating our legs.

"Almost done. Why are you in such a hurry?" Tai turned around and glared.

"Excited."

"Just a little bit. The senior made an appointment for 9 o'clock, you bastard. Hurry up and buy crushed squid (dried squid) or what?"

"You really understand me."

"I'm sarcastic!" Kong didn't argue but just sat at the end of the bed watching his beloved friend get ready.

The leaders of each group followed one another to gather for the first years. The site construction team was no less competitive, sitting together in large numbers. After that was done, I was still not released, because Gun invited me out for a drink to strengthen the relationship with the people in the team, with the senior in the logistics team being the leader. Even though they didn't force me, there's no way someone like me who specializes in so many things could ignore it.

Therefore, Bangon Pochana is the most entertaining meeting place tonight.

Its name sounds like a restaurant but it's actually a chill-style pub. Everyone dressed extremely comfortably. If I could have come in my pajamas, maybe they would have done it too. Only you create and draw. Even the underwear he sits and chooses the color of. Damn it.

Kong is angry. Kong was angry.

"So is Yotha going today?" Given the opportunity, I asked permission to find a way to have a little fun.

"I don't know. You're his roommate so go ask yourself."

"But he is in the same logistics group as you. Haven't you seen each other?"

"Are not."

"But eh~ You know, Tai? Your dark lord never sleeps in his room. He goes out all the time. Is it normally like that?" The pale boy stopped choosing clothes in the closet.

I'm gloating! Haha. Surely this is a question that hits right in the heart.

"I... it's not usually in the room." The voice is still hesitant. What does blushing mean?

"So what was it like when you shared a room with Faifah?"

"It's ok."

"Is the bed okay?"

"Um. Every room is different." From standing picking clothes, now I'm starting to pry open the closet with my fingers. Are you a matchmaker or something, Tai!

"How can it be the same? Normally, the corner where I lie down is very wide. But when you come to live, it will probably be narrower."

"Because of many things."

"On that bed?"

"What?" Tai raised his head and looked like he wanted to cause trouble. My cheeks were as red as tomatoes, as if knowing that I had caught a glimpse. Yet, he still boldly confronts him, lest he not know the truth. But sorry. Except for being stupid in English, I'm smart in everything else.

"Faifah told me everything."

"What?"

"The thing about Yotha refusing to go back to his room. You know what? Actually, he hasn't disappeared anywhere."

"..."

"And every night he runs away and sleeps with you."

Cluck. I had to try my best not to laugh when I saw Tai's stupid face appear in front of me.

Flat clothes. Puffy clothes. Love furniture. Angry at each other and not talking but sleeping together. Kong doesn't understand. Friends? Oeeeeee. Why would people crowd together? Only a lover can do that.

"That's nonsense. Is Faifah dreaming? Stop talking." Then the other person pretended to be a duck and quickly took out his clothes to wear. When he saw that I was about to open my mouth to talk about the old story, he immediately brought up a new story and said it as if he knew it already. It went like that a few times until we reached Bangon Pochana - the legendary pub.

Gun has never been here before. As for me, quite often because my senior has the same code as a chiller, I sip beer and ask for people's numbers. Frequently being eaten by a lump of avocado but still not afraid of it.

"Here we come. This way!" That loud scream was from my friend.

The atmosphere inside the restaurant is quite vibrant. Maybe because it was Friday night, there were more customers than usual. 3 tables were pulled together, because our group was quite large. One table belongs to a senior. The remaining two tables are from the first year.

"Just call as much as you can."

"How do you pay?"

"Let's split up." The speaker is Gun's senior with the same code number. Saw said this wasn't his style of pub. But because I didn't argue with other friends, I had to come, while my clothes and hair were heavier than I was.

"Champ, I'm cold. Feeling very cold." And the person sitting on the opposite side is Yotha's senior with the same code number. He was sitting here alone without the shadow of the dark man as expected.

"What's wrong with you, you bastard Arm? If you're cold, go find a shirt to wear."

"It's not enough to find clothes to wear. This season Liverpool is at the top of the table, far ahead of everyone else. It's very cold. What should I do?"

"You have bad karma. You'll know P'Arc."

"Don't talk to P'Arc. Let's just say there is no policy of interacting with 10th rank."

"Huh huh. I'll ask him to kick you out of the bedroom."

"Oh dear... Who is the one who has to sleep out here? It's definitely not me."

The argument between the 2nd year seniors caused a lot of laughter for those around them. As for the first years sitting at the end of the table like us, we immediately ordered drinks and snacks to fill our stomachs. After a while, Faifah came later to join the group.

After sitting and drinking for more than an hour, the seniors invited each other out to dance to the music of Mor Lam*. Some places even kept swaying excitedly. The first year saw that and was no less competitive. They walked out on the floor one after another, making me think this was an annual ghost release festival. There were only 4-5 people left at the table who had to help each other find out what was going on.

* Folk music of Laos and Isan region.

Fortunately, this world gave birth to Tai and Faifah and created a new world where there is no moment of death even for a moment.

"Let me go to the bathroom first."

"I'll go with you." Gun stood up so I quickly followed. I've been sitting quietly for a while now, but people keep talking so I can't find a chance to get up to go to the bathroom.

Each child stands and occupies a urinal. After completing your task, wash your hands with the shop's signature orchid scented gel. Unexpectedly, his best friend suddenly met someone he knew.

"That Gun kid... right?" He is a tall, muscular senior. In addition, his appearance also has Chinese features, making him look like a handsome man of the family.

"Yes. Do you know me?" Oh good. Shaking hands happily like that, after all, we don't know anyone at all.

"I know. It's Yotha's friend, right?"

"That's right. I'm his roommate."

"Ah. Then go out to the pub with your friends?" Gun nodded.

"Go with friends and seniors."

"Just come over to my table and join us. It's in the far right corner of the stage."

"Thank you."

"Then don't bother anymore. But if you see Yotha, please tell P'Klao that she misses him." He raised his hand and patted my friend's shoulder hard before walking into the bathroom, leaving me and Tai standing confused at the toilet. We don't know each other but we talk like it's true.

Not long after returning to the table and continuing to sip wine like royalty, trouble intervened again, because at that moment I observed someone coldly walking straight to my table.

"Tai..."

"What?"

"Your father is following."

"...!!" Yotha is a real person. Kong was rightly surprised. Excited and shocked at the same time. But above all, I see it becoming a hot topic that can be known from the two having a chance to talk to each other.

"Come over here and sit. There are empty seats." Faifah lightly kicked the leg of the chair. As soon as he arrived, he immediately sat down next to his twin brother, who happened to be on the opposite side from me and Tai.

Yotha wasn't overly prepared. He was wearing only a black t-shirt and long-legged jeans. Even though they were dressed sparingly, we had to admit that no one in the shop didn't look at these hellish twins. Damn it. Who said they were born with handsome faces? I'm so jealous!

"Have you eaten anything yet?" Tai and I sat quietly, letting the two cousins talk to each other.

"I already ate."

"So wine or beer?"

"Beer."

"What name?"

"If you have anything, bring it out." When speaking, his eyes only stared at Kong's friend. Yes, it's me. If we like each other, damn it, we've been planning to fuck each other for a long time. Don't wait for it to grow roots and take a damn love test like that. Corn stalks.

"Oh. The table is quiet again. I think we should find something to talk about." Faifah has already come out to welcome his twin brother. It then waved its paw towards me as if to signal me to continue following. "Should we talk about love?"

"It's great. I'm so excited."

The whole table has 6 people. Not to mention they are all close friends. Everyone agreed with the proposal, only two people were lost. No need to say, I know who it is.

"Everyone must have been in love. So a love expert like me..." Just as he was about to open his mouth to continue, Faifah quickly interrupted.

"Please sympathize with my brother. Yotha doesn't even know what love is."

"Go ahead and say it. What does it have to do with me?" The person mentioned raised the beer to drink. However, Tai was even heavier than that when he also grabbed the glass of wine mixed with cola and drank the whole glass.

"Okay. So let's just talk about this." In order not to leave any silence, I had to tell my story, asking this and that in turn until the round was almost over. The alcohol also runs out quickly.

Drinking so fiercely that my mouth was so angry that it would kill me. Gun isn't even worth mentioning. After drinking it, I ordered 2 glasses without mixing it. Anyone who stops him won't listen, preferring to glare at him. And when I have the right moment, I immediately focus and lock on the target so that the two of them can understand each other.

"It's your turn, Tai."

"If you want to ask anything, just say it." He replied lazily. The face was so red that it began to cook slightly due to the effects of a few glasses of wine.

"Have you ever had a lover?"

"There must be brisket... right."

"Then why did you break up?"

"That person graduated first. Ugh."

"Bre! Tai, do you know someone older?" The booing of friends at the table was like waves. "But I remember you liked Nana. Do you still have the same dream model now?"

"I still like her like that..." The other man replied lazily, looking down as if hiding the truth.

"So if there's someone who doesn't fit your flirting ideal, will you date them?"

"We have to see first... how it is!...."

"Um. Like Faifah?"

"Dislike."

"What the..." Before the person mentioned could answer, his friends burst out laughing. Scene change to the dark gentleman. His face was gray as if he was under a spell. Sorry. Who said their faces are the same, so now it's like being indirectly rejected. Probably another heart attack.

"What about P'Arm style?"

"So cute. But will his lover trample me? Ugh!"

"Yeah. It's not suitable."

As he opened his mouth to ask again, this time he was stopped by Lord Voldemort, who had stood up from his chair and rushed over to sit next to Tai without realizing it. The thick hand turned my friend's head to face him, before handing him the filtered water with gentleness. Oh~ Kong's mouth trembled. I was so shocked that I wanted to cheer for you two to walk down the aisle.

"You're hiccuping too much. Drink some water."

Gun obediently accepted the glass of water before sipping continuously. But the hiccups still do not go away.

"Hold your breath. Try it." I really like Yotha right now. The two of them gossiped about each other so that no one dared to interfere.

"Is it over?"

"Try it. Breathe in. I'll count from 1-10. Then breathe out." The listener nodded vigorously.

"1...2..."

While counting, their eyes met each other as if they were in a romantic movie, not bothering to pay attention to the super twisty Luk Thung* song that was playing. 8...9...Until 10. The sweet scene gradually disappeared.

* A Thai music genre roughly equivalent to Western pop music and Vietnamese bolero.

"It's over... Sniff!" Gun said. It was almost over but you died at the end.

"No more alcohol allowed."

"What right do you have to give orders?"

"If you get drunk, you'll make it difficult for your friend. Ask first. Who will carry you?"

"I can go home by myself. Make sure to go straight"

"That's not even true."

"Is it dad or something that gives orders?"

"Stubborn."

"Buong day owl."

"See? The hiccups are gone." The whole table was speechless. Eh... Just like that, it's over. All it takes is a fight and it's over.

Haaaaaaaa. As expected of Yotha. Maybe he knew how to solve the problem, my friend got better. But even though the hiccups have gone away, it doesn't mean that Tai will stop being drunk.

"Nothing like the model in my dreams." Everyone looked at each other in bewilderment, after hearing the drowsy voice of the dog-faced person muttering to himself.

"Calm down. If you're drunk, go home. Let's take you home."

"No need. Not as beautiful as Nana. Not as lovely as P'Arm."

"..."

"But why do you like me? I don't understand."

...!!

Turn on mind-blowing shock mode. There are people around here who have been seriously attacked. At this moment, many things began to become clear. But to be sure, I have to ask again who is the person you like. Oiiii. Kong is about to die. So fin~

"Hey first year." Unexpectedly, the 2nd year guy came running over to interrupt and spoke in a damn cheerful voice. "Take a picture. Hey there! Say cheeseeee."

Oh my god. The movie had a happy ending but you interrupted it. Cheese his head, pants guy.

"Drunk lindsey~"

"Drunk..."

Oeeeeeeeeeee. Damn it!!

The flash shines into my eyes. But more obvious than that was the vomit flying from Gun's mouth. This is such a precious memory that every time you look at the photo, everyone will definitely smell the smell of thumb entering your nose. People in the group spread out and shouted loudly. The only person who can accept that disheveled and dirty appearance is Yotha. Not only that, he also tried to hug and support Gun without hating him.

If you love him, don't let him get drunk.

"Beagle... Can you float?"

"Stomach-ache." The speaker grimaced. Everyone then helped each other take a tissue and pass it around. It has almost no effect because the smell still emanates everywhere.

"I want to vomit. I want to go to the bathroom."

Gun was as drunk as a dog. It was attacked behind its back by the dark gentleman before walking straight out, heading towards the bathroom amidst hundreds of people's gazes. As I was about to follow, my roommate's thick hand pulled me back first.

I wasn't sure how I should feel, but when I saw both of their backs, the feeling became even clearer.

...That they love each other.

The world is spinning. From thinking I could still maintain my sanity, now I can't. All arms and legs are weak. Pain makes me want to vomit. The only thing I could feel was my head and stomach aching, the feeling I always felt was that I was being carried on my back by someone, until I stopped at the water tank in the pub. Then the scene moved.

When I woke up again, I discovered that I had finished sleeping on the bed in my room. Clothes have been completely replaced. Furthermore, the more I saw who was sitting next to the bed and slowly rubbing my head, the more embarrassed I felt.

"I can't. I won't do it anymore..." Please allow me to groan a bit. Damn it. Now it feels very bad. Everything in my body is so chaotic that I want to burst into tears.

"Do you still want to vomit?" The characteristic low sound resonates in the ears.

"No." I shook my head while looking at the other person's face. "Yotha. Huuuuuuu. Sorry..."

Nothing to say. I always make others suffer.

"It's okay. Do you feel better now?"

"Tiny."

"What else do you want? Just tell me." The thick hand still caressed my head, almost making me feel sleepy. Even though I felt bad due to the effects of alcohol, at least I still felt good having someone by my side.

"I want you to stay for company."

"Okay. But let me change my clothes first." He tried to stand up, but I held his hand as if afraid that one day he might disappear.

During the time when everything was running wild in my head, mixing reality and dreams, I had many things I always wanted to say but never said them to the other person. I'm not sure why I want to say it today.

"Yotha."

"Hum."

"Sorry for the disturbance."

"I'm also sorry for speaking harshly."

"Sorry I'm a good eater."

"I volunteered to buy it for you."

"Sorry for being a burden."

"You're not a burden at all." Yotha is no longer the same rigid person I used to know. Or is this actually my deepest dream? The dream I hope he will be...

"I'm sorry for the days when I didn't wear a tie."

"Then from now on tie it for me."

"Sorry for changing rooms without telling you."

"Anyway, we sleep together every night."

"Yotha, I'm sorry..."

"..."

"I'm sorry for loving you."

I say it out loud. It's impossible to turn back time anymore.

I didn't expect to hear an answer from him, but in truth there was only silence and the sound of the ceiling fan running. Ok. I thought I was drunk. So drunk that he accidentally said something he shouldn't have said. But unexpectedly in the end... After the clock ticked a few times, I received an answer in return.

"Um. I'm sorry too. I'm sorry that I don't love anyone."

"..."

"But in the end, I still love you."

[End of chapter 9]

10

Co-translator : yukifeebleu

Chapter 10: Getting to know Mr. Love

Both feet stepped off the bed. One hand grabbed the towel, the other hand scratched his butt, and he stomped into the bathroom, even though his eyelids weren't fully open yet.

In the morning, Gunyukol's life doesn't need much. Just taking a cold shower and inhaling the scent of his favorite peony shower gel is like nirvana.

Swoosh~ The water from the imaginary shower head flows like 10 water pumps. But in reality, the water flowing out is just wind and the speed is no different from when he was peeing. Keep my hair flowing.

"Faifah! The water doesn't flow."

What's wrong with this dormitory? Not only are there frequent power outages, but this time there's also a situation where the water doesn't flow anymore? Gun damage. Gun isn't acceptable. People have taken off all their clothes. To commit the crime of having sex, one must grab a towel and go out to face the roommate again.

"Hoi. Yotha."

"YES."

"Since when have you been here?" What I had in mind and the scene I saw had nothing to do with it. Thinking that Faifah should be here, instead the bed was occupied by someone else.

"Since last night." The owner of the name raised his head to look, without any signs of panic.

"Last evening?"

"You don't remember?"

I tried to roll my eyes and think. Going back a few hours ago, I was in a pub called Bangon Pochana with my friends and the logistics team. I don't remember how much wine mixed with cola I drank, I just know I was very dizzy. Then finally...

Thinking of this, no need to say how much my eyes widened. Because the remaining memories were so shattered that I just wanted to put a bucket over my head to smell it. I vomited. After that, Yotha took on the responsibility of carrying me towards the bathroom. I don't remember when I returned to my room.

But what I remember so clearly that it made my face hot like boiling water was last night...

I

Tell

My love

To Yotha.

What the hell mannnnnnnnnnn~

The words 'I'm sorry for loving you' ran around in my head, making me feel dizzy. Furthermore, the person being confessed still sat expressionlessly on his twin brother's bed. Then what about me? What should I do? Do I need to pretend like nothing happened? But the expression on his face at this moment probably said it all.

"Remember now?" The owner asked again in a low voice.

"A little bit."

"Do you need to remind me of your memories?"

"N... no need."

"Last night you vomited on me. I was so desperate that I wanted to take off my shirt and throw it in the trash." Um. Where is the romantic scene I once dreamed about? I said there was no need to repeat it, but the dark guy still had the nerve to explain the terrible situation to me. I always thought I had a puppy face, until I faced the situation just now...

"Sorry..."

"Last night you kicked me off the bed." The opponent continues to expose.

"Probably not to that extent."

"Last night, I was the one who cleaned you up and changed your clothes."

"Thank you." I replied in a low voice, not daring to make eye contact with the other person. I didn't know where to put my hands and feet, so I had to scratch the towel on my body to relieve the symptoms of nervousness.

"Last night Faifah went to his room but you chased him away."

"Huh!" I don't remember this anymore. Probably because the brain shut down, cutting off the image for a while. Because in the memories I have, Faifah and his beloved Kongkiat were still at the pub. But the next story isn't recorded in memory. "Really? Why would I chase Faifah away when he's the other owner of the room?"

"Ask yourself."

"You're done, right? Then please excuse me..."

"Not yet." Yotha stopped me with just one sentence.

The situation isn't very favorable. It was difficult to escape because the water had stopped flowing. I could only stand still, sliding my hand down to cover my crotch, just like a student standing in front of a supervisor.

"What else?"

"Last night you said you loved me."

"You said you loved me too."

I immediately objected. At that moment, the surrounding atmosphere was quiet and without any movement. I had to resign myself to standing still, blushing as I stared at the taller boy as best I could, while the other person showed an unreadable expression.

"So is it real? Or just drunk?" Yotha asked again. I had to throw away all my shyness. Born as a man, he puffed out his chest and manfully admitted that...

"What about you?" Hm. Afraid. Instead, I demanded an answer from the person in front of me.

"I asked first."

"Unfair."

"Fair."

"Then answer at the same time. Count from 1 to 3. 1...2...3. True."

"Real."

We responded at the same time. But it seems I'm the only one who can't hold back my laughter. My heart was pounding out of control, my hands were shaking, my legs were shaking, my mouth was constantly twitching. I have the feeling that this is happiness mixed with excitement, no different from first love in high school.

"S... since when did you fall in love?" At this moment, I must muster the courage to be the one to ask the question first.

"I don't know." Then Yotha also answered in a split second.

"Do you know what love is?"

"I don't know."

"So you said you love me?"

"Um." I started to doubt. Maybe our feelings aren't very similar to each other, when in the end the other person doesn't even know what love is. As for me, who can say the word 'love' boldly, I almost don't know how to take 'love' seriously.

"Yotha, can you tell the difference between loving and liking?"

Tall relatives stretch his backs and sit up straight. The staring eyes made me feel guilty. Such endless eyes are rarely seen. Therefore, it made me look forward to the answer coming out of the other person's mouth.

"I can differentiate."

But the answer was extremely short. Furthermore, there is no further explanation. Therefore, the person on this side had to quickly explain the meaning that he understood in detail.

"Like is what we are satisfied with and see the good in people. For example, I like Faifah because he is friendly. I like Kong because he is a good and compatible friend. I like lemon soda because it's delicious. Or maybe I like to learn about people's stories because it's fun. But love is more than that."

Turns into asking again and again and waiting with hope.

"My liking is not fixed. It changes constantly."

"What about love?"

"That's why I said I don't know."

"I understood."

Why do I feel so sad? What am I expecting?

"But there's one thing I know. It's a special feeling that I'm not sure what to call it, but..."

"..."

"It has you in it."

Another major Thai web forum is Pantip, which in addition to telling stories, exchanging opinions and displaying information, is also a place of advice for many people.

I don't have an account to log into Pantip. Most people just search for information on Google and they will get the answer.

'Love is being satisfied with our strengths, and love is being happy with our flaws.'

Um... Looks nice and useful. Everyone has a different definition. As for me, who couldn't explain the answer to myself, I started my mission on the weekends by knocking on the door of each student in the department and asking questions.

Knock Knock knock

"What's the matter, friend Tai?" Sep, the president of the Chemistry department, started first.

"What is love?"

"What the hell are you asking? Are you still drunk and not awake yet?"

"Answer me first. What is love?"

"Love is sacrifice."

"Okay. I have the answer." I patted his shoulder twice in thanks before closing the door. On the way to the next room, I didn't forget to take out my

phone to note down the meaning I just heard. Luckily, I hadn't yet reached the next target's room when, at that moment, Frong happened to pass by.

"What is love?"

"Damn it. What are you doing?"

"Answer me first." I stop blocking his way. If he doesn't answer, I will definitely not let him go back to the room.

"Love is..." The other person trailed off, trying to use his thoughts. "It's what we love."

"Love is love?" I asked back to make sure again.

"Maybe."

Ok. I write! Let Frong follow the call of fate, now it will be the new victim's turn to be interviewed by me. I am also very hardworking. Yotha went out at late noon, after the real owner of the room returned and glared at him to reclaim his territory. My best friend Kong was still unconscious, while I was drunk and recovered noticeably faster.

Alright. When will he wake up and think again? It's better to turn around and focus on my friend in the third room.

"What is love?"

"Love is my Vanilla sky."

"Your answer is too abstract. But thank you."

"Actually there is another answer."

"Say it."

"Love is cookies on the moon and blueberry cheesecake on the sun."

"My headache is worse than before."

The fourth room...

"What is love?"

"Jack and Rose. Shipwrecked lovers."

"It's too much of a movie. What about you, Book?"

"My love is giving everything to that person, especially money." I've encountered the adoptive style. Whoever is his lover should quickly raise his hand and ask for the ATM code.

"Thank you very much."

"What are you asking for, Tai?"

"I'm doing research." I just said that and smiled. I won't say this is a personal matter, I intend to keep it an exclusive secret, only for a few who knows, until both of us are really sure of it.

The 5th room are absent from. Room 6...

"What is love?"

"Asking for what?"

"Answer first."

"Sex."

I was stunned by the answer, because this word had never existed in my head. What should I do? Or should I ask him to explain further? Because in my entire 19-year life, I have never felt that feeling. La la with puppy love in a fluffy chicken style is probably me.

"Why sex?"

"Oh great. When you have a boyfriend, don't you have sex? Because you are that love."

"You have to distinguish between love and sex."

"I don't know. My love is sex." The guy didn't intend to argue but just turned around and walked back to the bed with the glass of Ovaltine.

Room 7...

"What is love?"

"Love is gravity."

"Huiiiiiiiiiiii. The meaning is so good."

"Here. It's like Newton said. Two objects always exert a force of attraction on each other. But if we need to find the force of attraction between the masses of objects, we have to replace the value in the FG formula with GM. .."

"That's enough. I'm about to vomit Physics into this place."

"Oh, good. I thought you wanted to hear more."

"Thank you very much, but I'll have to vomit for a bit."

"Like you threw up in the bar last night?"

"Why do you know?"

"The whole department knows it all, Tai."

The image I had patiently built was over. I didn't expect it to collapse so easily just because of the alcohol in my mouth.

I stood there mourning for myself for about 3 seconds, before continuing to move on. After finishing the men's dormitory, go down to 7-11. When I was meeting close friends in the female dormitory, I didn't forget to ask super classic questions.

"What is love?"

"Gun, do you like me?" Damn it. Bua is truly confident. As expected of my true friend.

"No. That's all I asked. Answer first."

"My love is a twin brother like Yotha."

Shock!!

"Do you... really love him?" If it's true, I'll probably win a big jackpot.

"I love everyone who is handsome."

"But Yotha isn't very handsome. Faifah looks better."

"I like quiet people."

"Bua, but happy people are good in a different way."

"Hey Gun, you're pushing yourself on me again. You really like me, right?"
My mouth itches to say what's in my heart, but I had to control myself and smile shyly instead of answering.

To prevent Bua from further questioning, I quickly changed the subject before quickly asking permission to go back to my room. But instead of targeting my room, this time I boldly knocked on Kong's door. In my heart I could only pray that the dark gentleman would not return at this time. Normally, when it's a holiday, he disappears.

"Just popped my head in. Drowning in last night's vomit?"

"Your house is sunk." The first greeting didn't have the slightest bit of concern or worry, only a mocking face at my karmic fate. It's truly the talk of the town.

"I have a picture of when you threw up. Everyone's faces were like... it's really funny."

"Keep that picture and don't spread it anywhere."

"You go and tell the 2nd year. They took the picture while Isan was loading the sausage* Isan put it in his mouth. It took a few shots." Kong said he was sitting in the middle of the room, looking especially happy, so I guessed that maybe the other roommate really wasn't there. "Are you looking for anything from me? Craving sausage?"

* A Lao dish

"Can't I go up and find it?"

"Okay. But I thought you were looking for someone."

"Thich. Good at writing and acting." Even though he clears his name, he doesn't forget to act crookedly and commit evil.

Actually, I intentionally came to find Kongkiat. I wanted to ask for some advice, so I sat down at the table in the middle of the room, then carefully watched him eat the sausage happily. Not until the other person raised his head, raising his middle finger as if he teases the liver.

"Say whatever you want."

"Why do you know?"

"Oh. Just by looking at your eyes, I can see through your appendix."

"Like... last night I got drunk." I said in a small voice. The end of the sentence is light and makes the listener prick up their ears.

"Already?"

"I'm... not in my right mind. But I'll say it first. You can't tell anyone about this." Even though Kong has the nickname Kong knows, the world knows it is stuck on his forehead, but who said he is the only friend I dare to tell him everything about.

"Yeah."

"I accidentally said I love Yotha."

Phut!!

Ugh~ The super spicy La Isan of a beautiful and seductive lady was now sprayed all over my face. Oh Kong, it's Kong. I don't see why he has to play this big. I could only raise my hand to brush the stains off my face. There's nothing that makes me want to cry.

"Sorry." Then he held out a crumpled tissue for me to wipe. "Because I was so surprised. I didn't expect you to be so impatient."

"What the hell are you in a hurry?"

"Confessing to each other and fucking each other."

"Fuck your house. Just saying..."

"What did Yotha say then?"

"He also... said he loved me." This time, don't you dare spit anything in my face a second time. Gun, if you miss it once, there won't be a next time. I raised my hand to cover my best friend's mouth. Finally, wait until the other person stops panicking before letting go.

"So that means you two have decided to date each other, right?"

"Huh." I shook my head vigorously. "To be honest, I confessed because I liked him so much that I couldn't control it anymore. As for Yotha, I'm not sure because when I asked, he didn't even know what love was. I'm afraid that in the end, his feelings for me may not be love. We've only been in the same room for 2 months."

"There are people who only need to meet one day to fall in love."

"For someone like him who is afraid of love, he can't be compared to others. That's why I want to make sure if the love for Yotha is really me."

"Sometimes you don't necessarily know what the definition of love is, because in the end you love someone. Listen to your heart. If it's this person, then no matter what, it can only be this person."

I can't believe Kong has a sentence full of philosophy and satire, making my throat stiff. It seemed like he realized that, so he smiled proudly and opened his mouth to continue speaking.

"Now is not the time to sit in doubt, it's better to move forward with this relationship."

"What should I do?"

"Get rid of it. There's an advantage in attacking first. You already have a bad habit of pursuing others. It's easy." Love me or hate me, tell the truth.

"How to attack? To be honest, Even though I confessed my love to him, I don't know many things about his life. The more it's in the past, the more empty it is."

"What do you want to know about his past? Knowing won't help you. Just focusing on the present is enough."

"It's not that I want to know because of many things. But his past makes the present really bad. Think about it. Up to now, there are still people following and trampling him. That's why I want to know if he didn't know before. What is the reason for loving someone? "

"Tai, then listen to me."

Kong looked at me with an attentive expression while his mouth was still chewing the pork skin deliciously.

"Say."

"If it's too confusing, just ask directly. I think if Yotha loves you, he will definitely tell you everything."

And then this is the advice from Kong that I need to apply in developing relationships.

Who said that lovers are always as sweet as honey in May?

Look at me. Yotha and I are people who have no interest in developing anything, because we like a gradual relationship. Every time we meet, we become more and more like a master and a guard dog. Never saying nice things to each other, just arguing.

"What should we call it?" I followed his car out of school, after being ordered to take care of boxed lunches for the people in the department.

Before the day of the pageant and the opening event of the world of activities, each person has their own mission. The logistics team immediately divided who served water and who distributed rice and snacks to everyone. Yotha and I are in the dispatch team. It's not like we're mobilizing people from the department, it's more like the shop owner contracted to make boxed lunches.

I opened the crumpled paper, scanned the scribbled handwriting of the 3rd year head while talking to the person next to me who was sitting behind the wheel.

"200 boxes of stir-fried meat with basil and fried eggs, 200 boxes of egg fried rice, 200 boxes of Penang curry pork with fried eggs, 50 boxes of rice for you to eat extra. 10 more boxes for those who are allergic to a few food groups. It's over. P'To said to come pick it up at 11 a.m. tomorrow."

"Ok. Now go to the first restaurant and order first before going to another restaurant."

"Obey."

"Have you eaten anything yet?"

"What are you worried about?" While speaking, I tried to turn my head to look outside the window to hide my embarrassment.

"I'm worried. I'm afraid you won't feel well."

Ho. My heart is as liquid as water.

"Not yet. I'm planning on going home to eat with my friends at the department." It is now more than 6 o'clock. Around 7 o'clock, the remaining logistics team will line up to distribute boxed lunches. So, how do I quickly get home in time for the free meal?

"Do you want to buy anything?" Damn it. Yotha really cares for me. So touching.

"Let's see." The car stopped and turned off the engine in front of a restaurant behind the university. It's not a very big restaurant, but you can trust the cooking skills, because the people in the department love it like crazy. I don't know if he put marijuana in it to make it taste this good.

After taking care of the food ordering, the tall relative turned to ask me as if he knew what I meant.

"There's a fried skewer restaurant next door. Do you want to eat?"

How can someone like Gun refuse? I hastily nodded immediately. Actually, since the day we said we loved each other, something has changed. For example, the favor that the other person gives me. If it were before, what you would eat and when you would sleep would be your business.

"How much?" Sugar daddy Yotha asked again, after we stood at the fried skewer shop.

"For a million skewers."

"Are you stupid?" Huh! Watch out for me, you dark creature.

"When I told Kong that I would buy a million kebabs, he didn't say a word."

"Is he depressed? Have you seen your face?"

"Obviously causing trouble."

"In short, how much does it cost?"

"2."

"Are you sure? Say it properly"

"3."

"Are you full?" Retirement. Why does it understand so clearly?

"Four trees are fine."

"Ok. Brother, give me 5 fried pork balls. After calling, he quickly pulled me inside to sit in a chair to wait. It's like he understands me better than I understand myself. In the beginning, he already had a child in his heart. It's fate, but I don't dare say it. People who like each other have to maintain their image in front of each other. But once Yotha is no longer polite, can Gunyukol please allow me to extend the drinks a bit?

"I saw the shop next door selling pearl milk tea a while ago."

"If you want to buy it, go ahead." Sitting in meditation and wondering again.

"Do you have anything to drink? I'll pay."

"I don't like sweets. Just buy yours." After nodding in understanding, I stood up, walked proudly to the next stall and immediately ordered a huge glass of taro fresh milk with pearls to drink. After paying and getting my drink, I immediately took a sip to quench my thirst. After a while, proceed with the meatballs.

"Gun." Unexpectedly, I met someone I knew. I made a confused face, scratched my head and tried to remember where I had met the other person before. "That's Klao."

"Klao?"

"We met at Bangon Pochana that night. Remember?"

"Ah." I remember. The person came over to start a conversation. Even though I didn't know him, I still hummed along. "You said you were familiar with Yotha."

"Yes. Who are you going with then?"

"Go with Yotha. Do you want to go see him? Here. Just next door."

"No problem."

"What year are you in?" All I know is that every name looks the same. Ask so you can calculate the year correctly and not be too insolent when talking.

"Year 4. Are you free to go party together? I'll invite everyone who knows Yotha."

"I'm really bad at drinking so it probably won't suit me. I'm afraid it'll cause a ruckus. Summer!" The puppy's face smiled shyly, but he still didn't stop.

"It's okay to invite a friend to come with you. Are you free this Saturday? Let's organize it at my apartment."

"Brother, I..."

"It's just me, N'Gun."

"..."

"I'm the only one in your family, you bastard."

I didn't say anything. No words...

Because this sentence was from Yotha who was currently holding a bag of meatballs and stewing towards us with a threatening look. The thick hand grabbed my wrist and quickly pulled me to stand behind it. I don't know what happened, but honestly I feel much better inside than when I was alone with my 4th year seniors.

"Long time no see. Every time I go to a party, you avoid me. Why are you so rude today?"

"What do you want?"

I yanked my relative's arm 2-3 times as if to remind him not to cause trouble.

"Isn't it okay to just say hello to your friend?"

Yotha said nothing, using his strength to pull me back to the car. But at the moment we were jostling to sit in, a 4th year senior named Klao kept running after us. Furthermore, he stopped both of our actions with just one sentence.

"Stop being mean to my lover."

"I never thought anything of it."

"But you guys see each other all the time. Do you dare to say that you're pure?"

"..."

"If you don't want me to touch you, you should learn to control yourself. After all, your first love is just the past." He only said that before walking away, leaving Yotha and I looking at each other in bewilderment. Until I squeezed into the car, I still didn't even know what I should do. Super delicious fried meatballs and sweet bubble tea have indirectly lost their importance.

Until the car moved forward, the person next to me was the one who broke the silence.

"Since when have you known Klao?"

"When I went to Bangon Pochana, he suddenly came to talk to me. He said he knew you so we should... chat for a bit." There are many questions I want to ask but I don't dare. At this moment, being thick-skinned probably won't help.

I want to know many things. Who is the person Yotha is entangled with? Who is P'Klao? What kind of relationship do they have with each other? I know almost nothing about the stories and secrets related to Yotha.

"Then did he do anything to you?"

"No."

"If you see Klao again, stay away. If you have anything, call me."

"Are you going to do something bad with P'Klao?" Thick hands gripped the steering wheel tightly, eyes focused on the road. But when he heard the question just now, the other person immediately turned around and looked for a moment, his eyes shaking so much that I could see it, even if it was just for a split second.

"A little."

"Is there anything you want to tell me?"

"It's just... I've known my lover for a long time. But now I don't think anything of him."

"I believe you." I say what I want to say, according to what my heart is telling me.

Sometimes if the past is too difficult to talk about and can hurt the other person, maybe I should choose not to dig too deep and just look at the present as Kong directly advised.

"Why do you believe it?"

"Because it's Yotha." When I saw the handsome smiling face, my heart suddenly started pounding. "Hui. It's okay to be shy and so cute. Can't I call you darkness anymore?"

"So what do you want to call it?"

"Call it a dumb face."

"There's nothing better than the old one."

"In short, how can Yotha comfortably call me?"

"You can call me dumb-faced if you want. Or dark, whatever."

"Eh. Why do you say you don't like it?"

"You call. Either way is good."

After a long time searching for the meaning of love, I also got my answer. If love for the dark gentleman is a dog-faced person like me, Gunyukol would also like to define the love in his heart as Yotha.

"Faifah has a new rule. Please read it, Yotha."

The door opened a crack. I leaned close to the door frame, staring intently at the tall figure standing outside.

Last night I had an argument with my roommate about nonsense. Because people with cold faces have invaded my room too many times lately, I've lost all privacy. Therefore, with anger, Faifah wrote more rules.

From the beginning, it was strictly forbidden for outsiders to sneak into the room at night, but it didn't seem to be effective because every night Yotha had the stomach to sleep next to me. So we had to re-solve the problem.

"What crazy rules?"

"Read it first." I knocked on the door twice and then pointed and asked him to read the words posted on the door.

"Yes. Then what?"

"There is an entrance fee for outsiders. Pay with money, milk, cake or whatever. Choose something."

I find that the newly added rules are beneficial. Faifah really doesn't disappoint. Because the only target who often enters the room without permission is Yotha. And Kong is the exception to all.

"It's 10 o'clock at night. Tell me to go out and buy something now?" The taller man replied calmly.

"Not going to the bar?"

"I don't go."

"Why have you been such a good boy lately?"

"I was overcome by my stubbornness so I had to stay." I pouted at him, before raising my hand and wagging my finger.

"If you don't have snacks, give me money."

"Extortion of money in the room."

"Then don't let you in."

Yotha's appearance right now can only say one word: 'extremely childish'. He wears a pink bunny shirt that is only seen once a week. Now if you count, P'Arm bought him 5 sets of pajamas. The outfits he often wears back and forth are the penguin and the seal. Scene changed to me... still wearing my favorite boxer.

"It's fine to pay the entrance fee, right?"

"Exactly."

After saying that, the tall owner immediately bent down, then attacked, leaving me unprepared.

The world rotated as if everything around me overturned and collapsed on top of me, making me feel dizzy for a moment, because I never thought or dreamed that I would be pressed down with a kiss by plump lips. Even though it was only a short time before leaving, the heat of the taste felt on my lips was still clear.

Huuuuuu. Yotha kiss me! Yotha kiss me!

"Reply."

" ... "

"Can I go into my room yet?" The other person replied in a lazy voice, while I pretended to be about to cry.

Then there was nothing Gun could do but stand still, let the person outside push the door in and occupy the bed, as if nothing had happened before.

"Next time, don't pay like this again. You have to pay with money, or else it's snacks. The minimum limit to pay is 10 baht."

"Bloodsucking." Look what he says.

He jumped on the bed and took the comic book that I had left on my pillow last night and read it absent-mindedly.

"This is Faifah's order."

"He's not coming back."

"Why do you know?"

"He called to talk. He's at the apartment tonight." It's bad luck for me. Mr. Fai. How can you abandon such a lovely and good person to stay with Lord Voldemort? If he uses dark arts on me, I will definitely be prepared, because no matter what, I will not resist him.

"Then you can move your butt over to Faifah's bed and sleep."

"I don't sleep in other people's beds."

"But you're lying in my bed?"

"You are not someone else."

Speechless. Ok. This time I lost again.

"Are you planning on going back to your room?"

"Wait until you move in together first before I go home. Come up here quickly."

"Move over." I spoke in a low voice, but the other person still maintained the same posture. I picked up the laptop from the desk and sat next to my partner on the bed. I try to find something to relieve stress, so I don't care about the people next to me. But sitting against the head of the bed, and with our shoulders touching like this, I probably won't be able to maintain my image for long.

"What comic series are you reading?"

"Excited again?"

"Just asking."

"Attack on Titan."

"Ah. It's the Great War of Giants."

"YES."

"Very well. I'll take note of what you're into lately." Because I want to develop a relationship, I have to preserve every little bit, remember everything to look like someone who cares.

"If you want to know anything, just ask." My eyes opened wide, I felt excited to death when Yotha suddenly opened the way for me to clear up my long-standing doubts.

"Are you going to answer?"

"Ask first."

I clenched my fist and held it out in front of the other person, pretending to be a reporter interviewing a famous person.

"What is your date of birth?"

"Still don't know?"

"Come on. Answer first." Actually, I already know. If not, how can you embroider the date of birth number on the tie for the other person? But in the end I still want to hear it from the other person's mouth. Of course. The feeling when I heard it was different.

"April 8."

"And I..." Before I could open my mouth to reply, I was blatantly interrupted.

"I know."

"Why do you know?" The silence of the person next to me made me want to laugh out loud. "From the question form?"

"Self-acting."

"Okay then." It's okay to not tease anymore. I'm afraid the kids around here have too thin skin. "Have you ever had a boyfriend?"

"Ever."

"Have you ever had sex?" When I asked, I felt like my face was hot and I didn't know how. Probably someone with thin skin is me.

"Ever."

I was a little stunned. Ok. For someone who meets all kinds of girls, it must have been there. Even though Yotha said he wouldn't sleep with someone he was playing with, that doesn't mean there was never a time in the past when he didn't know what love was.

"This is serious. I really want to know what the tattoo on your body means?" Deadly atmosphere...

That said, Maybe Yotha didn't want to talk about it, but I still unintentionally evoked the other person's feelings. I wanted to raise my hand and slap my mouth hard. But a moment later, the low sound echoed to the eardrums.

"Open your hands." I was still in a state of confusion, as opposed to my body following orders like an obedient dog.

My tall best friend used his index finger to draw words on my palm. The feeling was a bit ticklish, but I still ordered myself to focus on the touches from the person next to me.

00110001 00110100

00110000 00110011

The brain is too empty to decode a series of numbers. Only know that they are numbers 0 and 1, which are binary codes.

"What is the significance?" Sorry for asking like an idiot. But I can boldly admit that I'm stupid.

"It's the number 1403, the day my parents divorced."

"...!!"

Wrong, Gun. This time you made a mistake that cannot be forgiven.

"Sorry."

"Sorry for what? It doesn't hurt me anymore."

"This is the reason why you don't love anyone, right?"

"A part."

"What about the other part?"

"If you want answers, you have to pay a fee."

"Oh. Stingy." It's okay to not want to know anymore. Afraid of provoking the other person's feelings again.

As I once told myself, what I need to focus on is the present. Since Yotha has opened up to me so much, we have to keep trying for each other.

"Yotha, just one more question and I won't ask anymore."

"Umm."

"Why am I the one who makes you stop being afraid of loving someone?"

"Lovely."

"Huh?"

"Because to me, no one is as lovely as you."

Friday night is a fun night. Close friends gathered together for a date at a pub almost as familiar as Bangon Pochana. Personally, I had to say goodbye after being called out by the restaurant manager. So, I asked Yotha to let me follow him to the cocktail bar where his brother opened it.

November 15th is quite busy. This is because today is the last day of a working week, so many people have been partying hard since before 9:30.

Yotha felt that this time was still not suitable to sit and sip beer or drinks, so he took me upstairs to his room, spent all his time cooking instant noodles, drinking coffee and watching a whole movie. Wait until the shop closes before going downstairs.

"What's up? Long time no see." P'Nop, the owner and bartender, was the first to say hello. As for Newton, there's no need to talk about him. At this time, he's probably still not done making love with the girl so I can't see him anywhere.

"It's been so busy at the department lately." We sat down on the high chair in the cashier area like last time.

"Do you want something to drink? To make up for working hard at the department."

'Give me something light and consistent.'

"Water."

"Not cool at all."

"If you're as bad at drinking as you are, you'll vomit everything you drink." How does he know that?

I always think that perhaps there will never be a day when I have to be in a situation where I don't estimate myself correctly. Until the day I vomited all over Yotha's shirt. From that day on, I no longer dared to drink anything heavy.

"If so, it's up to you to consider it."

"Mocktail to go. No alcohol. Yotha, yours is the same, right?"

"Yes."

Same as beer. Drinking so furiously that the whole factory sat down and wanted to get drunk too. Now that Newton has joined in, it's a good enough set.

"So how are you two doing? You seem closer than before."

I was immediately bewildered, all I could do was look into the eyes of my tall relative sitting next to me. We still haven't told anyone how far our relationship has progressed. We intend to wait until we are both in a state where we understand each other, but we don't know when that will be because we are not in a hurry with it.

"A little." He replied and smiled sweetly. Xi!

"Your smile is really scary, Gun."

BELCH...

"Faifah came by the other day."

"What does he do?"

"He didn't do anything. Just sat down and drank beer and then went home. But what's funny is that he kept complaining about someone taking his room. Do you know who it was?"

Trouble came suddenly. That means P'Nop still doesn't know that I've slept with Faifah, right? That's the harasser to the point where the owner of the room couldn't stay still, he was sitting right in front of me.

"Don't worry for Fai." Yotha... is so good at avoiding mistakes.

I sat sipping a drink and listened to the two talking to each other. After a while, someone joined the group. At first I guessed that P'Newton was hanging out with girls like before. But this time all the assumptions were wrong, because the person coming out of the elevator was a senior named Klao.

"Huh. Klao, are you back?" P'Nop called out. The owner of the name immediately turned to look. I thought maybe he saw me and Yotha at the cashier counter so he smiled strangely.

"Yes."

"Want to drink beer together?"

"Forget it, brother. People around here are uncomfortable after wasting their time. I'll go home now."

"Yeah."

"Let's go first, Gun."

"Y... yes."

That person left. The surrounding atmosphere changed visibly. One was that Yotha still sat still, while P'Nop refused to open his mouth to say anything else other than being busy arranging glasses and drinks.

This side also didn't know what topic to talk about, so they had to sit quietly and sip mocktails. 10 minutes later, the elevator door opened again. Hopefully P'Newton's appearance will make the atmosphere better. But not at all. I was wrong...

"Is there any beer to drink?"

Someone's tall, thin body strode to the cashier and stopped. White skin, round black eyes, slightly curly brown hair. Even though he's wearing a striped t-shirt and pants set that looks like pajamas, it's not difficult to attract other people's attention. I know it's impolite to stare at the other person without looking away, but who told that person to stand next to me?

"For you, I limit drinking to no more than 2 bottles is enough."

"Oh. What is it, Nop?"

"If you drink too much, you'll feel bad."

"You drank a whole bucket with Newton and I didn't even say a word."

"Before I complain, let me introduce him a bit so we can get acquainted." The person in front of the counter pouted at me. The senior next to him immediately turned around and silently met his eyes.

"What? How?"

"This is Yotha, his name is N'Gun."

"Hello sir." I quickly clasped my hands in greeting without waiting for anyone to remind me.

"Hello." He smiled at me and I melted. "My name is Warich. You can also call me Wa."

"You once said that our shop has 3 partners. This guy is the third partner."

"Aaaaa."

I smiled brighter than before. The partner of this shop is so good-looking.

"And importantly..."

"..."

"He's Klao's lover."

The initial smile became stiff.

I'm not sure how I should sequence the story. Last time I met P'Klao, he mentioned his lover that Yotha likes to mess with. Only today did I know the truth that the person was right next to me. Moreover, he is always in the room above.

'Shall we take the exam? Take the test slowly, no rush. Whoever overcomes their fear first will win.'

The words I said to Yotha that day echoed.

Because I keep thinking that if we overcome fear, we will find happiness. However, for some people, I even almost forgot that they might not want to walk through it.

I can't deny the truth after connecting everything together...

P'Wa is Yotha's first love.

P'Wa is the shop's capital partner.

And P'Wa is always here, never gone anywhere.

The reason Yotha likes to come here every night is probably not because he wants to disrupt others. On the contrary... Perhaps he was trying to attract his attention so that he would return to his side again.

Knock out!

Really funny.

While I kept asking Yotha what love was to him, it turned out that perhaps someone had taught him love a long time ago...

[End of chapter 10]

11

Co-translator : yukifeebleu

Chapter 11: The happy gentleman and his self-pity

I don't like that mood and atmosphere at all. Yes, I hate it. I hate feeling different, turning into someone unknown among everyone. Cheerfulness, or even the expression of talking non-stop as if a switch had been suddenly turned down.

P'Newton joined the group half an hour later. We immediately sat and clinked glasses together at the bar, while the other staff diligently cleaned the bar. P'Nop is a kind person. When we finish work, we all go home, so we will have to help each other clean up the remaining little things after drinking.

But waiting until then will probably be a bit busy...

"Are you sleeping here tonight?" A lot of the dialogue changes according to the speaker's mood. This time it was P'Wan's turn, who naturally started questioning Yotha.

"No-sleeping." The tall relative spoke in a low voice as he picked up a glass of water and took a sip. In the blink of an eye, grumbling sounds immediately followed.

"Oh. What is that? Today is Saturday, isn't it?"

"What about Saturday?"

"You don't care about me anymore these days? Forgot all of me."

"Talkative."

"Yeah. You can sleep here, Yotha. The bed is quite large, you can share it with Gun." P'Newton was the one who interrupted the conversation. Yotha was silent for a while, before turning to look at me as if asking for my opinion.

"I'd rather go back to the dormitory." If I continue to stay here, I'm afraid that both I and the rest of the people will be suffocated. "But you just go to sleep. Don't worry. I'll call Grab back."

"No way. We have to go home together." Having decided that, I nodded to show understanding, without making any compromises or saying anything else.

"If you go home, don't drink too much. You have to drive." P'Nop reminded with concern.

"You're the guilty one, you Nop. If you reveal it, you'll be clinking glasses with him all the time."

"Ngaaaaaaa. Wa, monkey. You are also guilty. You ask him to raise his glass non-stop."

"I know Yotha's limits."

"I can't help it, dad knows everything." The half-joking, half-serious debate continued. I laughed reluctantly to make the atmosphere better.

"Yeah. But how is Gun so familiar with Yotha? Normally he rarely gets along with anyone. Every time he brings a friend here you can count it." Long question aimed at me. When I saw P'Wan's curious expression, I couldn't answer.

"I just found out you suddenly became roommates with Yotha."

"If they're roommates, it's understandable. But normally, if they weren't extremely close, they wouldn't bring them here. Serious question. Are they really friends?"

"Many things."

I didn't answer this question, but Yotha spoke as if he had a guilty conscience.

"What is that? Just asking this much makes you have a lot of trouble?"

"Who said many things."

"You speak harshly. Why did you always agree with me before? Where did your tone go, boy?"

"Don't call me boy. It's not funny."

"Oh my. It's okay if you don't tease me anymore, you Yotha who is completely grown up." The other person said as he stretched his hand across my face, then lovingly placed it on the buffalo head of his tall relative.

My whole body was cold from head to toe. Maybe it was because I was sitting between the two of them, so I felt strangely awkward. Even though it was only for a moment, that image was deeply imprinted in my eyes and could not be erased.

Furthermore, when the white-bodied senior reached out and ruffled someone's hair, my eyes could clearly see the tattoo at the bend of his elbow, making my mind even more frantic, because it was a series of numbers 0 and 1. 1 is similar to the one Yotha tattooed on his body.

"Does P'Wa have tattoos too?" Because I couldn't bear it for even a second, I unconsciously asked.

"Ah, yes. It's binary code." He replied without concealment. "Tattoo my name."

"So it turns out."

"Gun knows binary numbers, right?"

"I know, but I can't decode it so I mostly use programs."

"Whatever you say, this binary code is taught to everyone by that bastard Wa. Damn it! I thought it was a secret code of the Nazis. If there's a weird thing, don't say it directly. Just like to force me to do it." prize." P'New grumbled, causing the rest to nod in agreement.

"Hey. I'll teach you the knowledge so it can be imprinted in your brain. If you don't mind, please focus a little."

"Probably only you and Yotha are in the mood."

"â€"

P'Wa has tattoos of the numbers 0 and 1 that mean his name, while Yotha is a little different in that it has a tattoo that symbolizes his parents' separation. However, it cannot be denied that the person who taught Yotha this was the boy named Warich.

I don't want to embarrass myself, but he's the guy Yotha likes. It's not okay to force myself not to think about it. I want to get out of this place. I want to disappear....

"Please excuse me to go to the bathroom for a moment." I said as I stood up from the chair without waiting for anyone's permission. The owner of the handsome face turned around and looked for a moment but said nothing. I quickly left.

Oh man. I don't feel the need to urinate. It's just so stuffy that there's no way to stay there any longer. But telling me to sit on the toilet until everyone dispersed I didn't know how long it would take, so I could only splash water to wash my face. Unfortunately, the phone battery is about to run out. At this point, if I continue playing games to kill time, I'm afraid the battery will run out in less than 10 minutes.

What should I do?

This question kept lingering in my head. P'Wa already has a lover. The relationship between him and Yotha is just a thing of the past. Thinking of this, instead of being relieved, my feelings became much heavier.

So what if Yotha doesn't want to see the other person as just the past?"

Damned! I quickly put the idle thoughts out of my head, stared at myself in the mirror, took a deep breath, forced a bright smile, before turning around to face the person outside.

"Gun, kid, do you want another drink?" Returning to the cashier counter, P'Newton's question rang through my eardrums.

"No."

"You haven't been drinking, why do you look so drowsy?"

"I'm a little sleepy."

"So are you coming back?" Yotha was finally the one to speak up.

I quietly made eye contact with the other person for a while then slowly nodded because I really wanted to leave here. The corners of my eyes burned to the point of being uncontrollable. I tried my best to blink away some emotions.

After that, there wasn't much time to talk. After saying goodbye, the two of us quickly walked straight to the car. On the way from November 15th to the university dormitory, we didn't open our mouths to say anything but just let the silence do its job.

After arriving, we headed back to our room. Normally, if it's Friday or Saturday night, Faifah will stay in his own apartment. Tonight too. I have to be alone and helpless. Even lazy to shower and brush teeth. The thing I want to do most is probably crawl under the blanket and close my eyes.

Clack

I don't know if I'm hard of hearing or what, but suddenly I heard the sound of turning the doorknob. Not long after that, I heard the sound of the room door locking. Because I was still covered with a blanket and lying with my back to the door, I was too lazy to turn over to look.

"Beagle." The mattress on the bed sank with a familiar sound calling my name.

Perhaps the dark guy took advantage of the opportunity to lie down on the bed like every night. But instead of the other person leaning back and lying down, I didn't feel any movement. Surprise forced me to turn over to face the taller person again.

"Is there anything you want to ask?" We looked into each other's eyes before I gave an answer.

"I don't know what to ask, because I'm not sure if you'll answer."

I think when it feels comfortable to tell, that will be the time. I don't want to rush.

"Warich and I have known each other for a long time. He's been close to Newton since freshman year. Back then, I was just starting out in high school. We often met when we were looking for New in the dormitory, or one time he took his friend home."

I slowly sat up, crossed my legs, and concentrated on what the person in front of me was telling me. Even though I felt scared deep inside, when I thought that everything Yotha was telling me was just the past, I forced myself to courageously continue listening. I want to know everything related to Yotha. No matter good or bad, I'm still willing to accept it.

"Warich is a weird guy. Likes to poke his nose into other people's business, but at the same time is kind and generous. I don't know when I started waiting for him to come over, or wait for a good opportunity to find Newton. in the dormitory. I am happy every time I see his face. Happy when the other person helps teach me homework. But because I'm too young, I don't think I'll go find the answer with him."

I felt like my breathing was starting to get more and more difficult. But what I showed was just a faint smile and continued to listen.

"Warich has never liked women. The first and only lover I knew was a boy. However, the relationship didn't end. So at that time I entered his life, slowly comforted him until we got over the bad days. We finally started dating, even though I was only a senior and Warich was in his third year."

"â€"

"Whether that's called love or not, I'm not sure. But he's the only person I have feelings for."

"Then why..." I didn't dare finish the question. But Yotha seemed to sense it so he continued explaining.

"There was probably only one year where the word 'dating' was used. In the end, our thoughts were different. Warich realized that our relationship wasn't love. It was just an attachment. The feeling of loneliness is created right there. Damn, I don't understand. How can people who live like lovers for a year be just brothers? Sure what love is after all."

This is probably the longest sentence I have ever heard from the other person's mouth.

I can understand the reasons that shaped Yotha into the indifferent and withdrawn person he is today. At the same time, I'm glad that at least those secrets were told to me. It is the release of certain emotions that have been entangled in the heart for a long time.

"What about after that?"

"We ended easily. We were just brothers. He started with someone new, in contrast to me, who was still stuck in the same place, hypnotizing myself to forget. But with someone I bump into every day, how could I forget?"

"That's right."

"I still try to keep myself in his sight. I hope that one day we will return to the way we were, even though I know clearly that nothing is the same anymore. I'm just creating a barrier by myself."

"This is why you come to the restaurant every night, right?"

I very much hope that the answer will be 'no'.

"Right. But that's all... Because there was hope, but in the end it was hopeless. I lost all faith in love. Knowing that no matter what, one day it would end in separation. I thought like that for many years until I met you."

Hearing that, I immediately smiled at the person in front of me. The handsome face frowned, not saying anything but just remaining silent. Changed to me being the one who lost patience, before opening my mouth to speak directly to the other person.

"Yotha, you're not my first love because we both started with other people. I know the past is just the past, but I want to ask to make sure you've moved on or not. There's no need to give me an answer."

"It's over." He immediately replied.

"I believe you. If so, then it's just our problem."

"â€"

"What I want is to bother you to ask yourself again, what is your true love? You once said that I am special. Sometimes it can be close to love but it is not love. I won't rush the answer. You can take as much time as you want."

"How long does it take?"

"Umm."

"A day, a month or maybe a year?"

"I will wait."

"So what if the answer isn't love?"

"No problem."

I replied in a trembling voice, trying my best to force a smile.

"Is it really okay?"

"Umm."

"Are you sad?"

"Not sad, because I am the freshness of this world." Even if his feelings aren't love in the end, I won't be sad...

Suffering for him, but also happy for him. How can I be sad?

I told myself that over and over again, but whyâ€¦ tears still kept falling.

I take a shower, wash my face, take a shirt out of the closet and wear it. Everything still happens exactly like yesterday, without any deviation. The phone notification rang a few times. I guess it was straight Kong who urged me to go down to the cafeteria to have breakfast together.

"Puppy."

"â€¦"

"Puppy." Faifah's voice pulled me over to look. It's also standing next to my closet.

"What is up?"

"I remember you don't need to go to the workshop today, why are you wearing the faculty uniform?" That reminder just now reminded me. Oh yeah. It's true that I have to wear a student uniform today.

"Forgot. I've been a bit absent-minded lately. Thank you very much." After saying that again with a smile, I turned around and busied myself with taking off my shirt and looking for clothes to wear.

It's been a few days since the events of that night, but I still haven't had an answer from Yotha. Not to mention, they seem to be more and more distant these days. Maybe it's because I slowly kept my distance for fear that the other person's unclear emotions would make me sink deeper.

"Puppy."

"What else?" This time my roommate still called me back to my subconscious.

"You're wearing your shirt backwards." I looked down at myself, before being surprised by what I saw. No wonder I tried so hard to button it, but can't get in either.

"Haha. Sorry."

"Are you okay? You've been feeling strangely lethargic lately."

"I don't get enough sleep."

"Take care of yourself. I'm a bit late today. I have to practice for the pageant - male pageant. Damn it. I'm about to compete."

"YES."

"It's okay to be alone, right? Or let Kong come down to keep you company?"

"Okay. I'm an adult, not a child."

"You're an adult and you still wear your shirt backwards. Take care of yourself."

"I know. Nagging like my mother."

Because I didn't want to worry Faifah, I quickly turned to the closet, quickly got ready and asked permission to go out first. Kong has been waiting for a long time. I don't want to make him angry and complain anymore.

A day without much. Go to school in the morning, eat lunch at the department. But because the morning school dismissal time is the same time, I was forced to have a headache with the huge number of people in the faculty cafeteria.

We finished packing our backpacks before separating and lining up to buy rice at the restaurant we were interested in. My line is a bit long, but because it's a curry rice restaurant, the food is served quite quickly compared to others.

The moment I was waiting for, my eyes suddenly observed someone's tall and thin body in my eyes. It was Yotha coming down from the building to go eat with his friends.

Maybe he can't see me. Only this side is staring intently at the other person's actions without blinking an eye.

"What should I get?"

"â€"

"Boy." Someone's hand was on my shoulder. I regained consciousness and focused on what was in front of me again. The shop owner held an empty plate of rice and smiled dryly while the kids lining up behind him made confused faces.

"Yes?"

"What to eat?"

"I'll get minced pork stir-fried with basil and another dish, fried chicken."

Uncle scooped food as requested. He still gives as much as before. After scooping, place it next to the food cabinet and pay for it.

"25 baht."

Hearing that, I didn't delay taking money out of my pocket to pay. While waiting for change, I couldn't help but turn to look at someone. However,

this time Yotha has disappeared to an unknown location. Feeling a bit disappointed. After receiving the change, I turned around and walked back to the table as before.

"Bot!" Uncle shouted behind him. I turned my head again to follow the call.

"Is something wrong?"

"Forgot to take the rice."

Oh yeah. I hate myself to death. Stay alert, Gun. Conscious!

"Thanks."

Chaotic mind. I don't know where I should focus anymore. Even the stories my friends tell me, I still understand some of them.

"Tai! Did you hear that?" Kongkiat hit me on the head, causing me to almost bury my face in my plate of rice.

"What did you guys say earlier?"

"Are you not feeling well?" Kong's hand touched my forehead while speaking in a tense voice.

"It's normal. Why are you so sleepy?"

"Because I didn't sleep very well. I played games a bit too hard last night." I quickly found an excuse for myself, even if it didn't make sense.

"Is that your face when you play games?"

"I want to try something new, can't I? But you guys. What did you say earlier?"

"Tomorrow is Toomtam's birthday and we're going to sing karaoke."

"Yes. Let's go."

"Okay. Let's wear yellow theme clothes."

"Yeah."

After accepting the invitation, I bowed down and continued eating. An empty day. The day wasn't as cheerful as before. That's it for me, so what about Yotha? Has he ever felt anything?

He doesn't come down to the bedroom with me like before. We live our own lives, as if this time is when we have to find answers for ourselves. It's clear to me. The more we are apart, the more I know deep in my heart how much I care for it.

I want to be close. Want to act like a baby. Want to chat. Wanting to squeeze into the same bed again. But I don't know how long to wait for an answer...

In the afternoon, I also study another subject. On the way across the building, I suddenly felt cold drops of water. I raised my hand to touch it, muttering softly to myself.

"It rains." Very good. I can be made into a dramatic scene like in a movie.

"What the hell is rain? This is water from the air conditioner, you bastard." Yet Kong completely ruined this scene. I turn my face up to look at the sky. There wasn't a single drop of rain. Only clouds condensed overhead. Damn it. If I want to be sad, I won't be sad.

"Tai, is there anything you need to tell me?" On our walk together, my best friend asked me the same old question for the hundredth time.

"Nothing."

"You're very different. Not like the person I used to know."

"I just had something to think about."

"What about Yotha?" My legs stopped, I turned to look at the owner of the words, then pursed my lips. "I won't ask what the hell happened, but you can't get too attached to it. Share your feelings about other things."

"I know." Kong plays the role of mother. I know he's worried. So I have to act like normal, right? Ok. I will try not to make anyone worry.

"If you need any help, just say so."

"YES."

"Let's jump in tomorrow. Sing until we're hoarse. Are you free today?"

"Idle."

"Good. I'll take you out to eat Japanese food later."

"Are you with me, Kong? Damn it. You're the cutest."

"Who covers you? Just lead you around. When it's time to pay, each person will hand over their own pockets." My best friend patted my shoulder loudly, before his legs began to move along the path.

It's good that the brain can forget someone for a long time, before the image in the mind clearly shows his face again when he goes back to his room to be alone.

Why? Why can't I delete Yotha's image?

[Is Tai ready yet?]

"Hey. Sorry. I just woke up." In the afternoon I accidentally fell asleep. When I woke up, I was woken up by Master Kongkiat's call.

[Fuck. Did you sleep to break the world record? Then what now? Do you need to go to the search room?]

"No need. You go out first. Something else will follow."

[Then hurry up.]

"Okay."

I haven't been sleeping very well lately. By the time I could close my eyes, it was almost morning, so I often yawned in class. Along with the fatigue accumulated over many days, this afternoon after returning to my room, I just intended to take a nap. Who would have thought that I would sleep soundly like death for a while.

I quickly got up from the bed, showered and changed clothes to follow my best friend to the karaoke bar. I saw that he said he had booked a large room. Tonight is probably going to be a grand affair. When I arrived, everything was as expected. The only mistake isâ€¦

"Tai, did you forget to read the group LINE?" Book was the first to say hello, before the second and third friends also took turns asking questions.

"Yeah. Yellow shirt theme."

"Why are you wearing a blue shirt?"

I stood frozen at the door, scanning my surroundings. A group of more than 10 male and female friends appeared in the extremely cheerful yellow Minion theme. Scene changes to meâ€¦ Really looks like someone who doesn't read group LINE.

"I forgot. Sorry." When I spoke, I tried to pretend to be guilty so my friends wouldn't curse me. Oh.

"Like a lost soul, Gun. Come here. What to drink?" My friend pulled me to sit with him. Moreover, he takes good care of his like a future wife.

"Get the cola."

"Snacks? They ordered 2-3 things earlier."

"No no. Water is enough. Fuel up before singing." The listener made a knowing face. They sang karaoke for a long time before I showed up. This time, I immediately looked for an opportunity to grab the microphone to continue singing with my heart.

Only Kong moved his butt to sit next to me. He asked with a worried expression. But even so, the mouth is still a dog.

"Are you about to die?"

"If I die, I'll take you with me, you bastard."

"Do you still have the strength to drag me along? Have you looked at your appearance lately? Sunken face, bulging eyes. Walking and standing like someone who has no strength. Serious question. Are you infected with the zombie virus?" Absolute nonsense. If it wasn't Kong, I don't think it would be possible.

"I haven't been sleeping well lately. But it will get better."

"Do you need me to sleep with you?"

"Faifah will kick you back."

When I still saw the other person's tense expression, I repeated it again. "Hey. No need to be nervous. Let's sing. Where? Give me the microphone." Not long after, I also owned the microphone I wanted.

My friend is also very dangerous. There are a million songs but I don't choose them, but I sing all about lost love, twisted love, third person, unrequited love. Most MVs end unsatisfactorily. I'm singing and sobbing all the time. After a long time, I felt so tired that I put down the microphone and sat immersed in the corner of the room, watching each child show off their singing ability as if sent from hell.

I didn't dare call Yotha, but I figured he might have gone to his brother's bar by now.

Just thinking about it, the image of a senior immediately appears in my mind. Old images keep playing over and over again. They ended a long time ago, before I even appeared in the dark man's life. But whyâ€¦ just thinking about the two of them still seeing each other every day makes my heart ache.

P'Wa doesn't think. Yotha didn't think. So why did P'Klao have to chase after him to threaten him?

Oiiiiiiiiiii. I feel like I'm starting to go crazy. I quickly raised my hand and rubbed my head hard to regain consciousness. Stop thinking. Stop thinking. If I remember, just call him, it's not difficult. Normally I'm always curious about other people's stories.

I breathed in and out to relax. Gathering all the courage I had, I pulled my phone out of my pocket, then quietly tiptoed out. The screen shows someone's number. I was about to press it immediately but hesitated, looking at the saved name for a long time. Finally, I decided.

Click to call...

Waited for a long time but no one listened until the signal was cut off. But I was still not discouraged, tried calling again a second time. This time, the other end of the line rang. Without waiting for the other person to answer, I immediately cleared my throat.

"Yotha, where are you? Are you at the shop?"

[Who is this? Just now Yotha went to the bathroom. If he comes back, he'll text you.]

I clearly remember this is P'Wa's voice.

The hand holding the phone suddenly trembled, but I still tried to maintain my sanity with the calmest tone possible.

"Just say Gun called."

[Huh. Is that N'Gun? No wonder the voice sounded familiar.] The voice from the other end of the line seemed much happier and friendlier than before.

"P'Wa, right?"

[Right. Just now I was surprised who called. Damn it. Yotha doesn't save numbers.]

"...!!!"

[If anything comes up, I'll text you. If you have free time, let's sit and drink beer together. New laments.]

"It's OK."

The call was disconnected, but I remained still. It's like the brain still can't process it well because of what I just heard hitting my head. Yotha never saved my number. Then what does before mean?

"Huh. Tai, why are you standing here?" In a hidden corner of the shop, I saw someone passing by. Kong looked puzzled. But when he saw my face that was as pale as a mudskipper, his eyes widened and he wanted to fall out. "What's wrong?"

"Kong, I'm so..."

"Afraid of what?"

"Afraid that it won't be love. Afraid that he won't love me."

"Hoi. Calm down." My voice trembled. Both arms, legs, all parts of the body were shaking. Even the heartbeat is so chaotic that it cannot be controlled.

"How many more hours can we sing now?" I swallowed the greasy saliva down my neck, pretending to ask the person in front of me about something else.

"2."

"Very good. Then for these 2 hours, you'll put the microphone in front of me."

After giving a forced smile, I quickly turned around and walked back to the room, picked up the microphone on the table, and sang loudly with my mouth wide open. Tears flowed uncontrollably. Luckily the room was too dark for my friends to notice. But even so it doesn't matter if they see me. Everyone will understand that I'm just getting into the song.

Then do they believe it? Waiting until Yotha called back, I almost fell asleep. What's more heartbreaking is that I only said 'nothing'.

Lately, my roommate has been practicing hard for his performance in the beauty pageant - male pageant. Once I got back to my room, I lay down on the bed like I was about to die.

As for me, after often losing my soul, this time it was worse than before. Sometimes I wait until I wake up and go straight to Kong and grabbed his head, because he often separates from the group when changing shifts. Even though I told myself to stop thinking until I got a definite answer from Yotha. However, I don't know when that will be.

"What to eat today?" A super classic question came from the mouth of one of the group.

"Let's go to the Science department building. Too lazy to go far."

"So which industry are you planning on working in?"

"Delicious physics noodle soup. Extremely beautiful girl."

"You buffalo. Then let's go eat at the Physics building. Tai! Let's go, my friend." At the end of the sentence, my friends turned to talk to me. Actually, they haven't been in the mood to do much lately, because they're busy worrying about the huge debt that is me. I know I caused trouble, but no matter how hard I try to fix it, it doesn't get better. Only worse.

Because the first 2 shifts were in the Science building today, and the class went all the way to the 5th floor, the teacher in the department allowed

students to use the elevator freely. But at extremely crowded times, we instead focused on using the stairs to save waiting time.

Ting!

The elevator door opened. I was the one who entered first. In just a blink of an eye, I felt like I had made a terrible mistake, because this month there were people I both wanted to meet and didn't want to meet.

Yotha.

"Tai." Kong's scream forced me to quickly turn my head back. The space in the elevator is full so no one can squeeze in again.

My split second thought ordered me to quickly step outside. But instead of being able to do as desired, the wrist was held by the other person.

The elevator door closed before moving down. The noise of the people inside rang out again. Perhaps Yotha and I were the only ones still standing still, not opening our mouths to say anything.

It's a bit strange in that we rarely talk to each other. Probably because I tried to avoid him. When I was on duty in the logistics team, I also changed to help in another department so that the other person wouldn't feel uncomfortable. Now it's impossible to avoid him.

Ting~

The elevator opened again upon reaching the lower floor. Everyone filed out, but we both stood still. A moment later, the door closed again. Because no one dialed the floor number, it stopped in one place and didn't move anywhere.

"How are you these days? How are you?" I finally held my breath and asked first.

We both didn't dare make eye contact, just looked at the wall in front of us.

"Um. What about you?"

"Well okay." Silence reigned again before I took this opportunity to ask about the problem in my heart. "Yotha..."

"Hum?"

"Is there an answer yet?"

"Not yet."

"Iâ€¦ it's okay. Thenâ€¦ then I'll go first. Kong is probably waiting." I pulled my wrist out of the other person's grip, then reached out with my trembling hand to press open the elevator. Maybe I really can't do anything but move forward without any intention of looking back.

1 step. 2 steps. 3 steps.

I walked far away, quickly wiping away the moisture leaking from the corner of my eyes.

It's not easy at all...

To demand love from someone who doesn't think about loving anyone anymore.

What I imagined was a beauty contest - a beauty pageant and an event that opened the world of activities would surely be extremely entertaining and fun. But when I actually participated, I was the only one standing in front of the archway. That's it, soon we have to go back to prepare for the midterm exam. Happy days may be increasingly distant.

Competition activities have begun. First years in the hall cheered for their friends making noise everywhere. I am responsible for logistics, supporting my friends and siblings in distributing boxed lunches. Once completed, then participate in other steps to support Faifah.

The event went smoothly and it took several hours for the results to be announced. In the end, as expected, Faifah won the title of school boy.

Everyone cheered loudly. I stood among many people dancing back and forth, I was the only one standing there smiling and clapping like a lost soul.

"Celebrate. This is supposed to be a celebration."

"Engineer. Engineer~"

But with the fatigue and exhaustion of all the stages, the celebration will take place another day. This is the first day in the past few weeks that Faifah has returned to his room early. He jumped into bed, while his face was still full of makeup and the smell of masculine perfume.

"I'm so tired. Oh dear. Don't try to do something like this again in this life."

"Come on, it's for the sake of the department. It's okay to be a school boy." I spoke words of comfort as I slowly took off my clothes and prepared to take a shower.

"What about the male title? I don't see anything happening."

"Who knows, maybe it's your passport to finding true love."

"Honestly. Normally, if I don't become a male role model, many people will come to create it." I can bear it. Forget that they are good-looking from head to toe. Not to mention his outstanding charisma.

"How have you been lately? When I got back to my room, I was sleeping soundly like death, so I didn't ask why Yotha didn't sleep in this room anymore."

The hand immediately stopped. I rolled my eyes to find an answer for the other person.

"Maybe he's tired? There's a fee to enter the room."

"Funny."

"So you don't talk to Yotha?" I tried asking Faifah, while I could guess the answer.

"No."

"Fai." I'm considering whether to ask or not. I was silent for a long time, until I decided to frankly say what I was being stared at by sharp eyes. I thought. "I know about Yotha's first love."

"Have you met Warich?" Faifah's face looked somewhat surprised. He turned over and sat cross-legged, stretching his back with a serious look.

"Yes. P'Wa is really beautiful. It's no wonder Yotha likes him."

"Don't think too much. It's been many years."

"I don't think much."

"Eyes and words don't match at all. Is there anything you want to clear up?"

"I don't have."

"Wa has a lover. And loves his lover very much."

"I've also met P'Klao."

"That's even better. You can rest assured."

"Um. Let me go take a shower first."

"Puppy." In the middle of my stride, Faifah's voice stopped me in my tracks.

"What?"

"Are you unwell? Your face is pale." After hearing my tall friend say that, I quickly raised my hand to touch my face to measure my temperature, before discovering that my body was starting to feel warm. Probably because I've been participating in a lot of activities lately and not sleeping very well.

"It's okay. Just take a cold shower and you'll feel better."

"Want some medicine?"

"If I am not sick, why drink? You should take care of yourself. Put on your makeup and get ready to take a shower."

"Give orders like my wife. If it weren't for the fact that I already have so many connections, I would have accepted you into the family."

"It feels good to be one of your choices. Stink." Without saying a word, I gave him a middle finger as I trudged towards the bathroom. I just hope the cold water can help me feel a little better.

Strangely, after returning from personal hygiene, I felt even heavier, so I decided to go to bed earlier than usual. Who knows, when I wake up it might feel better.

Sunday morning, the alarm clock from the phone rang throughout the room. Damn it. It's really frustrating when I fumble for my phone for a long time before finding it. The eyelids opened with difficulty. Headache spreads to the nape of the neck. Every inch of skin on the body loosens, transmitting heat that can be felt.

Are you really playing like this? Aren't you kind to each other at all?

Late at night, I went out to celebrate with my friends on the occasion of Faifah being awarded the title of school boy. If the situation is still bad, I will lose my joy.

I slowly sat up with difficulty. Scanning the room, I discovered that my roommate was no longer there. Because it was a holiday, the dormitory seemed quieter than usual because many people had brought their backpacks home. As for those who have only returned from the province for a year, they must continue to stay and look after the room.

Kong is definitely not awake yet. And I didn't want to let him know I was sick, so I quickly took a shower, washed my face, planned to go downstairs

to buy food and medicine, then go home and lie down again, maybe my condition would get better.

Since yesterday, I haven't spoken to Yotha even once. Maybe it's because everyone is busy with their assigned tasks. But after completing the task or when Faifah returned carrying his belongings, I didn't see a trace of the other person coming to congratulate him.

The more I think, the more headache I get. The two feet walked, although the scene before their eyes wasn't very clear. I plan to use instinct and habit to guide me.

Beeppppp

The car horn sounded. I was startled. My ears were ringing, I didn't know what to do, because it all happened suddenly. Just when I didn't know what to do because I accidentally stepped on the street, someone's thick palm pulled me to a stop on the sidewalk.

Chest undulating up and down, breathing heavily. My heart was pounding. Both hands and legs trembled. The focus is sometimes clear and sometimes dark. It took a while to see clearly ahead. The tall figure of someone standing behind. It wasn't until the other person pulled me back and changed faces that I realized he was the person I'd always miss.

"Is Beagle okay?"

I miss the call 'Beagle' from Yotha's mouth so much.

"Did you hear that?"

"Listenâ€¦ listen." After being asked again, I hastily responded in a stuttering voice that was not mine.

"You're so hot." The back of a thick hand glides from the bicep to the forehead. "Are you not well?"

"It's okay. I'm fine."

"Standing without looking at the road. You almost got hit by a car."

"Sorry okay?"

I heard an unpleasant clicking sound after that. A moment later, I quickly went to the pharmacy. Yotha takes care of everything. My task is just to tell the correct symptoms to the pharmacist. If I didn't get better, he threatened to take me straight to the hospital.

"I have a bit of a headache." I mumbled to the person in front of the pharmacy counter. But when I raised my head to look at the person standing behind me, I was forced to tell more symptoms.

"I am hot too."

"That's all?" Yotha asked in a pressured manner.

"That's it. There's no serious illness." The pharmacist laughed and took medicine according to the symptoms. Once we have the medicine, next is breakfast. When I left the room, I didn't know what I was going to eat. When I'm with a dark person, my brain becomes even more blank.

"Want to eat something lighter? You're sick."

"There is no disease. Just a new symptom."

"There's no need to argue."

"I don't know why I'm worried about you getting into trouble. I don't always care." Filled moods. When I realized I had unconsciously said meaningless words, I tightly closed my mouth.

"Eat Khao Tom?" Yotha had no intention of continuing the debate so he rushed the topic in a tyrannical manner.

"I don't want to eat Khao Tom."

"Then porridge."

"I don't want to eat porridge. Hehe."

"So what do you want to eat?"

"I want to eat chicken rice. But let me buy it myself."

"To create anxiety. Buy it for the dining room. Aren't you afraid of infecting people with fever here?"

I pursed my lips so tightly that I wanted to spit out fire. "Do you want anything else to eat? Fruit cakes and that."

"Want to eat Takoyaki."

"Too heavy. Not good for the stomach." Is Yotha studying Engineering or is he a nutritionist?

"Then change to mini Takoyaki."

"It's worth fighting."

"Drink cold chrysanthemum tea too."

"I'm sick, who gives me cold water?"

"Many things." He didn't wait to hear me continue rambling but quickly left to buy food, leaving me to wait at the table in the middle of the cafeteria. After a while, the other person returned with two boxes of food. Not only that, there are also 2 boxes of cakes. As for mineral water that is not chilled, give it to me to hold.

We returned to the room. Food is poured onto plates placed on a small Japanese-style table. After that, the tall man who acted as a servant offered water and poured it to the brim.

"Eat your food so you can take your medicine."

"I know."

"Get plenty of rest. There's no need to go out anywhere today."

"There's a party at Bangon Pochana late at night."

"No need to go."

"I'll go. Faifah said he wanted everyone to go celebrate him winning the title of best man." I sat and talked while scooping chicken rice and put it in my mouth, while the person next to the bed kept staring. He doesn't argue or forbid me anymore. So I can guess that the dark lord has given me permission to go.

"You're thinner now. All that's left is the skeleton." It's hard to believe that someone like Yotha, who never liked to start a conversation with someone, would repeatedly initiate the topic.

"People call this a standard figure." Who would tell him that I'm like this because I keep thinking about his story? "But if you don't have one, who will tie your tie?"

"Not tied."

"The seniors don't scold you?"

"Who dares to scold me?"

"Okay then." Bear it all. Even hell must yield to him.

I slowly finished the plate of rice and took the medicine as the doctor advised, with Yotha taking on the reluctant role of housewife, washing the dishes and clearing the table. After finishing work, he came back and sat next to me.

Both eyelids are about to open no longer. But at the moment I was about to fall into my subconscious, I still mustered up the courage to ask what was stuck in my heart.

"Yotha, do you have the answer yet?"

"â€¦"

"The answer is how you feel about me."

"Not yet." And it's exactly the same as last time.

"Actually, maybe you don't love me."

"â€¦"

"I don't know. I don't think you treating me well is love in that kind of way. Sometimes it can be the kind of care that friends have for each other."

"It's not. It's not the same."

"You didn't even save my phone number. Think about who is important to you in the end."

"Why would I save your number when I already remember every number clearly?"

As soon as I heard it, I immediately became speechless. Gape. I don't know what kind of expression I'm making, but I think it will definitely be funny.

"Can you wait a little longer?" The owner spoke to me in a low voice. Their sharp eyes intertwined, causing their breathing to momentarily stop. "When I'm really sure, I'll tell you."

"Yes. I will wait."

I don't know if the answer I received in the end was worthy of what I expected. But having come to this point, perhaps I can only reply that...

No matter how long I wait.

"2 bottles of wine, 1 case of beer, ice with unlimited mixes. Bring."

"Ohhhhhhhhhh!"

"I'm calling but there's a lot of things to do. Hurry up. Order your food."

The menu was thrown on the table. Each child poked their fingers and freely chose food with Faifah sitting nearby, arms crossed, laughing happily. In addition to the first years, among the 3 long tables put together, there were also 2nd and 3rd years gathered together in a bustling manner.

Kong and I sat together. At night, when I get out of bed, my mind is almost spinning. The condition was much better than in the morning, but still not completely gone. Half an hour later, Yotha followed. This time, I felt a lot more relieved, like I was able to shake off all my worries.

22.00

The wine begins to flow in the bloodstream, along with the vibrant music and colorful lights, making the fun double. Many children stood up and danced like ghosts. Some of them, not at all inferior, drank the glass in one gulp. Some people were even worse than that, walking around the table begging one person after another to empty their glasses, making me want to shake my head.

I can't drink much because I'm forbidden by dark people, and I'm still sick. As for Kong, he didn't pay much attention to being drunk and ate almost an entire can of beans. Buffalo boy.

"Hey Yotha, if Tai can't handle it, please take him home. Because I don't think I can either." Kongkiat said in a languid voice.

"What are you drunk? Ask first." With doubt, I asked again.

"Light Sickness and bean sickness."

"That's good. Damn it."

"Are there any beans?"

"It's just the legs, do you want to eat it?" Unbearable. The biological father and mother have never been seen or met. Scene change to Faifah. The phrase 'drunk' is probably not out of its current definition.

Rrrr Rrrr - -

My eyes lowered to follow the vibrating sound of the phone in front of my tall best friend. It belongs to Yotha. The screen has names saved.

Those are familiar characters but they made my heart ache for a moment.

The thick hand picked up the phone and dialed it, barely waiting to waste time. He looked at my face and spoke to the other end of the line in short sentences before standing up.

Damn it. My heart felt like it was falling into a glacier. I know what he will say. I know right now, he doesn't want to stay for me anymore.

"Beagle, I'll be back later."

Is this the answer I'm looking for? But I still boldly held the other person's wrist back.

"Is it very important? Can't you go?" I spoke in a pleading voice, a glimmer of hope in my heart that it might work.

"Something happened at the shop."

"So can I go with you?"

Yotha shook his head and sighed deeply.

"Stay here first. I'll be back later."

Without waiting for an answer, he hurriedly walked through the crowd to get out, leaving me and Kong behind to watch his back not far away. I don't even know if his 'I'll be back later' thing will come true, or if it's really just an excuse for me to stop asking random, annoying questions.

"It was almost good, man." I told Kong, raised the glass of wine mixed with carbonated water to drink. Normally I'm someone who doesn't drink much. The more daring I was to vomit in the middle of the restaurant that day, the more sick I felt. But this time, I wanted to throw all those thoughts away.

I want to get drunk. Once I am drunk, I'll forget it.

I didn't think loving someone would be this painful. It hurts because of expectations and expectations without knowing when the other person will respond. The phrase 'happy ending' can be found in the last episode of movies. But in real life, it doesn't follow that formula for success.

"Tai, take it easy. Would you like some water?"

"It's okay. It's simple." I waved my hand.

After drinking wine, I immediately want to drink beer. Actually, it wasn't as good as I thought, so I drank the whole glass. Not only that, I also constantly invited Kong directly. Clink glasses and forget sadness. Now they know what I've had to face these past few weeks.

23.00

"I'm going to the bathroom for a bit." I put my hands on the table and slowly stood up on my unsteady legs.

"Let me go with you." You can't even open your eyes, Kongkiat. Hom.

"Sit here. I'll be right back."

Staggering out of the bathroom after dealing with my sadness, I was about to return to the table, but someone pulled me with quite a strong force. Because I was so surprised that I could barely keep my balance, I staggered along with the opponent's force. When I was at close range, I could see clearly who the opponent was.

"What's wrong, N'Gun?"

"P'Klao? What are you doing here?"

"Drinking wine. Sitting since 9 o'clock. I saw you and your friends far away but didn't dare to come and say hello."

"Ah."

"Would you like to come over and join my group?"

"Uh. Kh.." While I was about to open my mouth to refuse, the person with more strength took the opportunity to blame me for coming to the table without asking a question. The whole table was full of seniors I didn't know. Once there, he sat me down on a chair, briefly introduced me before pouring wine into a glass and bringing it to my mouth.

Everything happened so that I could not react in time. When I tried to dodge, my neck was locked tightly and alcohol was poured into my mouth.

Burning heat flows from the throat to the stomach. I don't know what to do. The shop is dark. Furthermore, his desk is located in a hidden corner of the stage. I don't feel right so I can't just say the same thing over and over again.

So the poor seniors stopped pressing and turned to small talk. Most of the topics were not from P'Klao but from his friend, who repeatedly tried to lock me and force me to drink alcohol.

"I've seen Klao mention it. When I meet a real person, my face doesn't look like the packaging."

"Hey there." I immediately shouted.

"It means the real person is cuter." I don't even know what to do. "Do you have a boyfriend?"

"Nâ€| not yet."

"Do you have a favorite taste?" Why do questions keep revolving around this topic?

"Yeah. I think my friends are probably waiting. Can I go back to the table first?"

"Wait a minute. Let's sit down and drink together. Just another glass." Then he gave me a glass of pure wine. I can't help it. It's so hot and bitter that I want to cry to let them know the smell.

"I can't stand it. Dizziness... A little dizzy."

"So do you want to go out and get some fresh air?"

"Yes." This moment is fine anywhere, not at the table is best.

The other senior volunteered to lead me to the side of the shop. Don't breathe the air. This place is full of cigarette smoke. He immediately pulled me to a corner of the shop and pushed me, causing my back to hit the wall, causing pain all over my body.

"I'm not feeling very well today. I want to go home."

"Then let me take you home."

"Yâ€¦ you come a lot. I'll go home with you." Even though the whole world is spinning so much right now that it's almost unsteady. What should I do? Why don't my tears stop flowing? "Uuuuuu. I want to go home."

Maybe because of fear.

"You're too drunk, aren't you?"

Mouth asked but he stood in the way, not giving me a chance to leave.

"Dâ€¦ did I do something to make you unhappy?" I half dared and half afraid to ask, before seeing the smile on the other person's face.

"You're Yotha's friend, right?"

"Huu..."

"Are you close to him? So do you know that he likes to touch other people's lovers?"

"I don't know. I don't know anything."

I want to disappear from this place. I really want to go.

Not a single person passed by. No one observed. My heart was almost gone, I could only stand and hug myself, wanting to run away, but my footsteps were shaking. The soft hairs on the body automatically stand up. Headache and eyestrain.

"So do you need me to tell you? Right from the beginning." I shook my head. Tears streamed all over my face. I didn't want to hear anything except squatting on the ground, not daring to make eye contact.

But the other person sat down with an intimidating look as if he wanted to intimidate me.

"What the hell are you doing!"

But then the voice of the person who had just arrived interrupted. It is a familiar sound that even when the eyes cannot see clearly, the ears and brain remember it by heart.

"People are talking to each other. What does it have to do with you, bastard?"

"But the person you're talking to is my friend."

I don't know what happened, but I heard a lot of footsteps and screams from a group of people nearby. Strong people each pull back and forth. I just hugged myself tightly. Until finally, the collar was pulled up and pulled in another direction.

Before I could take a few steps, my waist was pulled into someone's hug by two arms. I struggled frantically to escape the grip, causing both of us to fall to the ground. Both arms and legs ached.

"It's me. It's me." Fortunately, the whisper in my ear that I heard was Yotha's, and my mind calmed down a bit.

If I had himâ€¦ I think I'd be safe.

The back is pulled close to the solid chest. My arms squeezed so tightly that I could barely breathe. We were bent over and lying on the ground, but we could immediately feel that it was no longer as cold as before.

I didn't dare raise my head to look at anyone, I could only see the toes of many people standing around us. In this life, I never thought I would encounter situations scarier than dreams. So I don't know what to do other than let the tears fall silently.

"Don't cry. It's okay." Finally, Yotha broke the silence with a word of comfort.

"I compare."

"If anything happens, just blame it on me. What does it have to do with Gun?"

"Your friend must be related."

"You bastard Klao!"

"Are these the words you used with your seniors? If you deny it, you'll die."

"Say whatever you want."

"I want to talk to your friend."

"I told you this has nothing to do with Gun."

"But I want it to be relevant." In the blink of an eye, someone's rough hand tried to pull me out of Yotha's arms.

That makes the taller relative's hug even tighter, forcing the second and third person to join in.

"Let go. Don't touch Gun, you bastard."

"â€"

No matter how much they shouted, no one had any intention of stopping.

"Please. Beg..."

"Speak clearly."

Senior Klao's voice stopped everything. Yotha tightened his arms to hold me firmly. The tall owner leaned his chin into the crook of my neck and spoke in a pitifully hoarse voice.

"I'm sorry."

"And then?"

"Don't touch Gun anymore. Please. Don't touch Gun."

"â€"

"Please. Don't touch Gun."

Yotha kept repeating the same sentence over and over again. I don't know how long it took, because time in my brain felt like it stopped for a moment.

"Please. Don't touch Gun."

"Uh."

"..."

"Do you understand now? With the person you love, damn it, you don't want anyone to take it away."

The older man just said that before turning around and leaving. Here, it was just me and Yotha holding each other tightly amidst my sobs, mixed with his hoarse voice softly ringing in my ears.

"What you've been waiting for, I already have the answer. I already have the answer..."

Even though my senior relatives didn't say it out loud, I knew it clearly.

The answer it says is the word love, right?

[End of chapter 11]

12

Co-translator : yukifeebleu

Chapter 12: Walking the path to find memories

[Yotha]

'What I want is for you to ask yourself again, what is your true love? You said I was special. Sometimes it can be close to love but it is not love. I won't rush the answer. You can take as long as you want.'

Those words that night kept me awake.

Night after night...

Gun tried to avoid me. Therefore, I'm afraid that if I show my face to look for him, it will make the other person feel even worse. I owe him the answer that no matter how much I search, I can't be sure. I knew clearly that even though he said on the outside that he could wait, the restlessness in his eyes made me realize how much he had to endure.

I understand waiting is painful, but that still can't help me find a clearer answer.

"Damn it. What a waste. Should you pay for drinking like this?" P'Nop was absent because he was busy with housework. In addition to the familiar bartender, there is still someone who can make very bad drinks, Newton, standing at the mixing counter.

I took out a thousand baht bill from my wallet and gave it to the person in front of me.

"Take it and get me another beer."

"Not for sale to children under 20 years old."

"In a few months it will be 20."

"Impossible."

"Don't joke. You've always had something to put in my mouth."

"Sorry, but your quota is over for tonight. Nowâ€¦ Is there anything stressful you want to tell this guy?" After listening, I almost felt nauseous. That sounds so annoying.

"I have something to do."

"Arguing with yourself?" New raised his eyebrows and asked a question as if he knew. "Normally you beat yourself, right?"

"Stay away from my legs."

"I'm your brother."

"Please excuse me for an hour." Before I could finish my sentence, I was given the middle finger. But the funny thing is that Newton actually let me be alone as I wanted. It wasn't until the staff finished cleaning the restaurant and filed out to the entire area, so only the two of us were left.

"The last time I saw you drinking so much that you couldn't stand up was probably when you broke up with Wa. And now, who caused my younger brother to end up like this?"

"Many things."

"Those kids at school, were you the one causing trouble or was it your younger brother?" I raised my head and looked intently at my brother's full lips.

"What are you?"

"The younger brother has a puppy-like face."

"Don't talk too much."

"We say we're friends, but our actions go beyond that. I'm your brother, so why don't I know what you're thinking?"

"So what do you think?" Newton opened his mouth and rolled his eyes suggestively. His appearance makes people want to kick him far away. It's just that I still want to hear more advice from him.

"You still have the face to pretend to ask to gain an advantage. You probably already know the answer."

"I don't know." The listener burst into laughter and looked at me with sarcastic eyes.

He turned around and grabbed a small bottle of beer from the cabinet, quickly opening the bottle with the palm of his hand and the edge of the counter, even though the bottle opener was clearly in the cooler. Damn it. He always likes to turn simple things into difficult things. Or actually the other person doesn't even consider which is easy and which is difficult. Just choosing what he wants to do is enough.

"Speaking of which, we're exactly the same. Just keep looking for the word you stopped believing in a long time ago."

"â€"

"Actually, life doesn't take love seriously. It's interesting. You can talk to anyone you want. There's no need to be faithful to each other. There's no need to be nice. There's no need to be attached or worried. There's no need for headaches when problems occur. Heavy things also disappear from life."

The other person said as he took a few sips of the beer in his hand down his neck, before turning around to continue speaking.

"But at some point, a small hope begins to arise in our hearts that if we can really get used to love, what will it be like? Will we become better people? No, or it would be more stupid and annoying than that." Every time he had alcohol in his mouth, he babbled non-stop. "Just think about it. When we

can share our joys, sorrows and all the stories in life with someone, how wonderful it is."

"I hear you say that often. So why haven't you tried to understand it until now?" After being silent for a while, a question suddenly popped into my head.

"That's because I haven't met yet. But, if you meet someone you want to start with, you have to take a risk." Newton replied in a firm voice after pausing for a long time.

"I can only take risks after I'm sure whether it's really love or not."

"Trust me. Soon, you'll have the answer. Or sometimesâ€¦ maybe you already have the answer and haven't realized it yet."

"What ifâ€¦ if one day I found out, what should I do next?"

That night, when I decided to confess my feelings to Gun, I didn't even know what our future relationship would be like.

"Are you asking this to make fun of me?"

"Do I look like someone joking right now?"

"Yotha, what are you afraid of?"

"Afraid like mom and dad."

"â€¦"

"I know how to love someone well. But when I think that I might end up making that person suffer because we have to break up, I'm afraid to start." Hearing that, the person in front of him raised the beer bottle to continue drinking. His eyes were deep in thought, but he couldn't tell what he was immersed in his busy thoughts.

"Damn it. If there is love, there must be separation. I forgot to think about the end."

New raised his hand to touch his face in compromise, then turned around and went to the cooler, took out another bottle of cool beer and placed it in front of me.

"What?"

"It's over the limit, but I want to give more. Consider it an apology for not being able to give any advice in the end."

"As expected of you."

The beginning was good but the ending was as mushy as porridge. That was the definition of my brother's admonition show. After my parents divorced, the thought that the end of love was no longer loving was constantly buried in my head. Even when I had the courage to start again, the destination still collapsed.

Dad loves mom very much. Why can't we go together in the end?

I love Warich. Why did he decide to throw me away one day?

What about Gun? Is our relationship going in a vicious cycle?

I know how precious it is that we have good feelings for someone. Maybe it would be good to share happy and sad memories, including wanting to change ourselves to become better for each other. I used to think like that and still thought so carelessly until I realized the truth.

We just leased the relationship to each other for a while. So I'm not sure why we started it, because eventually we had to separate and leave each other.

This is the thought that pops into my head every time I question what love looks like. Once I get used to love, will I have the courage to start and not think about the day I say goodbye anymore?

Before, I thought I understood love well. But when I was told to break up, I was so disappointed and miserable that I gradually became indifferent.

Tired of searching for meaning. Until one day, I realized I was starting to get closer to the real thing called love, so I unconsciously blurted out, before the question hit me again, that 'Is it real love, or just something special like that?'

I don't want to miss out like in the past. But the time it takes to wait to see when the answer will come also makes the other person miserable.

"Oh my god. The line of curry rice shops is so long. Can I eat today?"

My friend's voice was like a clock waking me up from my subconscious. Two feet followed the group of people to the table, placed their backpacks to reserve seats, and then split up to go to the restaurant they wanted to eat at.

For a moment, my eyes accidentally saw a familiar figure standing not far away, before I blinked to remind myself once again that this wasn't a dream. Gun stood there, in the long line of the curry rice restaurant.

Even though I couldn't see his face clearly, his sagging arms and shoulders, along with his unfocused gait, made people like me feel a lot of pain. A person who was originally happy, energetic and used to run around like a child changed like this, perhaps there is no need to ask who is the cause.

"Yotha, do you want noodles? Or rice?"

"â€"

"But at first glance, the restaurant is crowded. So let's line up to buy noodles."

"YES." My back was pushed by my friend to step forward. I turned around and looked at the smaller person again until he was out of sight.

In my heart, I wanted to go to him and talk to him and ask how he was doing, but the truth was cowardly. Because I'm still stuck on the answer, I

don't dare to face him. Another reason is that I still feel afraid that if we talk while we still don't have an answer, will I hurt him by expecting more.

So it's probably best to be apart for a while. At least I can reconsider myself.

Today is another day where I feel like my lunch has almost no taste. Or actually, it's because my tongue can't sense the taste. But no matter what the reason, eating rice every meal is probably only effective in maintaining life day after day.

"How's the Beagle?"

I returned to my room in the evening and asked my roommate Kong a question in a familiar sentence. It wasn't boring at all and answered me with a familiar sentence.

"It's just moody and not very happy."

"Please take care of Beagle."

"Then why don't you go take care of him yourself?"

"I'm afraid if I show up now, instead of taking care of him, I'll hurt him."

"Either way, we'll both be hurt."

"â€"

Lips pressed tightly together, not knowing how to respond. Furthermore, the other party didn't even wait to hear any more answers but just jumped on the bed, muttering like an extremely disgusted person.

"Love is love, it makes normal people who are already crazy even crazier."

The thin owner took off his glasses from his face, lay down and pulled the blanket up to cover his head as if he didn't want anyone to bother him. I don't know how much Gun told his best friend what happened between us, but I guess during the time I was still hesitating, both Gun and Kong were probably feeling equally miserable.

It was midnight, I flipped the light switch, letting darkness cover everywhere. However, my mind was still confused and I couldn't close my eyes to sleep. The thoughts in my head kept conflicting between deciding to go down to meet the other person, or telling myself that I had to stay in the room. After a long time, I still couldn't choose and just turned around restlessly.

I don't know how much time has passed. I jumped up, sat on the bed again, took out my phone, and scrolled through the list of saved contacts. My eyes looked intently at Beagle's name. I really wanted to press the call button, but in the end I could only scratch my head and turn off the screen.

Every night I do crazy things like that. If I want to go see him, I don't dare. When I want to call, my mind hesitates. Just asking how it's been these days but I can't say anything. I'm all scared. A fear never seen by anyone, anywhere. That seems like a contradiction that even I feel angry about.

The body moves to a supine position. Eyes staring at the ceiling in the dark. I can't erase him from my thoughts. No matter what I tried, I never succeeded.

The phone was picked up again to click on the previous icon, scrolling through the list of people who had been added to Favorites. I hesitated for a long time, finally decided to turn off the screen, then stood up and went to the sink. Instead of going home and sleeping feeling better, it didn't change anything.

Gun is already asleep, I shouldn't go looking for him now. Gun is already asleepâ€¦

I hypnotized myself for a long time. But when I woke up, I realized that one hand was holding the phone. I was sure I couldn't get through the night without pressing the call button, so I decided to delete his number in the hope that my chaotic mood wouldn't ruin the other person's feelings.

It's funny that even though I deleted Gun's number, I still think of him. I still remember his phone number clearly.

The sunlight once again visited. My fingers pressed the 10 digits on the phone screen countless times. I turn my computer on and off more often than I have in many years combined.

I don't know if this is called love or not,

But when I'm without him, I feel miserable.

"Yotha."

"Yes."

"We break up."

"What are you talking about? You're not happy."

"I just feel like this isn't love."

"Warich, damn it, this isn't funny at all. Stop joking around and making faces like that."

"You know how to take this seriously."

"I don't understand. You're talking now when it's been a year?"

"Because at first I didn't know."

"You have someone new?"

"No. There isn't. It just naturally feels that way."

"Do you love me?"

"â€"

"Have you ever been in love?"

"Love. But it's definitely not love as we understand it."

"You've been getting drunk a lot lately. You have to drink in moderation. Tell me you don't want to come along and pick up corpses."

Past memories fade, before being replaced by the familiar face and voice of someone in the near distance.

Warich sat down on a high chair at the cashier counter, holding a cool can of beer in his hand, occasionally lifting it to sip. He has never changed from before. Whatever it was, it's still the same.

"Is Klao back?" Normally, if you see Warich coming down from the room, it means that his jealous boyfriend is probably back.

"Um. A little argument." Although the story was bad, the speaker's facial expression was calm and emotionless. Part of it may be due to familiarity because this isn't the first time the two have quarreled.

"Again?"

"I can't help it. Damn it. Klao is really good at teasing me."

"Is it fun to argue?"

"There are often times of suffering, but it's not like there are no times of happiness." When he was dating me, he was never like this. To explain further, it is that both of them are not necessarily reluctant for the relationship to be that perfect. Before, Wa and I almost never argued. Oh no. Must be never. Sounds good, right? But the truth is the opposite.

I don't like conflict, don't like to see him feel bad, so I'm the one who gives in to everything. Over time, I gradually change to pleasing him, running after him, reluctantly doing everything he wants until I get tired. However, in my heart I still think it's worth it to be able to keep the relationship alive, no matter how tired I feel.

"But you, what's wrong?" After talking about the other person's story for a while, Warich returned to my story again. His eyes still showed concern.

"There was a bit of a problem."

"It's definitely the same problem that New is complaining about."

"Yeah. That's it." New has many friends, but to be considered truly close, there are only a few people. P'Nop and Warich are one of them. Whenever they have a problem, they always have to listen to my brother vent his feelings.

"Trust me. Whatever is still unclear will gradually become clear."

"Yes. But one thing you should know is that I will stop causing division among others." Just like that, the person next to him quickly put down his beer can and loudly clapped his hands. His face revealed an extremely sarcastic expression.

"It's really good news. I want to cry when I hear it. That's good, my love. Stop it. If my restaurant goes down, it's because of you who caused the trouble." Maybe that's true. Every time there was a problem, the troublemakers always chased me to the bar and beat me up. Every day there's a big problem and we have to temporarily close the shop so no one gets in trouble.

"Before that... No. How should I say this?" I feel like I'm so confused that I can't arrange my words properly. "I decided to confess my feelings to someone. Yes! I did so even though I wasn't sure if it was love. I just knew that person was more special than anyone I've ever met."

"That's good then."

"But one day, that person doubted that my special feeling might not be something called love. So, I had to go back and find the answer for myself. That person could only wait, even if I don't know when I'll get the answer."

"So let me ask. Is this person the reason why you want to change yourself?"

"Um. Just want to become a better person for that person."

"So it's clear. Are you still doubting your feelings?"

"Maybe it's not enough. Before, when we were dating, I also wanted to change myself for you, even though I later found out that it wasn't love as I understood it."

After being silent for a while, we were all alone immersed in our thoughts with an alcoholic drink in front of us to help ease the awkwardness. Normally I rarely talk about my deep feelings to Warich. But I don't know why I was able to open my mouth to speak today. I don't understand either.

"Yotha, my starting point and Gun's are not the same."

Until finally, the older person was the one who broke the silence.

"At that time, we were both young. You avoided the sadness of your mother's affairs to be with me, and you also avoided the pain of being abandoned by your lover to be with me. When you think about it, what if back then it's not you but someone else, will I decide to date that person? The very scary answer isâ€¦ yes."

If it were before, when I heard Warich's words, I would probably have been so heartbroken that I couldn't speak, unlike now where I sat and listened calmly.

"I finally understood my feelings. That's why I let it pass for a whole year."

"It's different from you who never understood your own feelings. You're still confused."

"â€¦"

"Try to ask yourself. If that day there was someone by your side when you were suffering, someone who always patted your back, listened to your troubles and promised to stay by your side and not go anywhere, would you feel good enough to want to date that person?"

Every word Warich said were things he had done to me. At that time, I was only in 10th grade, and the other person was in 3rd year. Too young to notice other than easily letting go of my emotions.

I didn't give him the answer, but in my heart I thought so much that I was afraid that the answer might be 'yes'.

No matter who was next to me at that time, I probably understood that it was love.

"That's why I said my starting point and Gun's are not the same."

"â€|"

"You love me because at that time I was the only one by your side. But the feelings you have for Gun aren't. You aren't running away to find someone to heal your emotions. You can be somewhere else. It wasn't until you met him that you slowly felt it."

"Don't you think maybe I have feelings for Gun because I want to forget you?"

"I know you've lost hope in love with me a long time ago. The reason you're still here is because you're still attached. Am I right?"

"It might be true"

"When I met Klao, I was freed from everything. I'm no longer sad because of your story. It's the same with him. We only have sincere feelings for each other without considering anyone as a tool to forget the past."

"â€|"

"That's why I believed it could be love. And I really loved it."

I didn't think it was wrong to decide to discuss this matter with Warich. It was as if I had unlocked something little by little. Although not all, the initial burden seems to have been reduced.

"Thank you." The listener blinked before understanding the meaning.

"Nothing. We're all brothers."

I looked at his face from an angle, observed the other person's actions and then reminisced about the past. I lived an overly attached life with him for a long time. Until the day we broke up, we still held out hope of getting back together. I suffer from repetitive events.

I was told goodbye. Then a year later, he dated someone new.

The reason Klao doesn't like my face is probably because I can't separate myself from Warich's life. I still attract attention. Still going to the shop. At worst, I started sabotaging other people's relationships, hoping that the bad things I caused would stay within his sight, even when I knew it was useless.

Until one day, I realized. I gave up hope of ever having him again, but continued to interfere, becoming the third person in other couples' relationships, because there was no reason to stop.

"Enough stressful talking. Drink up."

After that, we spent all our time drinking beer. At first there was some intervention, but the back and forth ended up causing each other to drink continuously. When I woke up again, I went to the bathroom. But when I turned around, I heard a banging sound. The people I had caused division with came to the restaurant. Looks like he wants to beat me to a pulp. Finally, the story ends when everyone helps each other to reconcile.

With the things I've done in the past, I can't go back and fix anything other than bowing my head, admitting and apologizing sincerely.

A lot of things happened today. Waiting until the problem is solved is also sweating. But what worried me most was that Warich told me that Gun had called and he was the one who answered the phone.

Even though he didn't answer the employee why he didn't save the phone number of the other end of the line, he just rushed back to the dorm, but honestly, I didn't dare face him other than dialing the 10 digits and then pressing the call button.

My heart pounded when I heard his voice. We talked to each other very briefly. And I'm also stupid when my brain can't think of anything, only hearing the words 'nothing' in response.

"Let's go eat porridge again, right?" Two feet entered the dormitory area of the school. When I stopped at the entrance, I was immediately greeted by someone I knew.

"Yes."

"If you can, please leave a little early this time. The dormitory manager has started seriously coming down to check. Or if you can't leave early, please write a new reason. There's no need to just eat porridge." He helped as much as he could. Always warn me if something happens.

"I probably won't be late again. Thank you for always helping." After signing my name and filling in the reason, I clasped my hands in greeting before giving her a glass of cold water that I had just bought at Minimart, then turned around and went back to my room.

My room was on the 4th floor, but it was no surprise that I only went to the 3rd floor and stopped in front of the door of the room with familiar numbers. Inant to meet him. I wanted to talk to the person in the room, but Gun was probably asleep.

The hand that was about to knock on the door stopped midway, letting his arm hang close to his side as before. The whole body is motionless, contrary to the unstable emotions. Still agitated, I ordered myself to go back to my room hundreds of times. In the end, I had to sit down helplessly in front of his room.

Just waiting for the light from outside to visit again...

05.45

"Huh. What are you doing here?" The guy in the other room passed by sleepily. Guess I just woke up not long ago.

"Sorry. I was drunk last night."

"Are you sleeping? You have dark circles under your eyes."

"Sleep?"

I lied like that, before standing up and leaving.

From the day I met Gun in the department elevator until the day I had to take care of him because he was so sick that his whole body felt hot, my mind was even heavier than before because of the ambiguity of the relationship. Even though I asked this person's opinion and it was a little bit, not all.

So, while the smaller one fell asleep, I decided to drive home to meet someone.

"Yotha, it's time for you to choose who you'll be with."

"Can't I choose? Can't Mom and Dad be together like before?"

"Yotha..."

"So what if I choose dad? Mom won't come to see me anymore, right?"

"I'll still come when you need me. We can still see each other anytime."

"But I still want to see mom every day."

"Then you have to choose mom."

"I don't want to choose. I don't understand why I have to choose."

"If you don't choose, I won't accept it either. I love Yotha. I still want to eat together and hug you every night."

"Soâ€¦ Can I let mom choose? I'm afraid if I say it, dad will be sad."

"Okay."

I hid in the closet and mom was the one who opened it. A 10-year-old boy could not understand the reason why two adults broke up. I just know my parents can't be together anymore. Mom cried every day, and dad worked hard because he always told me he wanted to make a lot of money. That way life will be less difficult.

We have money, we have everything. The only thing missing is adult love.

A week passed, the day I feared came very quickly. The two decided to make a family agreement because they didn't want trouble. Newton was with father, and Faifah and I were like objects for them to fight back and forth over. Mother didn't agree to separate us twins from each other, while father refused because of his dignity. In the end, my mother had to choose.

But she didn't choose me like she said.

"Yotha, mommy will go first."

"â€"

"Can I hug you?"

"Why didn't you choose me?"

"â€"

"Why didn't you choose me? Why..."

The feeling of not being chosen became a scar from that day. Even though my mother didn't move far away to another city, Faifah still had to change schools. I know mom and dad want things to return to the way they were as soon as possible by bringing the kids back to see each other regularly. But deep down, everyone knows that there's nothing else like before.

I became someone who was afraid of starting a relationship, after crying so much that my eyes almost fell out, writhing on the ground in the hope that they would pitifully get back together. Because I used to think like a child,

believing that once I loved this person, I could only be this person. The phrase 'forever' is so romantic. But when they saw the lovers die and come back to life, they started arguing to the point of breaking the house.

Since then, I never believed in love again.

Up until now, my body must have been filled with invisible wounds. Wounds created by parents. The trauma of not being chosen. Wounds from first love. The wound created by dividing others. I just hope it goes away one day.

"Eh. Why are you coming home today?"

Images from the past always appear clearly every time I return to the house where I lived since childhood. Dad sat in the living room, holding his familiar laptop in his hand.

"Just when I was bored, I wanted to go home and have dinner with dad."

"Someone like you?" Dad burst out laughing. Just by looking at his eyes, I immediately knew he had seen right through my stomach.

From birth until adulthood, I always lived with my father. I am many times closer to him than my mother. Dad is kind but workaholic, while mom is strict but always chooses to do things that make me happy. Both of their thoughts are very different. When they first got married, my grandmother once told me that everyone thought they would definitely not make it to the end. And it's true that it doesn't go to the end.

"How is Dad these days? Is work hard?" I sat down on the sofa next to him, looked at the laptop screen displaying a brain training game, and was surprised. Normally, I only see my father immersed in work.

"It's still the same."

"Are you playing games with people these days?"

"Relieve stress." He placed the item in his hand on the table, before standing up and walking towards the corner of the kitchen, where there was

food that the maid had placed on the counter.

"Bring the food to warm up."

"How hot should it be?" I asked back while sitting on the sofa.

"That's how I rarely come home. I'm about to not be able to practice on my own anymore." Dad shook his head and went straight to a corner of the kitchen, where a tiny, many-year-old microwave was placed.

"Has Faifah been home lately?"

"Come back more often."

"Are you hungry yet?" I shook my head as an answer. He knew that me coming back for dinner was just an excuse. If it's not that I have a problem to present, then it's just a place to stay when troublemakers come to the bar to find trouble, making my life restless. "So, let's go out for a walk?"

"Yes."

When I was young, my dad and I often walked around the neighborhood. From time to time, I buy kites and take them to the common area to play. When I am a little older, I play with drones. But today we don't do anything like that, we just go get some fresh air.

"Your face is so tense, is there anything you want to tell me?" He is both a father, a friend, someone who gives me advice and is always a good listener. Since mom left, dad has become everything in my life.

"Dad, what is real love?"

The legs go forward. We both didn't look directly into each other's eyes, but instead scanned the atmosphere around us. After a while, I asked an awkward question. My ears suddenly heard laughter drifting on the wind.

"Are you asking this question to someone who was thrown away by love for 10 years?"

"So when Dad had it, what did it look like?"

"Maybe it's your mother's face?"

I burst out laughing, remembering when I opened my photo album when I was young and saw a photo of the whole family, including my parents, Newton, Faifah and me. We stood in front of the house. There are bright smiles on his face and happiness can be felt through his eyes.

At this point, it may be impossible to go back to doing things like in the past. Everyone has their own life. Mother remarried and settled abroad a long time ago. Not only that, she also has a beautiful daughter. I met my sister once when she returned to Thailand to play with her mother and new family. It was a mixed-race girl with light brown eyes. So cute that no one can hate her.

I just feel sorry for my dad. When everyone had a new start, he was the only one stuck in the past. No love, no intention of marriage, just children and work.

"Do you still love mother?"

"Still the same. It's strange..."

"â€"

"Sometimes by the time we see its value, love has already left us."

"How did you get through it when everything fell apart?"

"Just respect the past you've chosen, no matter how wrong it makes your current life feel." Dad used to choose work over mom. So today, he misses the past, but is still aware that his father accepts all the consequences he causes.

"Not long ago, I confessed my love to someone." The listener stopped walking, turned to look at me for a moment, before moving his eyes back to focus on the road in front of him, while his legs began to move as before.

"Then what did he say to you?"

"That person also loves me, I'm just still not sure if the love I have for that person is really love. And I'm like a selfish person, not knowing the answer but still holding on to that person. Tell the person to wait even if I don't know how long."

"Why are you holding back?"

"Because I want that person."

"Just having a reason to want it is enough." I listened quietly. "It's strange because normally you tell your dad everything except love stories. The person before, waited until they knew and broke up. Why do you tell me now?"

"I'm not sure. It doesn't feel the same. The previous person understood that I loved him very much but was tired. I pursued unrequitedly, unilaterally pleased him. But with this person, I didn't need to try anything to feel right, right away. Even if the personalities are different. It's likeâ€¦ comfortable to be around."

"â€¦"

"But I'm just afraidâ€¦ afraid that one day when I have him, he will disappear. Afraid that everything will fall apart." Legs continue to move forward. The two hands clasped together, making sounds with difficulty. "I broke down once before. That's why this time I don't want to lose that person."

"What kind of person is he?"

"Everything is to my taste."

Dad laughed loudly as if extremely satisfied with what I just said. Today is full of funny sentences.

Gun is full of life. He is different from others. The first time we met, I was quite uncomfortable seeing the other person talking so mischievously. Like

to ask this, ask that. Like to approach sincerely. Until I realized that if I hadn't seen that look one day, I probably wouldn't have been able to sleep all night.

"Fun, kind. Sometimes funny, sometimes not. He's a very good eater, dad. He can stuff anything into his stomach. Although we haven't met each other for long, I like being with him, because of the feeling of receiving things that I have never had in this life. I want to do something good for that person. I want to change myself to become a better person for that person."

I paused to swallow the saliva down my throat, before continuing to say what was on my mind.

"But those desires have to be stopped because of fear."

"Yotha, human emotions are very complicated. Some understand, some don't. But as long as you're happy with what you choose today, I think it's enough."

"Dad, do you think so?"

"Well. Once you are happy for that person, miserable for that person, like that person's strengths, accept the shortcomings that person has, this proves how important this person is."

"â€"

"If love is a big deal for you then don't hold it in its entirety. Just think that if we didn't have that person in our lives now, how sad the world would be."

The sun gradually disappeared over the horizon. Darkness slowly enveloped us, before the streetlights of the neighborhood appeared to replace us, helping us move forward conveniently. Finally, I received a set of keys from my dad that could unlock another sense of doubt.

"Do I need to tell you dad's secret to living?"

I looked at the speaker's face and focused on what I was hearing, after a long while of diving into my own subconscious.

"Don't be afraid of the future that hasn't come yet. Be afraid of what you won't do now."

"Understood. Can I hug dad?"

Without waiting for my father to answer, my arms hugged the older man tightly. Before, I was very small. Every time my father hugged me, I always felt warm. However, after 10 years, I became the one who brought warmth to him instead.

"Dad, can I get 10-year-old Yotha back or something?"

"You're still 10 years old."

It felt like going back to the past when my mother didn't choose, when I was crying as if I was about to die, but luckily my father hugged me with both arms. The image of that day appeared clearly again after I forgot everything because I became an adult.

"Congratulations Faifah."

Clack!

"Congratulations on the title of school boy."

Clack!

"Happy day when you want to gather and drink together but it's so hard to die."

Click!!!

The atmosphere of the group of friends after meeting in Bangon Pochana was full of excitement. Drinks and snacks are unlimited. I originally didn't want to come. When celebrating Faifah, at most I just sit and eat at the same table. But the only reason why I appeared among a bunch of people like this was because of this little person like a Beagle puppy next to me.

"Don't drink too much." I quickly stopped as soon as I saw the fragile hand holding a glass of mixed alcoholic drink and sipping.

"I know."

"Let's go home together today."

"I'm going with Kong."

"Let me ask Kong for it." I still haven't had a chance to seriously propose. Less than an hour later, my current roommate spoke in a drawling voice that was half command, half plea.

"Hey Yotha, if Tai can't handle it, please take him home. Because I don't think I can either."

I nodded in response because I hoped that today I would confess to him the feelings I had been looking for for so long. Gun didn't need to wait any longer and I understood my feelings clearly as my father said.

If this world didn't have him, my life would be so sad.

Rrrr Rrrr - -

The phone vibrated, forcing me to look away from the profile of the little face and back to the phone screen displaying Warich's name. Not long after pressing listen and talking, I had no choice but to stand up while talking to Gun.

"Beagle, I'll be back later."

My heart ached as it was held by a fragile hand, along with pleading eyes that made the viewer almost immobile.

"Is it very important? Can't you go?"

"Something happened at the shop."

"So can I go with you?"

I shook my head and sighed deeply.

"Stay here first. I'll be back later."

The problem was directly caused by me, but I didn't want Gun to feel bad. The troublemakers who attacked my group in the middle of the pub again attacked the bar. Because I decided I wanted to end everything and accept the consequences I had caused, I quickly rushed away, forcing myself as much as possible not to turn around and look at the person behind me.

Fortunately, everything ended after I bowed my head, accepted the truth and apologized, even though the other person didn't want to hear it at first.

Before, I used to think I did nothing wrong by causing two people who no longer loved each other to break up faster. But stepping into someone else's relationship isn't the right thing to do anyway.

Imagine if one day someone stepped in and became the third party in Gun and I's relationship. Even though he doesn't love me anymore, it's still a painful story. The beginning should be for him, then the end should be for him and no one else.

"Once it's resolved, you'll feel more comfortable."

New wiped the sweat from his forehead, after the troublemakers agreed to end everything without any fighting or use of violence.

"Then I'll go first." I hastily told my brother, before receiving suspicious looks in return.

"Aren't you staying? The shop will close in a few hours."

"Go see Gun quickly."

"YES."

"Then let me see you out of the car." Warich volunteered so I didn't refuse. On the way to the parking lot, there were many things I wanted to say to him. One thing I can think of right now is...

"Thank you so much for helping me with everything."

"Hey. I'm willing. You're my brother. You want to become a better person, so I have to support you."

The distance from the restaurant to the car is not far at all. In just a moment, my legs stopped. I think after this incident I probably won't come back to the restaurant often. In addition to solving the remaining problems, the remaining thing is to arrange my own future life.

"I always thought going to a bar was to bond with someone there. But now it's no longer necessary. I'm not attached to anyone, I don't need to ask for anything. I just want to go out and live my life."

"â€"

"I'm going to move out. I also talked to New. The empty room will probably be rented to people working there."

"If you've already decided, I won't stop you. But if you have time, let's go have a beer together."

"Yes."

"Yotha, I'm sorry for causing you so much pain."

"It's okay, because you also caused me a lot of heartache."

"Let's be even then."

"YES."

"Go quickly." Even though I said that, I stood still, not moving anywhere but making eye contact with the person in front of me, choosing to open my mouth and say what I was suppressing in my heart for him to hear a little more.

"Before, I used to wonder why you didn't seem hurt by our breakup. Now I understand it's because you're no longer in pain about it."

"That's why I said whoever gets over their past first will win."

"That's probably true."

I took the car key, opened the door and squeezed in behind the driver's seat. Before ending, I didn't forget to say my last feelings. Those are the feelings I want to tell to the person who was everything in my life at one time.

"Warich..."

"Hmm?"

"Maybe now I lost because I got over it a few years later than you did. But in the end, I got over it. I don't feel heartbroken for you anymore."

No response came out of the other person's mouth. I can only feel one thing, which is a congratulatory smile from a brother.

"Slowly lie down. Does anything hurt?"

"Huu..." He cried, but his head shook and nodded again, making me just want to pet him and reach out to stroke the Beagle's head to comfort him until his fear subsided.

On the drive, a strange phone number called many times. When I clicked to listen, I realized that it was Klao's voice. At first I intended to hang up right away, but when I heard Gun's name mentioned by the other person, I was forced to continue talking to him in anger.

After hanging up the first time, I accelerated to drive to the restaurant as quickly as possible. But things didn't end there, because Klao called a second time. Luckily, I arrived just in time so I quickly rushed in to have a good fight with him.

Who would have thought that as soon as I got there, his friend would block my way. The anxiety and not wanting anyone to touch the person I like

keeps me calm. Even though it didn't end with the use of force, it still scared the hell out of a cheerful person like Gun as seen.

I quickly told my friends and Faifah and decided to rent a room nearby, instead of going back to the dormitory. Right now, the owner's fragile body is still lying trembling on the bed, pulling the blanket up to cover his head, while constantly crying.

"In short, pain or no pain?"

"It hurts..." The lips were so swollen from being bitten that they were bruised, causing the viewer's heart to twitch for a split second, both sympathetic and sad.

"Where? The mouth?"

"YES."

"Don't bite. It bleed now."

"It doesn't hurt."

"It's a pain in the ass. In short, is it painful or not?"

"Why did they hurt me?"

"It's my fault. I was wrong. Sorry. Sorry..." My hand still caressed his soft hair as if I was wanting to comfort both the person in front of me and myself. A lot of things happened today. But all the tangled knots have been removed to get ready for a new start.

The past is no longer important. It is who he is here that is important.

"Beagle, you might not be able to stand today. You probably won't hear anything for long, but please listen." The owner's white face blinks continuously. His trembling body gradually calmed down, until he stared at me with sparkling eyes like a puppy.

"It's because I'm so busy searching for the meaning of love that I forget everything around me. Although my special feelings for you may be indefinable, I know clearly that if life doesn't have you, if I can't be with you right now, it would be worthless."

"I know. Thenâ€¦ that's enough." A soft voice mixed with sobs responded. The face that was sad at first slowly broke into a smile. Until the tears wouldn't stop flowing.

"Do not cry."

"I don't cry."

"Sleepy yet?"

"Sleepy. I haven't been able to sleep for the past few nights."

"Me too."

"As well as that." I wiped his tears, then slowly crawled onto the bed, lying down behind the smaller person's back, before pulling the round lump covered by the blanket into my arms, hugging him tightly until there is no more space with a comfortable feeling.

"Hug so tight. What's wrong?" He asked in a hoarse voice as if he couldn't breathe. I slightly loosened my grip and responded with cardboard. His voice was brighter than before.

"Happy. Just thinking about being able to see your face and talk to you all the time makes me feel better."

"I knowâ€¦ But let's move away a bit. You almost got yourself killed."

I didn't chain myself away as requested, turned on thick skin mode.

"Beagle."

"Buzz."

"Beagle."

"I'm listening."

"In addition to using emotions, being together for a long time also requires understanding. We all have mistakes, there are things that cause discomfort. So I think from now on... let's try to get to know each other. Can I have more?"

"â€|"

"I will pursue you."

"Hoi." The small person in my arms began to move, turned half of his face and his wet eyes looked at me with surprise. "I like you first. It has to be me who is pursuing you."

"So everyone has their own thing to pursue. Do you agree?"

"Agree."

Tomorrow I have a lot to say to him to clarify the remaining issues. But before that time comes, let me sink into my subconscious first, because it's not easy to be able to close my eyes and sleep without fear of losing someone.

Once he is here, I will keep him forever.

[End of chapter 12]

13

Co-translator : yukifeebleu

Chapter 13: In the end, who pursues whom?

Head pounding. The pain in the eye sockets was so sharp that it gave me a headache.

This must be the heavy karma of the person named Gunyukol. However, last night was probably the first time in many days that I slept well. Worries are completely eliminated. The only thing left is the feeling of hot and cold entering the body.

"Ugh..." Even with the strength to squirm, I barely had any, so I could only forcefully open my eyes, scanning from the ceiling to the surroundings according to what my eyes saw at the moment.

Even though the place is strange, I can still feel the familiar scent of someone.

"Are you awake?" The low voice of someone in the room spoke up, breaking the silence. Before I could adjust my eyes to look at the other person clearly, something very cold touched my forehead, causing the hair on my arm to stand up in the blink of an eye.

"What is this?" Throat hoarse as if I was swallowing a handful of sand. Furthermore, the voice that came out sounded harsh.

"Fever-reducing gel. You're not feeling well."

The tall figure sat down next to the bed, using that warm palm to gently touch one of my cheeks while asking.

"Are you hungry yet?" Damn it. Exactly like the male lead of a prime time TV show.

Does Yotha also have a gentle side like other people? Or is it actually there but I've never noticed it? Perhaps these questions were shown too clearly on his face, so the other person kept silently staring at me, refusing to move.

"Beagle..."

"A little hungry."

"Then eat and take your medicine first. I'll clean you up again. If you feel better, go back to the dormitory."

"So where is this?"

"Zoo." This bad karma guy... "Wait a minute. Let me warm up porridge for you." He said and left.

The room I'm in is not very large. The wall is painted white. The interior has very few items. There is only a bed, wardrobe, refrigerator and small dining table. Probably a room for rent in a university area.

The scene from last night gradually recovered little by little. I remember being at Bangon Pochana. After that, Klao's friend invited me to the back of the shop. Yeah! At this point I'm starting to understand how I was brought to this room.

I put all my strength into sitting up and checking my entire body. The shirt was still intact but the jeans had been taken off, leaving only the old boxer. I don't want to think about what my face will look like if I look in the mirror, but I guess it won't be very fresh.

Damn it. Such is life like a wandering ghost. Indifferently.

"I'll go out and buy porridge for you from nearby. Let's eat first." The tall figure returned with a bag of food in hand. It's porridge cooked according to a special recipe bought at Minimart. Not only that, it also had several pieces of pork the size of rust mixed in.

"I want to get up and go to the dining table."

"Okay." Yotha quickly turned around and walked to a corner of the room, put down the hot bowl of porridge, then turned around and helped me to my seat. Technically speaking, I'm really sick, but that doesn't mean I can't walk on my own. I think it will be better soon.

"How much should I pay for the room?"

"Eat first."

"Did you peek at your thighs last night? Your pants are even torn with holes."

"Don't be lazy. Let's finish eating and then talk." Give orders. When I asked if I would follow, I would say I had to do it. My stomach started gurgling so I didn't want to abuse myself anymore. I picked up the spoon, blew gently and put it in my mouth. Huh... Pork is indeed smaller than an eyelash. Makes me imagine that protein won't float.

"Is it delicious?" The tall man sitting on the opposite side asked. I looked up at him and nodded to show that it was delicious. But the words that came out were completely opposite.

"Not delicious."

"Then why did you nod?"

"I'm afraid you'll be sad." Before I could finish my sentence, he reached out and ruffled my hair again.

"When you get better, I'll take you out to eat delicious food."

"As what? Faculty mate? Former roommate? Buddy? Or more than that?"

"Everything you want to do." At this point, I don't even know how to respond.

The topic ended easily, but no one felt uncomfortable enough to find something to continue talking about. I just sat quietly eating, and Yotha quietly sat and watched. After finishing the bowl of porridge, it was a long

while before he gave me the medicine bag with the pharmacist's scribbled on it for me to drink.

"Sit and rest first, then go back and lie down." The other person repeated it again. I slowly blinked my eyes in response, planning to kill time by playing with my phone a bit while waiting. But when I opened my mouth to ask, the owner of the low voice stubbornly interrupted. "Beagle" From now on, I will have no secrets from you."

"I don't care. There are some things, if it's too painful, you don't need to say it."

"Things are no longer the same. Once you open up to me, I'm ready to open up and tell you everything."

"Today, Yotha has really changed."

"Everything that happened is my fault. I'm sorry. I'm sorry for making you wait, making you cry, making you sad and miserable because of the bad actions I just did."

"It's OK." When I spoke, I didn't understand why I was crying. Of course. Seeing Yotha's sad puppy face, I felt so sad.

"Things like that won't happen again. So, I want to ask you for a chance to correct my mistakes and change myself for you, okay?"

"Then you have to give me a chance too."

Our thinking can be so childish that we accidentally do thoughtless things. But once we face problems, we also want to grow and become better people.

While waiting for the food to digest, Yotha spent all his time telling me stories from his past, including the time we spent apart searching for answers to deep emotions.

I know what he's afraid of. Just like I'm afraid of nightmares and ghosts in the dark. But once you overcome it, it will be like you have conquered

something hidden deep inside your heart.

"Then is there pain in pain?"

After solving all the remaining problems, I realized that a lot of things happened last night. Although I didn't observe any external injuries to the other person's body, I was afraid that under that layer of clothing, bruises that I had seen would appear.

"It's okay. Klao and his friend just pushed. But you, do you hurt anywhere? Wrist? Arm?"

"It's okay. They just pulled it together." The scars on my body are gone, so I don't feel any pain. "But admitting it is really scary."

"This is for processing."

"Do you need me to contact the assassin?"

"â€"

"It's John Wick."

"Lie down and rest." So sad. Some people don't understand my joke.

It's only been a little while and I've already sent people to bed. Probably afraid I'll continue talking nonsense.

But as soon as I lay down on the bed, Yotha moved to sit on the floor, put his elbows on the bed, and silently looked at me. The thing is, I won't be able to sleep if you do that.

"If you're sleepy, there's space next door." The 3.5 ft (>1m) bed is still crowded together. If it's too miserable, just go to the empty space and sleep together.

"Not sleepy."

"Then do whatever you want. It's very comfortable here, no need to worry."

"There's nothing to do. Now I just want to look at you."

"I can't sleep. Should we talk to kill time?"

"Okay."

In the end, no one spoke first, we could only stare into each other's eyes as if we were competing to see who could take our eyes off each other first, that person would lose. After a long time, my heart began to beat strongly. Sweat poured down the lines of his face. My dry throat made me involuntarily lick my lips.

"Have you ever kissed anyone?" Boom! It was like a bullet went through my forehead. Why do you ask this question when we are at peace? And even more impatient when I saw those sweet eyes staring at me intently.

"Of course I was. The lip touching kind." That's called kissing, right? There are many types of kisses.

"Like that time I kissed you?"

"Hatefully." I laugh dryly.

"Need to teach?"

"No need."

"Give me your tongue." I'm a bit confused. The taller person had to explain further. "Stick out your tongue."

Ok. I obediently followed the request by slowly sticking my tongue out and then making a face like I was a scaring child. In the end, Yotha froze. Gun didn't understand what I did wrong.

"I lost all interest."

"What?"

"Let's wait until we get better than this and then find out together."

Boom! The second bullet once again flew through. This time, I couldn't control everything and just pulled the blanket over my head to hide from the other person's eyes. After a long time, sleepiness and fatigue gradually came.

I don't remember when I fell asleep, all I know is that the warm palm of the person in front of me slowly pulled the blanket down and gently patted my head, until I sank into my subconscious.

The eyelids open again at noon. Yotha woke me up to eat, take medicine and then go back to sleep. Luckily, the fever had subsided so much that I could return to the dormitory in the afternoon. In my heart, I was also afraid that Kong would be worried. I know he always calls to check on me, but I think there's no way I can escape being interviewed for a while longer. But damn, it's true!

"Go back to your room first." Faifah stood with his hands on his hips at the door, while giving orders to his twin brother in a deep voice. Kongkiat was no less competitive, standing by with his arms crossed and watching with an Oscar-class heart for best supporting actor.

"I can listen too." Yotha quickly objected.

"Only friends talk about this problem. It's just me, Kong and Puppy."

Boom! Almost without waiting for an answer, he slammed the door right in front of him. Both ears heard the sound of someone outside knocking on the door many times before it fell silent. At this moment, there is only one thing that can be said: 'I can't escape'. Because after being dragged to sit at the foot of the bed, I was continuously bombarded with a series of weapons of war.

"Are you better?"

"I'm better. But I still have to take medicine."

"Did Yotha do anything to you?"

"He didn't do it."

My roommate and my best friend compete in shooting questions. I don't want to hide anything, so I have a duty to answer truthfully. I know my friends are worried. I can feel it. Even so, I couldn't help but feel achy.

"I know about Klao and his friend. I'm sorry for not being with you at that time." The end of Faifah's sentence was pitifully light. Kong was no less competitive, opening his mouth to whisper to me.

"Me too. Let's not come here to comfort you at all." In a blink of an eye, I was blindly pulled into a hug. Damn it. The scene is so intimate. "Sorry I'm drunk. I don't know if it's beans or beer."

"Hey. I'm the one who invited you to drink, so how can I blame you? As for Faifah, I know you're busy. With everyone dragging you around, how can you have time to take care of me all the time? This is a problem." The time to confess has come. Sorry for letting me go on air for a bit. "Damn it. It's me... going crazy."

"Do you want to relieve yourself?"

"Last time I just felt like I was crazy."

I want to laugh but I can't laugh.

"At that time, perhaps neither you nor Yotha were aware of it. Do you believe it? I know more than enough that I told you not to think too much, not to be sad, in fact how can you do it so easily? I just hope that one day when everything is resolved, you will look back at it again."

"Really handsome. Actually, just scold me."

"I won't scold you. Poor thing. You've been so stupid up until now." Oh well... How should I make this face? Ask that. "Wrong word. Can you say it again, please?"

"Yeah. Say it."

"People can make mistakes or be stupid. But if you're stupid over and over again, it's probably only you."

"Kong!"

"Luckily I didn't lie writhing on the floor of the pub last night so I could call Poh Teck Tung* to clean the floor quickly."

* Name of a rescue fund in Thailand

"Sorry for being stupid and making you worry."

"It's good to know now. From now on, please calm down."

"YES."

"You and Yotha are too attached to each other." The person who had been silent until now spoke up. Faifah's expression was so serious that I had to listen silently. "If one day something goes wrong again, I'm afraid you guys will go down with it."

"â€"

"Trusting each other doesn't mean always sticking to the other person. I know when a person has a lot of influence on us, we often look forward to that person. But don't forget that you were always happy because of yourself. Now that there is love, I want you to look back at the starting point too. Before waiting for someone to take care of you, you should take good care of yourself first."

Scary handsome. If this answer was given to him to speak in the men's competition*, he would have won Troi Trang's Outstanding award again.

* In Thailand, the man is often called the Moon, and the beauty is the Star.

"Why do you talk so well?" Tears threatened to flow. I just realized it and wanted to adjust myself immediately.

"I spent all night thinking about these tips. No money or no money."

"Uh..."

"I don't expect you to suddenly come to your senses. You just need to look at your previous crazy actions and slowly adjust."

"Huhâ€¦ I understand. Thank you very much." Tears flowed freely again. Kong seemed surprised and quickly rushed towards me, causing his glasses to almost fall off his face, stammering non-stop.

"Damn. I'm lucky to have a friend like you. If it weren't for you, I'd probably be the only one who looks the stupidest in Chemistry."

"Don't flatter too much. My stomach hurts."

"I was thinking about it with Faifah last night. We have to correct Yotha for causing trouble." I scratched my neck, wondering what the other person was talking about.

"How?"

"I will establish an association to protect pets. Faifah is the president, I am the animal caretaker."

"What about me?"

"You are an animal that needs to be protected."

"Sometimes you guys do things so retarded that I can't even imagine."

"There's also the guild name."

"What's your name?"

"As fierce as a tiger."

"That's enough. Please allow me to rest."

"If Yotha still behaves badly but still tries to approach you, I will scream and scare him right away. Giuuuuu."

Grow your head!

Even at a serious time but still able to laugh, I think I'm very lucky. When I was a child, I had a family that understood and supported everything. Growing up, I had good friends who understood me and didn't mean to scold me when I accidentally did something stupid. That's why I want to repay them by becoming a better Gunyukol every day.

Since leaving Yotha, I've hardly gone to the general classes we studied together, intending to take advantage of the time the teacher doesn't take attendance to be absent. But today, as soon as the tall figure opened the door and walked in with a group of friends, some people automatically turned and focused their attention on the person who had just arrived.

"Damn. I thought it was F4." Frong sitting next to me turned to whisper.

Although the legs of the person in front of him were still walking, his dark eyes were looking towards me. Because I didn't know what to do, I waved my hand awkwardly.

"Fuck."

His friends gasped loudly when they saw the owner's handsome face smiling brightly, silently bowing his head and following his friends to sit at the desk. It can be boldly stated that Yotha looks even more beautiful when he smiles than when he looks dark.

"You you."

"What...?"

"Do you think Yotha is possessed? Damn it. Laughing without closing his mouth. His gums are dry."

"That's what love is like. Boring." Kong replied with a bored expression.

I didn't tell anyone about this. The only people who really know are Kong and Faifah. I trust neither of them will inform anyone else.

"Do you know who he likes? Someone like a dark gentleman who also has love? Bre! What kind of person should he be? But if I were to guess, it would definitely be strange." It feels like I don't know what my friend said to me.

"It's not strange. The person he likes is so good."

Well done, Kong. Tonight there will be a reward of 2 candies. If it's not enough, add 2 cups of fabric softener the other day because he compliments me so much that it makes me want to cringe.

"What are you laughing at, Tai?"

"Nothing."

Luckily, the teacher had already entered the classroom, so I wasn't asked too many questions by Kong. 2 hours passed quickly. The other friends suddenly went in different directions. Yotha was dragged out by his friends from the moment the teacher announced his leave. Maybe it's just me and my group of friends who can't figure out which building we should change to for dinner.

Sep then came up with the idea of going to eat at the Social Sciences building. Everyone agreed so they quickly packed their things and ran there as fast as they could. Before my best friend and I could even step out of the building, someone was waiting in front of the room door. Just seeing his face, the blood vessels in my body felt like they were being electrocuted, automatically taking a step back. Fortunately, in addition to Klao, my eyes also observed Yotha standing behind.

"Who is that?" Kong whispered and asked. He probably doesn't remember the destructive bomb he encountered in the bathroom.

"The one who caused trouble with Yotha."

"...!!" Without waiting for Kongkiat to figure it out, I immediately asked the other person.

"What happened sir?"

"Let's talk for a bit."

"Then you'll say it right here." To be honest, I'm still scared. Having friends here will definitely make me feel more secure.

"Let's talk in private for a bit. It's fine here." Having said that, the person in front of him pointed to the path less than 10 meters from the classroom door. Kong seemed hesitant, while Yotha shot a look that said it was okay, trust him. So at a time like this, perhaps there is nothing to fear anymore. I nodded and left my previous position to a place not too far away.

"Tell me quickly. I'm hungry."

"Seeing Yotha next to my lover has been a thorn in my heart for many years. From what I already disliked, I now hate it even more." From the beginning, he already showed his authority so I didn't dare to refute him. "I also thought that if I made him feel even a fraction of the pain I experienced, I would be satisfied. Besides, I still believe that I did the right thing. I want to teach him a lesson.."

"â€|"

"But I realized not long ago that I was fucked up, because you had nothing to do with it. I'm really sorry."

Honestly, I don't know how to respond or react when I hear this. However, his remorseful expression made me unable to continue being angry.

"Yotha told me you called him to the bar. Did you do it on purpose?"

"Because I just wanted to scare him, but I forgot to think about your feelings."

"I was so scared."

"..." He was silent, but still nodded to show understanding.

"But I understand that one day, we will make a mistake and become stupid. If you realize it and come to apologize, I won't count anymore."

"Thank you, N'Gun."

"Can I ask this? Is your story with Yotha over yet?"

"It's over. Since that night."

"Soâ€¦ What did P'Wa say?"

"Are you angry? I still haven't talked to you again."

"You deserve it."

I shouldn't have blurted it out. Seeing the older man standing still like a scarecrow, I couldn't leave, so I smiled shyly and hastily beat the drum according to procedure.

"Look, I accept your apology and hope you won't do the same thing to anyone else. I hope you quickly reconcile with P'Wa."

After saying that, I quickly tried to run away. On the less than a few meter long road back to where Kong and Yotha were headed, I felt like I had just lifted another mountain from my chest. I don't know if I will be able to talk to P'Klao again this time, but deep down, whether we talk or not, we don't owe each other anything anymore. Everyone should move forward. I also don't want to wallow in sadness too much.

If the past makes a person mature, I strongly believe that after this is over, there will surely be many more adults than before.

Knock Knock knock

"What is it?" I was standing buttoning up the wardrobe. As soon as the knock on the door rang out, Faifah jumped up from the bed, his hair disheveled and went to open the door as if he knew exactly who was outside.

After hearing the brief greeting, Yotha didn't hesitate to respond.

"Come find Beagle."

"Please read the rules posted on the front door of the room." The thick hand used force to flatten it 2-3 times as a reminder.

"How much do you want?"

"300 thousand. Transfer immediately."

"Hey. I'm your brother."

"You were born just a few minutes before me, don't talk too much. Pay up!"

"I don't have enough. Can I make a deposit in advance?"

"How many are there now?"

"30."

"Yeah, give it here." I always thought I and the childish Kong would die. Who would have thought that these two hellish twins would be much heavier than this. I had to sit and watch as Yotha reluctantly pulled money out of his wallet and gave it to his younger brother. Even though he was allowed to enter the room, the owner of the opposite bed still occasionally tried to peek.

"What is going on?"

"Beagle tie my tie." Nguuuu. Just saying it wasn't enough, I even showed my old tie.

"You can tie it yourself."

"Then teach it again." Just as I finished buttoning the last button of my student uniform, I quickly walked over to my tall relative who was waiting at the end of the bed, took the tie from his thick hand, and slowly tied it for him. A habit.

"Look. If you don't remember, ask."

"YES." Yotha looked at the tie in my hand very attentively. After tying it slowly until it was finished, I asked again. "Remember yet?"

"A little bit. Can I try to tie it for you?"

"I'm still worried about my body." But there's nothing to lose from trying. I turned around and took a tie from the dresser drawer and gave it to the person in front of me. The other took it before clumsily slipping it under his collar.

It's already difficult for someone who has never tied a knot themselves, but having to tie it for someone else is probably doubly confusing.

"Wrong. The other side." From always lowering my head to observing his thick hands, when I raised my head to look at my body, I automatically held my breath unconsciously. The high bridge of his nose bent down, almost touching my cheek. Moving the body is also difficult. I want to open my mouth to speak but I don't dare. The whole person is stiff like a robot.

"Difficult." The other person muttered.

"â€|"

"Hold your breath for what?"

"What?"

"YES."

"Move back a bit. It's too close."

"Okay." Stay~ Back less than 1cm. What are you standing back for?

"Are you teasing me?"

"What?"

"Both the backing up thing and the tie thing."

"I don't really know."

"Cough cough. Have you forgotten that I'm still in this room? Whatever you do, please respect me." Then the bell rang and saved my life from lack of air to breathe. However, one leg cannot move too far, because the dark gentleman was still holding me by the neck with a navy blue tie.

"Fai, I have some money left in my wallet. Can you take it all and then please leave this room?"

"Are you using money to bribe me?" The battle between brothers happened again.

"Yeah. Can I have it?"

"Take." The damn roommate suddenly rushed forward, snatched his wallet and went into the bathroom, forgetting the reason for establishing the association to protect me that day.

"Let me do it myself. Just stand still and watch. Okay." I tried to pull Yotha's hand away. But the opponent's tentacles stubbornly held on tight, refusing to let go.

"Hoi. Are you looking for trouble?"

"I told you to tie it."

"It's not over yet. I have class at 8 o'clock."

"Where to study tonight?" Very good at playing drums. It's almost midterm exams these days, so everyone has to constantly find a place to gather until the exam is over.

"Probably the faculty library." Every time I try to use the school library, I can't find a seat. "Do we study together?"

"See you."

"No problem."

"But if you want something to eat, just call. I'll buy it for you."

"I can buy it myself. Then you won't have to be tired."

"Not tired. I want to do it."

We used to say that everyone pursues their own things, but now things are almost unchanged compared to before. But I like that. It's better to just leave it as usual. However, there are still some things that have changed. For example, in the past, whenever he intentionally bought something for me, he often took a detour. Now, if you say it out loud, it's much easier to understand.

"You want to do whatever you want. Hey, you tied it wrong. Do it again!"
Do as I say."

"How?"

"Go around to the back. Behind!" When I told him to go around to the back, he went around to the front. Damn it. You'll kill me if you tease me. "Then slide in here. Here!"

Put your hand in my chest too. Moe. It turns out that Yotha is also a rude scoundrel.

"So here it is." The other person calmly replied.

"You put your hand under my collar just now. I saw it."

"You think so yourself."

"Very good at throwing poop. Where have you been? I've forgotten everything."

"This."

"If you get here, keep this side of the tie."

"Ok ok."

While lowering my head to look at the thick hand busy wrapping around my neck, my body suddenly felt hot. 2 eyes opened wide. His face immediately became hot. I was waiting for my brain to figure out what had just happened, the taller person brought his face closer and used his sharp teeth to gently bite my lip.

Momeeeeeeee. He really bites. Bite like a dog.

"Huuuuuuuuu."

"Pain?" Asked if it hurt, it didn't hurt, but I was embarrassed. The legs are all weak. By the time he left, his navy blue tie was so wrinkled that he couldn't see it.

I've never had trouble tying my tie in the morning. But today is different, because it's almost finished.

Almost there, but actually not done yet...

I've been spending my life stuck in the faculty library studying for a few days now. Every day I want to change my mood, run to a coffee shop. But every time it gets dark, I die stuck in the same place. Therefore, this time Kong went to find a new quiet and empty corner under the Chemistry building to make another choice. Few people but many mosquitoes can die. I had to diligently carry the fan and turn it on to chase away the mosquitoes to hope for peace.

The corner where Kong and I sat was almost empty. Even so, it was quiet as if sitting in a cemetery. I don't know where we people from the Engineering Department have gone, but one thing is for sure, my senior with the same number stayed in the bar until morning.

"So jealous of P'Champ." Taking my eyes off of reading, I continued to play on my phone.

"What's wrong? Jealous because he's in the pub?"

"Why do you know?"

"I just had a heart to heart." You buffalo. As expected of Kongkiat. He knows everything except about himself. When I lowered my head to look down at the screen, I saw Kong's Facebook name appear in front of me.

"It's not smart to drop hearts on the whole department, right? You give hearts to everyone you see. So for Ping, what did you drop?"

"Ping only accepts likes. Shame." His face looks so shy. Flirting with people since they were friends. Nowâ€¦ still just buddy. Xi! "Be nosy about my business. What about yours? How's it going? Tell me."

"No progress. It's still the same."

"Seeing everyone's treasure, everyone pursues it. So what happens?"

"I can't figure out how to pursue him. Just like that every day is good."

"No. Human life must have sweet moments. If Yotha is not very interested, then take the initiative to pursue him."

"I'm taking the initiative."

"Must be more."

"Should we?" Every time I meet Kong and ask for advice, I feel miserable. Dump the tank.

"Should."

"How?"

"It's like when you chase a girl. Just change to a boy. Maybe volunteer to pick him up and go."

"But he already has a car."

"Then it's okay to buy a gift. Make it look like a dedicated and thoughtful person."

"My first love, I bought a Pororo doll as a gift. Is it okay?"

"Are you really stupid or are you pretending to be stupid? Then change to something else. Or else, the easiest way is to take them out to eat and watch a movie."

"This is cool."

"When you're together, you have to act a little more serious. Don't let Yotha know you're excited about it. Calm down! Do big things. The mind must be even more calm."

"Tell me to calm down, why the hell are you swinging your legs?"

There's a mess under the table. It seems like the advice giver's symptoms were much more severe than mine.

"Iiiiiiiii. Tai, my dear, I'm so excited. Ping texted me to go study together. Damn! Damn! Damn!!" After discussing this topic for a bit, the other person suddenly shouted after hearing LINE's announcement. "What should I do? You're important, but girls can't miss out either."

"Since when did you make progress with her?"

"The other day I gave her milk so she invited me to study together. But I didn't expect that she was telling the truth." The look on his face at this

moment can only be described in one word: he is in a period of passionate love.

"Then go quickly. Where is Ping?"

"Faculty library. But how can I leave you behind?"

"I'm not a 2 year old child. Go ahead and flirt with girls." Kong looked sad, bowed his head and typed the message for a long time, before smiling even brighter than before, as if he had found a way. "Later Faifah will come over to study together. I saw you brought a bunch of snacks. Tonight, I'm sure you'll eat until morning."

"Are you possessed by a whining ghost? If you make a mistake, you'll be eaten forever." In the evening, I filled my belly with crispy fried pork. Now awake I eat all the way to the tongue.

"Faifah, I'll leave it to Tai."

Less than 10 minutes later, the male gentleman from the school appeared with a lovely paper bag. Kong packed his things and waited for a long time. After being assured that I had a friend to study with, he patted my shoulder and ran with all his might as if he had just opened a time gate.

"The meat is fragrant. What should I do? Since receiving this title, people have continuously given me gifts."

"I haven't asked any questions yet. So confident. Is there any need to be jealous?" After saying that, I couldn't help but roll my eyes. But I have to admit that today I can still feel full thanks entirely to the blessings of my friend's hotness.

"Be jealous. I took the trouble to share it with you."

"Yeah."

The other person placed the bag of snacks in front of him. After that, the two of us focused on studying alternating with stuffing food into our

mouths. I'm not sure how much time has passed, but the silence was once again broken by someone's appearance.

"What are you doing here?" The tall best friend put down his pen and leaned against the back of the chair while looking at the person who had just arrived.

"Come and study together."

"I just met your friend. He said you finished studying, right?"

"Then review the new subject."

"Cough."

The last time I talked to Yotha was in the evening, before going away to review with my friends. But I don't think it will appear at this time. Before I could even open my mouth to say anything, my best friend appeared in front of me. Uh. Work to be worthy of the association you guys have established for me.

"Beagle, please sit together."

"D..."

"Come sit next to me. I'm doing my homework but there's a question I don't understand. I'm so confused." Before he could answer, Faifah interrupted. Not only that, he also tapped the chair next to him as if inviting him. "Hurry up. Let's show you the lesson."

"Is there something you don't understand about your face?"

"You still pretend you haven't finished studying yet. Or do you want to fight?"

I swear, in 5 minutes, these two brothers will definitely fight. So I had to intervene, before everything ended with Yotha sitting down next to his twin with an expression not unlike that of a Death Eater. Things only seemed more peaceful than usual for a while, before Faifah brought up the subject.

"Dog, your mouth seems dry. Would you like some water?"

"Huh?" I raised my head and met my eyes with the person opposite.

"That water."

Although it was a bit confusing, in the end I still reached out and took the other person's water bottle and brought it up to drink. A moment later, a piece of handmade bread was suddenly held out in front of me. I wasn't sure what game Faifah was playing, but I accepted it and said a short thank you.

"Want to listen to music to study and relax?" And...it's not over yet.

"The music isn't good, don't listen."

"Oh. This gives you full freedom to choose. Take my phone. Listen too." One side of the Airpod was removed and given to me along with the phone. When I received it, I wouldn't have had anything to say, if I hadn't seen the dark man's narrowed eyes in front of me, making it impossible for me to choose a card for a while.

"What song should I listen to? Hehe." I swallowed a large gulp of saliva, before glancing at the other person again. I suddenly discovered those sharp eyes were still staring at me. If he could chew my head off, he probably would have done it.

"Actually, it has a dedicated playlist to listen to while studying on Soundcloud."

"Already approved."

"Give me your phone here so I can choose for you."

"Take good care of me." I said it half jokingly and half serious. But I didn't expect to see the enthusiastic eyes of the handsome male gentleman.

"You don't have to worry when you're with me. Because you'll definitely be taken care of wherever you are."

"So cool."

I lengthened my voice before continuing to painstakingly summarize the review content. Occasionally I raised my head, but never once dared to make direct eye contact with the other person. Until the person in the middle, Faifah, asked permission to go to the bathroom, the surrounding atmosphere became twice as quiet.

Even though I couldn't concentrate on summarizing the content because my mind was busy worrying about other things, I still kept pretending to write the content roughly in the book.

"Beagle."

"Haha. Say what?" When I heard a low voice calling my name, I was so startled that I almost threw the pen and quickly responded in a stuttering voice.

"Are you hungry?"

"Not very hungry. Faifah brought a lot of food."

"Actually, it's not only Faifah who can do it."

"...?"

"I can take good care too."

I was stunned for a few seconds before remembering what we had talked about before. I think for sure the gentle ghost has entered Yotha. Otherwise, he wouldn't have said this with a red face.

This is Yotha when he was transformed. Or is this actually his true self before becoming a cold person? But before I could erase my doubts, my roommate walked back to the table while scratching eggs.

"Fai, I was going to ask Beagle to go get something to eat." Wait. We didn't talk about this earlier.

"At 4 a.m.?"

"YES."

"Answer the question first. If you don't pass, don't let it go."

The twin brother began to dictate terms. Arms crossed over chest, making a face like a mafia in a movie. Damn it. Where are you acting so ridiculous? Want to compete for the Suphannahong* award?

* Main film awards of the Thai film industry.

"Is that his father?"

"Representing Dad. What's wrong? If you don't answer, I won't let Puppy go anywhere."

"Have you asked Beagle yet?"

"That's right. You have to ask first." With Faifah's foot kicking wildly under the table, I was forced to play a mind game with him. "In short, what do you think?"

"Whatever I do." But in my heart, I'm ready to go with Yotha. I hate myself so much.

After receiving a half-hearted answer from me, Faifah continued to tease his brother.

"Where are you taking Dog?"

"7-11."

"Can't you go alone?"

"If possible, would you invite me?"

"Payback?"

"Say whatever you want. I'm willing to pay."

"Yotha, look closely at my mouth. Money can't buy someone like me if there isn't enough of it."

"Huh!"

"I really won't go to school tomorrow, but please remember to take my friend home. It's not like you just drop me off and leave."

"Yeah." After arguing for a while, in the end the one who had to raise the white flag was Faifah.

I barely had time to pack anything other than grab my wallet and follow the taller person to the parking lot. Yotha took me to the convenience store to buy real things, not far away. At this moment, Kong's words slowly appeared in my mind. It's true that we liked and flirted with each other, but we never had those heart-stopping moments. So today I would like to brag a bit.

"If you want to eat, take it. I'll pay."

"How much?" The person in front frowned. One hand carried the basket, the other stopped on the warming shelf.

"That's right. What does Baby Yotha want to eat?"

"I want to eat 2 spicy pork burgers."

"You don't need to buy it for me."

"It's not for you. I will eat it."

"Eh! good. Not cute, let's fight now."

"Fight me. When I hit you back, don't cry."

"Hey. Don't be cruel to each other."

"What do you want to eat?" From being the one asking, this time the situation was reversed.

"Get another burger. But get the spicy chicken flavor."

"Do you want some water?"

"I'll take it. But guess what I'll drink."

"Coke."

"Wrong. Because I drink Pepsi."

"As long as you're comfortable." The mouth spoke, but the hand still took the water bottle from the cabinet.

Maybe because this is a time when not many people are awake, so the whole store was just the two of us and the employee standing at the checkout counter dozing. We only bought a few food items. 1 burger, 2 watermelon flavored candies and 3 bottles of soft drink.

"Let me pay." Kong said to act generously and liberally. Besides, I don't want to be someone who only knows how to receive.

"No need."

"You've made it many times already. Consider it a gift for your buddy."

"I'm also giving you a gift."

Huh~ In short, everyone pays their own way. After reheating the food, instead of rushing back to the car, we chose to sit down on the steps right in front of the store, watching the street scene and occasionally chatting with the dog lying next to us.

"The atmosphere of my school when there are no cars is really nice."

It is very quiet. The streets are clear and there are no passersby. This is such a rarely seen and incredibly romantic moment.

"If a thief runs by, he will definitely see his mother."

Uh. Yet there are still people who ruin that romance for me. Damn it.

I opened the hot burger in my hand and took the first bite, before turning to look at the person next to me who was doing the same thing. Actually, the burger's taste is still the same, but for some reason today I feel like it tastes better than usual.

"Can I ask? How did you feel when we first met?" Because I didn't want to be too quiet, a topic suddenly came to mind to talk about. "You answer first."

"This is the first time I meet youâ€¦ I admit I don't know what to do. Deep inside I also feel scared, because you always make faces like you're angry at the whole world." Yotha burst out laughing when he heard that long sentence. "Tease me and I'll slap you. It's your turn."

"I'm not used to it. Maybe it's because I've never met anyone with as much energy as you before."

"Is that an advantage?"

"That's probably it? Extremely hyperactive. Like someone drunk on drugs."

"Damn it."

"At the same time, it's comforting to have a roommate with a puppy-like face."

"Out of character." I smiled shyly, before the other person reached out and pinched my nose strongly. "That hurts."

"It hurts on purpose."

"I've already scolded you, but you still harmed my body." The mouth said so, but the heart was pounding excitedly. "Yotha."

"YES."

"What is the first thing about me that makes you like me?"

"Voice. Every time you make noise, it's really annoying."

"Get a knife and stab it."

"So what do you like about me?"

"You often buy me snacks."

"So do you like everyone in the world?"

"You buy more than everyone else." Let me guess, this was actually our first impression of each other. "But the thing that makes me feel as warm as being in a microwave the most is when I have a nightmare. In my dream that night, you left. But when I woke up, it was just a nightmare. In the end, I still have you by my side to constantly comfort me that it's okay."

"Haven't other people ever comforted you?"

"Other people comfort me, but they are not as happy. Isn't it strange? There are people who also treat me well, but the feeling they bring is not the same." If it's a little romantic, it can be called fate. But for both of them, perhaps it is more accurate to call them motivated by the devil.

Not long after sitting and laughing subconsciously, my body immediately felt the warmth from the palm of the person next to me, taking the opportunity to pull my hand and hold it tightly until there were no more gaps.

"Doing what?"

"Hold hands." The other person calmly replied.

"Hold for what?"

"I want to hold."

"Just give me a little hold."

"One second is more than enough..."

"But you've been holding on for more than a second."

"Just found out it's not enough."

1 2 3 4 5 I counted the numbers in my head like I was lulling myself to sleep.

This is not much different from letting yourself fall into a sweet dream. After a long time, I gave up counting numbers in my head and just focused on looking at the quiet, handsome face. In my eyes, I saw his lips moving, heard his voice in my ears and saw his eyes turning to meet my eyes.

"Beagle, I'm not joking when I say I like your voice. I like listening when you talk. Anything goes. Just be you."

"â€¦"

"But the best part is probably when you confessed your love to me."

"Want to hear more?"

"YES."

"I love you."

"Aren't you embarrassed?"

"I'm so embarrassed that I'm about to go crazy. But less than you."

In the blink of an eye, Yotha's face suddenly turned red up to his ears. Sometimes I want time to stop forever at 4:25 to see him embarrassed and myself laughing, when I can finally make the dark person show his adorable side.

"You bastard. Are you kidding?"

"That's what short-lived people are like. Boring to death."

People filled the entire cafeteria like this, only souls could sit on someone else's lap.

"Cry a spell to chase people away." I couldn't just say it, I had to act out a scene where I put my hand in my backpack to find rice and spread it to cast a spell. Kong looked on with interest and then chimed in, living up to the title of life-and-death friends until the very end.

"Don't chant anymore, you bastard. There's an empty spot next to Bua. If we squeeze our butts a bit, he probably won't chase us away." I raised my head and looked in the direction Kongkiat's finger was pointing. The long table only had about one empty seat left. Besides, there's a group of girls studying in the same major next door, so there shouldn't be any problems. We quickly headed straight towards the target.

The last subject of the midterm exam takes place at 1 p.m. Everyone must wait here, before facing their inevitable fate. After today we will be free.

"Girls, can I sit with this handsome guy?"

"Sure, damn Kong."

"Oh. How cruel to Kong and Gun's hearts."

"It's not just you two, it includes your whole group too." There are many beautiful girls in the Faculty of Engineering, but not all of them will be gentle with me. Broken. Luckily, they were kind enough to move their butts to make room for us.

"Want something to eat?" In response, I asked the girls.

"Fish. Want to eat popcorn chicken."

"Okay."

"Are you going to buy it for us, Gun?"

"Nothing. That's all I asked."

"I'm very impressed with such a badass friend like this." I laughed at the sarcasm before striding to line up at the restaurant, not forgetting to bring home popcorn for my friends. Being with this group of friends is very fun, because no one mentions the content of preparing for the exam to cause stress. Most of them sat and chatted about trending songs, singers, and fun series as usual.

"Can we sit together?"

...!!

Everyone seemed to have been frozen by the curse when they heard the low voice of the person who had just arrived. He was tall, his skin was neither white nor dark, and he wore a neat student uniform. On his left shoulder he wore his favorite backpack, and in his right hand he held a plate of rice, causing everyone to compete in staring at him to the point that his whole body was almost blinded.

"Okay. Yeah! Yotha, right?" My friend laughed dryly before moving his butt to make room as if he had touched something hot.

"Yes. Thank you."

"How did you get here?" After the tall figure squeezed in and sat down next to him, I couldn't help but ask questions because I didn't see any of his friends in the group following him. Or did he intentionally go alone today?

"Walk."

"Cheating?"

"Answering according to the truth is also wrong?"

"So are you done with the exam yet? Remember, you won't be taking another exam."

"Yes. What do you remember in your head?"

"It's already at this level."

"Very good." Responding in a calm voice like this, I can't tell whether he's speaking the truth or being sarcastic.

Uh. We chatted for a bit but forgot that my friend was still sitting still. Kong is no problem. He stopped being afraid a long time ago, after living with his reluctant roommate, Yotha, for a while. But for these girls who have never talked to each other, it's shocking.

"Hey. You don't need to be afraid. Yotha is not fierce and doesn't bite."

"I'll bite you first."

"Ouch. Even more scary, buddy." In front of others, he is a kind buddy. What about behind that? Missing thing. I want to smash his mouth.

As for my friend, when he saw the dark gentleman's friendly appearance, he eased his tension and started laughing. After taking a moment to adapt, everyone talked to each other non-stop, before the tall relative became the target of my friends' sights.

"The Civil Engineering industry doesn't have any more exams, right?"

"No."

"Not celebrating with your friends? I heard that the Civil Industry is having a party."

"Yes, at 9 p.m." The others asked, he all answered but very briefly, without any further explanation. From the moment we met each other, the longest time I heard the other person talk was probably when he confided his feelings to me.

"I heard it's in Bangon Pochana, right?"

"Umm."

"My friend and I used to think about who was hotter between Faifah and Yotha."

"Me." He replied while scooping rice. After a while, he turned around and continuously scooped fried pork and put it on my plate.

"The fried pork is not delicious." The first time I tried it, I discovered it was very hard. There is also no fever. It can be called extremely bland. Yet they still harm each other by constantly scooping them up.

"So what do you want to eat so I can buy it for you tonight?"

"Soy milk is very sweet."

"Normal sweets are fine. How much sweet do you want?"

"Normally sweet, it's not sweet."

"Begging like a child."

"Buy a whole bunch for 5 baht too."

"Nowadays they don't sell the 5 baht type anymore."

"So sad." Then Yotha comforted me by stuffing me with 3 more pieces of fried pork. Looking at it makes me want to faint. Can people hurt each other to this extent? Let's take care of each other's oral health.

"I'm jealous that Gun has a buddy who takes good care of him. I can't see my Buddy anywhere." Bua, who was sitting on the opposite side, suddenly took the opportunity to tease. The girl smiled. Looking at it makes my heart weak.

"Normally Beagle also takes care of me." You still say good things about me. "For example, give me the edges of the bread."

People like pangasius like that. Damn it. Reply so I can have the face to exist in society.

"Normally, I rarely talk to Yotha because I feel so quiet. I didn't expect that he turned out to be much friendlier than I thought." With so much praise like this, of course I have to be happy. The more I saw my friends sitting at the table nodding in agreement, the more proud I felt. I want a lot of people to love Yotha. That way, he will be loved. "Let me ask you something."

"Buzz."

"Does Yotha have a lover?"

Bang!!

Enlightenment question. One is that we never told anyone about the relationship. Therefore, there are only a few people who know. And two, Bua is a lovely person. Not to mention, he was almost the representative of the Chemistry industry in the pageant - male pageant. The main question isâ€¦ does he have any feelings for Yotha?

"This is not asked of me. Don't think too much. Just ask many people in the department."

What a relief...

Tall relatives collect the spoons and forks and put them on the plate after finishing eating. He turned to look at me for a moment, before shifting his focus to the person asking the question, who now had an expectant look on his face.

"Still don't have a lover. But I have someone I like."

"Nuuuu. Who is that? Is it a secret?"

"Ask Beagle."

Bang!!

I thought the food was starting to get undigested so I turned to scratching the back of my head.

"Gun, do you know?" All eyes were on me. This moment is clearly called throwing shit at each other. Not only did Yotha not help, he also stared at me as if waiting for an answer. Kong doesn't need to be mentioned, because he has already pretended to be stupid to save himself.

"I... know. But..." What to do now. I didn't dare to answer, not because I wasn't clear, but because I was shy.

"Do I have to boast about myself?"

"It seems to be my department."

"Hoiiii. Really?"

"Or is it the department next door?"

"Gun, don't hesitate. Will we know today?"

"No need to know. Just know..."

"..."

"That person takes good care of Yotha and that's enough."

[End of chapter 13]

14

Co-translator : yukifeebleu

Chapter 14: Because the Beagle belongs to Yotha

Head pounding. The pain in the eye sockets was so sharp that it gave me a headache.

"Where are the snacks given out at recess?"

"It's just marmalade. Do you have it?"

"Oh, good. What about chocolate milk? Did you embezzle what was given to you?"

"What's the point of asking so aggressively like this? Hold it carefully?"

Kong especially emphasized the last words. He's the one who always likes to tease me. Like the word 'keep carefully', it's used indiscriminately. Probably since the day I told my friends in the same industry about things related to the person Yotha likes. Only later did I realize that those words were no different from throwing a bomb at myself.

"Yeah. Keep it safe. Are you satisfied?"

"You're talking so loudly. It's so embarrassing." The white hand pulled out the milk carton from the backpack and gave it to me. I took it and quickly inserted a straw to drink.

After 3 weeks of midterm exams, in my heart I only hoped that I would have a break.

Yet the Faculty of Engineering has so many serious activities. Not only that, students also have to continuously be in charge of important events from now until the end of the year. After the event that opened the world to

activity with a cosmic star contest that swept across the galaxy, we immediately faced a large aftershock that followed.

'Department of Connection Engineering'

The brothers and sisters said that each year it will be held in a rotating format, taking turns hosting. 2 years ago it was held in Chiang Mai. Last year our school was responsible. This year we will go further, because we have to bring the first year and the activity organizers along to say hello to other friends in Khon Kaen. Thank you. This is the first time I have visited this province.

"Then what the hell are you laughing at? Happy to be appointed to represent the school to compete for the excellent logistics trophy?" Honestly, if it weren't for Kongkiat, this world would be much quieter.

"You prepare to go to hell, you bastard."

"Beagle, it's hard to hear." Opening my mouth to curse the next sentence, I had to swallow it down my throat as soon as Yotha spoke up to stop me.

"I'm sorry. Let me say it again. Then, Kongkiat, please prepare to be reincarnated."

"Moaaa. It's scary to say something like that. How much are you afraid of Yotha? Ask yourself."

"Don't be afraid." But when I turned to make eye contact with the taller person standing not far away, I suddenly felt my face indirectly shrink to just two fingers. Damned. My cool script also fell apart. "Iâ€¦ it's a bit embarrassing."

The person in question strode to stand behind me, causing the hairs on my body to stand on end. Before, when I saw darkness, I could die. He's gentler now, but I'm still afraid of his Death Eater power.

"What are you doing here?"

"I was going to ask if you're full? I still have a carton of milk left."

"You don't drink?"

"No. This brand isn't good." Surely his tongue cannot sense taste. It's so delicious.

The tall relative took out the carton of milk that had just been given out for free. Not only that, he also inserted a straw for me. Having made it this far, all that's left is to offer it to the brim. My task is probably just to swallow it down. But luckily it doesn't play that big.

"Huh~ The logistics tasks are assigned to take care of the people in the dental department, not just the dogs."

"Fuck. Kong. Fuck you!"

If it weren't for my regret, I would have sprayed chocolate milk all over his face. As I have clearly explained, this year's Faculty of Engineering Connection event will be held earlier. Each year, each person will be assigned a different task through an uncomplicated selection process. Assign the person who took on the old task in the world opening event to do it.

Each person's mission will only last from the event preparation period until the departure date. Therefore, upon arrival, the host school will bear almost all responsibility for care.

Yotha and I still do the logistics. Kong is in the cleaning team. Faifah still has to prepare to practice for the performance. Particularly for sports, it allows free registration. So, I immediately volunteered to play petanque because it moved the least. And the dark gentleman has the opportunity to show off his tennis playing skills to the fullest thanks to this occasion.

"Yotha." The thoughts in my head suddenly disappeared when my ears heard someone's clear voice. All eyes turned to that person, before Kong and I clasped our hands in greeting and smiled. "Hello guys. Please lend me your junior with the same code for a moment."

"I'll take it naaaaaaa." I pushed my relative's shoulder high, before being glared at by the other person.

"Go in there obediently."

"Speak for yourself."

Yotha was dragged away by P'Arm. Only Kong and I waved our hands and prepared to continue the fight.

"Let's go find a seat in the building and wait first, okay? There's something we need to talk about." Both eyebrows furrowed tightly. I wasn't sure what Kong wanted to talk about, but I still agreed to follow his request easily by leaving the department's activity room and going down to the ground floor.

"Is something serious?"

"When will you two agree to be lovers? I'm looking forward to it so much I'm going to pee." Oh wow. Thought it was something big. Before that, talking was almost a whisper. Now he's climbing like a kid in kindergarten.

"I haven't found a chance yet."

"We've been flirting with each other for a while now. Damn it. I think we've seen through most of each other's feelings. If we don't ask, the day may never come." Hoi! Damn Kong! From a place where I had never thought about it, I am now starting to feel a bit shaken. I'm afraid there will be a situation where we flirt and then don't date and can only be partners. At that moment, I saw my mother for sure.

"So what should I do? Yotha won't ask me out."

"Are you pretending to be stupid or are you really stupid?"

"It's fake. If I was really stupid, I would be you, damn Kong."

"Damn boy. Wanna fight in a duel?"

"Okay. I'm afraid you'll lose so much that you'll cry."

"Let's get back to the point. It's so fucking pointless." The person in front of me leaned his elbows on the table, he lightly opened his mouth to speak with a serious expression.

"Waiting for you makes sense."

"Like I said, if he doesn't flirt, you flirt. If he doesn't ask, you just take the initiative."

"So do you have any ideas for me? I want a romantic scene of asking to be my lover." No need to ask how sparkling my eyes are right now. This is just a thought. If I do it for real, I will definitely die of embarrassment.

"Yes."

"How? How?" I leaned closer and asked curiously.

"Just take out your phone."

"Ah ha."

"Unlock."

"And then?"

"Ask Google. No matter how romantic you want, just type. Damn it. There's all the answers."

Really good idea, dude. Like this, anyone can do it. But once my friend showed me the way, there was no way I would refuse to use my free time that would normally be useless to continue doing meaningless things.

'Romantic ways to ask to be your lover'

"Brought to the place where we first met. The thing is, where did I meet him?" After muttering to myself for a while, before I could open my mouth to say anything more, my close friend Kongkiat - who knew everything in this world except his own affairs - suddenly jumped up excitedly.

"In the cafeteria, right?"

"No. Actually, we met in the bathroom. Furthermore, we accidentally broke the faucet."

"It would be romantic to go back and meet each other in that place. Nonchalantly." Don't say he's a friend, even I never want to get back to being sweet with each other in the bathroom. Because instead of romance, I think it will eventually turn into a scene of carnage.

"This method is extremely inappropriate." I scrolled through my phone, continuing to read attentively.

"Sing a love song. Well... At first I also wanted to sing, but then I realized my voice was terrible."

"I'm so glad you didn't sing." The person in front pretended to raise his hand to wipe away his tears.

"What? Are you afraid that Yotha will cry with joy?"

"No. I'm afraid he will die."

"Buffalo!"

"Quickly read the third method. I don't want to hear you sing so much." If it weren't for being so close, I probably would have made him lose his glasses a long time ago. It hurts more than being punched, especially when I am tricked and scolded continuously. Truly worthy of my beloved Kongkiat.

"They said to text and say everything in your heart. But I want to say it in front of him."

"I feel the same way. Not good. Next step."

"Write your love confessions on paper. But that's very stereotypical (cliché). I heard that a senior school beauty named Jitti used it but was rejected by a guy. She's so pretty and yet she's still shy. Will I make it?"

"Damn it. Then don't do it. It's a waste of time and effort to follow him. Is there any other way?"

"Buy a special gift.

"What do you want to buy?"

"Pyjamas. P'Arm bought him 5 sets. So I want to buy 2 more sets so he can wear them every day."

"Wowwww."

"Good, right?"

"Your idea is terrible. Let's go another way." He doesn't help me get motivated at all.

"Wait for the right atmosphere before asking."

"Hoi. Reasonable. I really like it. Buy it." I also agreed with its idea so I kept nodding.

"What kind of atmosphere is good?"

"You're asking the right person, Tai. Because I am an expert in creating romance." A while ago you even chased me to ask Google. However, I didn't object because I was afraid he would get angry. I could only sit and listen to his plan excitedly. "The scene I often see in movies is a dark room, with only light from scented candles."

I imagined what the other person was describing so much that I started to get carried away.

"You sat waiting in the room, holding a bouquet of flowers. Then, Yotha opened the door and walked in with a surprised look on his face. Oops!" Overacting is scary. "He slowly walked towards you, licking his lips a little."

"Wait. Why is he licking his lips?"

"Tai, can you please stop interrupting? It's the climax."

"Ok. I'm sorry. Continue."

"Yotha licked his lips. After moving closer to you, he lowered his head and whispered in your ear with a gentle, ticklish voice that..."

"That...?"

"What the hell are you doing turning off the lights, you bastard?"

"You bad karma Kong!!" It takes a long time to create a spell, but they don't have the heart to hurt each other by turning the car around. After listening, I almost kicked it off the chair. But before he could kick his foot, the other person quickly stopped him, speaking while holding back his laughter. "I'm kidding. It's just a joke."

"Save it for when you ask Ping to be your lover."

"Hehehe. Can I correct the mistake?"

"No need."

The romance I had imagined was gone. Encountering ideas like this, I don't know if the scene of asking to be my dream lover will happen. But whether everything goes according to plan or goes wrong, there's one thing I'm determined to continue doing...

Ask Yotha to be my lover.

[Yotha]

After the meeting at the department, P'Arm took the opportunity to take me out to eat with the code as usual. But today he didn't go alone, but brought along his fourth-year boyfriend, P'Arc. I love looking at the two of them whenever they're together, ordering food, chatting. Everything is so natural that they look more than lovers.

Right. It's more than that.

"Yotha, just go eat whatever you want. Today P'Arc will treat you. Celebrate last night's draw when MU should have lost a long time ago."

"Last time Liverpool drew, I didn't see you celebrating." The person mentioned hastily objected. P'Arm then turned to look at the taller person, before pouting cutely.

"How can you celebrate? Drawing with the bottom team, who would be satisfied?"

If it's about soccer, they can always argue with each other.

"So today I'll be kind enough to entertain him and you, right?"

P'Arc didn't answer but silently ignored him, opening the menu as if wanting to tease the other person. And that worked. "Hey. Don't be silent like that. I'm so unstable inside."

"â€"

"P'Arc."

"â€"

"You don't pay attention to me. I'm angry at you." Seeing that, I couldn't help but laugh. Actually, they joked around like that for so long that when I watched it, I'm already familiar with it.

"Be angry. Then let's sleep alone tonight."

"Whoa. What's wrong with sleeping alone? I'm just kidding. Who can be mad at someone like you?" The angry tone of the senior and the code made the atmosphere at the table even more exciting than before. Perhaps P'Arc didn't want to tease him anymore so he ruffled the hair of the person next to him, before volunteering to pay for this meal.

After ordering food together, not long after waiting, the staff brought the food up. We ate and talked spiritually. Unexpectedly, one of the topics mentioned by the older people was someone else's story.

"Don't blame me too much for this and that. I've noticed for a while that Yotha seems to be very close to N'Gun." The two hands holding the spoon and fork paused, before raising my head to meet eyes with the small person, the owner of the question.

"Yes."

"If you two have something together, remember to let me know." Before he finished speaking, P'Arc, who had been silent all this time, suddenly smirked. "Why are you laughing at me?"

"Take care of yourself first."

"Whoa. You're so mean to me." Not long after grinding his teeth together, he quickly adjusted his facial expression and turned his head to continue talking about the same topic. "What are Yotha and Gun to each other now?"

"Me and Gun are still..."

(Rrrr -- Rrrr - -)

Before I could answer the question, the vibrating sound from the phone in my pocket interrupted me. I looked up at the person opposite. After receiving his permission, I quickly took out my phone to look at it and my heart pounded again when I see the saved <3 emoticon emoji instead of the name appearing on it.

"What's wrong?"

[I plan to go to the movies with my friends. Come back a little late tonight.] Normally when I return to the dorm, the first place I rush to is Beagle's room. So I wasn't too surprised when the other person called to let me know before being forced to leave late.

"What time is the movie?"

[11 o'clock.]

"Isn't there an earlier slot?"

[Yes, but I plan to go to the ice skating rink first and then stop by for snacks. After eating, I went to watch a movie.] The voice on the other end of the line didn't seem at all unstable. Yet for some reason, I sat nervously on the chair.

"So what time will the show end so I can come pick you up?"

[Going with you. Kong is also here.]

"Whose car are you riding?"

[Several cars. I have one to show off, like in the movie Fast & Furious.]

"Don't go too fast."

[I know. Just kidding.]

"Take care of yourself."

[Yes.]

"Don't be stubborn."

[Obey.]

"If there's any problem, call me quickly."

[Go out to watch a movie with my friends, don't go out and bother your friend Yotha. Don't be whiny. You're having dinner with the code clan, right? So stop bothering anymore. There's something to talk about later. Chuttttt.]

Without waiting for me to answer, the other person hung up first. Damn it. Beagle is really good at making me lose control. By the time I woke up and

realized I was sitting at the dining table with the code family, all my actions were already under both of their eyes.

"Sorry. Actually I should go out and talk." At that time, I could barely even remember any manners, because just seeing who was calling, I was so excited that I forgot everything around me.

"It's okay. But is Yotha busy with something urgent? Just go ahead." P'Arm asked with worry, but I quickly shook my head, put the phone down on the table before turning around and holding the spoon and fork as before.

"It's not that I'm busy. I'm just worried because he said he'd be home late."

"The guy you're talking about is N'Gun, right?"

"Yes."

"â€"

"I only have him."

"So jealous. Are you dating yet?"

"Not yet. But soon, I will ask him. Please help me, strategist."

"Cough cough." The person listening to me coughed and quickly turned around and made a coy face at the older person like a child wanting to get attention. "P'Arc, I want this sweet."

"Should we add some sugar to the green curry to sweeten it?"

"That's not what I mean!"

[End of Yotha part]

"I told you before. Today I have to practice until late. If Yotha knocks on the door, don't forget to remind him to read the rules at the door." Before going to the department, Faifah kept reminding me about one thing. Because

many people are quite busy these days, Yotha often sneaks to my room to meet me. But to enter the room, there must always be exchange conditions.

"I know."

"This time we have to strip him completely. Like last time, it won't work."

"The buffalo foot milk tea last time was also delicious."

"You're the only one drinking." Nagging like dad. "I'll be back later, remember to show me the entrance fee."

"As if Yotha will come looking for me. Actually, he might not come today."

"How could his face not come?" The schoolboy gentleman bowed his head to look at the time on his watch for a moment, before turning around to take his favorite backpack and slinging it over his shoulder. "It's almost time for the appointment. See you later."

"Yeah. Pay attention to practice. It's not flirting practice."

Not long after Faifah went out, there was a knock on the door. Maybe it's not about winning against Kong or other friends, because he said he was going out with girls. Therefore, the outsider is probably none other than Yotha.

"What's wrong?" And that's true...

As soon as I turned the doorknob and opened it a crack, my eyes suddenly realized he was standing still like a statue at the door. The first thing to do is point to the rules posted in front of the room door and then repeat a sentence according to the model.

"If you want to enter the room, you must pay first."

"Already ready."

"Important... No kissing!" It still doesn't stop haunting me at that time. In order to avoid an incident happening again or being accidentally seen by

someone in the dormitory, I had to quickly put out the fire right from the wind.

"Why are you so afraid?"

"There's no need for more words, because today's decision has been made. Hurry and submit it here. Let me see if the entrance fee is enough to get into the room."

"Then spread your hands first."

"What are you trying to tease me about?"

"Do you believe me?"

"Not believe."

"If that's the case, I won't come in anymore."

"Huhâ€¦ Hoi. Wait. Don't be hasty in whatever you do." I want to slap my mouth to death. The more I saw the person in front of me trying to turn around and leave, my body suddenly reacted automatically. Actually, deep in my heart, even if Yotha doesn't have an entrance fee, I'm still ready to let the other person in.

But this is Faifah's rule. So I have to maintain a tough image.

"So what do you want anyway?" Transforming into Yotha, he reversed the situation and blatantly gained the upper hand. Then what can a person like Gunyukol do when he has already fallen in love? Naughty.

"What are you going to pay for the entrance fee?"

"Open your hands first."

A scene like this, if it were a romantic movie, it would definitely be forgiving. Fuck. It would be entertaining if he asked to be his lover before me. At first, I planned to romantically ask him to be my lover after the Faculty of Engineering connection event ended.

Thinking for a while, I finally held out my hand, waiting to receive something from my senior with anticipation, before Yotha placed an item on my palm. In that split second, I immediately looked up at the other person with a questioning expression.

"What is that?"

"The key card with that key."

"I know. But what is it the key to?" If you suddenly give an item like this, if you hope that a less intelligent person can guess, maybe 3 days later there will be no answer.

"The old room at the bar was rented out to someone, so I have money to rent another room. Soâ€¦ Can we move in together next time?"

Damned! You're too bold.

I didn't think it would come to this. The heat slowly radiates out. I didn't dare make eye contact with him other than bowing my head and silently looking at the item in my hand. It wasn't until the low sound repeated that I finally woke up.

"If you want to stay together, could you please open the door for me to come in?"

"Wait a minute."

I still didn't answer but closed the door right in front of him. What should I do? I'm so nervous. Walk back and forth a few times. Not only that, I lay flat on the bed, put my face on the pillow and kicked my legs back and forth. After a while, I slowly sat up, looked in the mirror, adjusted my hair and clothes neatly and turned towards the door.

Slowly turn the doorknob to face the waiting person again.

"Come in."

At that moment, I could see Yotha's bright smile clearly appearing right in front of me, making me unconsciously fall in love over and over again. And here's another thing I'm just now discovering. Besides the warmth he gave me...

I also like his smile.

Tomorrow we have to leave. Tomorrow we have to leave. Tomorrow we have to leave. The Faculty of Engineering Connection moved to be organized in Khon Kaen. Both the first year male and female dormitories were more chaotic than usual. The doors of the rooms opened and closed again. This one borrowed clothes, that one asked for underwear. As for me, I sat leisurely chewing crispy fried pork skin at the table in the middle of the room, watching Faifah run around like a mouse caught in a trap.

After packing up his things, he rushed to the department when it was almost 10 o'clock. After a while, an uninvited guest, Yotha, appeared.

"Are you packed yet?" The tall owner calmly asked.

"Finished." That's why I have time to sit and eat that crispy pork skin.

"What about you? Are you done packing yet?"

"Do I need to fold mine again? 2-3 sets will be enough."

"You bastard. Are you kidding?"

"What to bring?" I sighed after hearing the dark gentleman's question.

"So where is Kong? He doesn't talk?"

"In Frong's room. If that's the case, come pack my things for me."

"It must be me." His eyes scanned for the elastic band tying the pigskin bag together, before turning around to wash my hands and then following his tall relative's butt to the room upstairs. Damn it. It's true that Yotha wasn't

lying. His backpack containing clothes is still in the closet. All the furniture was still neatly placed, nothing had been taken out for preparation.

"We have to make a checklist first. We're going for 5 days so we have to prepare a lot of clothes." I said while holding my phone to look at the list of things I had noted down. "Start with the bag. Take it out and put it on the bed."

Understanding the feelings of a mother is also the time to take care of someone. Wipe away tears.

"After that, look through the pile of clothes. You have to prepare at least one set of student uniforms. The rest can wear faculty uniforms instead. Sportswear, pajamas. Hoi. There are also socks and underwear. How many pairs of sneakers should I bring?"

Yotha stood stiff-faced at the end of the bed, after only getting his student uniform. I immediately knew that the family normally did everything. This time Gunyukol had to be your savior.

"Sit down. Let me do it."

"Good."

"Don't say it."

"Let's rub your head a little."

"Don't rub."

"Give me your hand."

"It's not a dog." Annoyed. This time, my arms and legs were spinning. Take this set, put that set. You have to ask his opinion about which outfit you want to wear. Pajamas are not a problem. Because there were 5 samples, Yotha immediately collected them all. Your friends must see how cute you are in real life.

Bathroom amenities can be put in a travel bottle. Yotha is the type of person who doesn't bother taking care of his skin like Faifah. The whole table had only one bottle of cream, sometimes applied and sometimes not. But I'm so curious. Why is his skin so much better than mine?

The world is truly unfair.

"What about the gift I prepared for my buddy? If I say I won't buy it, he'll be angry."

"I'm ready. You choose." The other person took out a cloth bag to show me. There are 3-4 of them. Moreover, it is an extremely pastel color.

"If that's the case, then come over here and put your things in your backpack. The best way to save space is to roll it up like this." I took out the penguin-shaped pajamas, then rolled them up as an example to show my tall body.

"Okay."

"Then let's help each other get it done." I jumped up and sat cross-legged on the bed. Yotha crawled behind and spent time packing things into a large backpack.

"Beagle." While he was busy folding clothes, the owner of the low voice was the one who broke the silence.

"Hmm..." I answered him without bothering to raise my head to look.

"Why are you so adorable?"

My hands stopped, I turned my head to meet each other's eyes in disbelief.

"Iâ€ saying like that, what's the purpose?" Deep inside I started to panic when I saw his unreadable eyes. During our mutual pursuit, I learned almost everything related to Yotha. But one thing I don't know is about the secret feelings hidden inside.

"I want to repay you for packing my things."

"Oh. No need to repay. It's almost done. I'll just go back to my room in a moment." The hand that was folding the clothes moved twice as fast as before. But all actions were suddenly interrupted when my wrist was held.

"Areâ€| are you trying to tease me?" My voice began to tremble, I tried to move away but couldn't do much.

"No kidding." I have never seen Yotha's wet eyes. That made my heart beat even faster than before. "Remember what I asked?"

"No."

"I haven't said it yet."

"I don't know. Just answer 'no' first."

"Beagle has never kissed anyone before, right? That's really messed up." Broken. Anyone please call an ambulance for me. Gunyukol is definitely dead in this case, because it seems Yotha is really planning to do it. "I'm happy to teach you."

"â€|"

"Come here. I'll teach you how to do it."

"Hâ€| can't we teach another day?"

"I want to kiss today." Oiiiiiii. My heart is as weak as water. Rubbing back and forth until I no longer have the strength to do anything else. The more I saw the expression on the other person's face and heard the emotion in his voice, the more I didn't know how to react, because deep inside I was both scared and wanted to kiss the other person.

"So how should we start?" I didn't dare look at him. In my eyes I could only see the baby seal on Yotha's pajamas.

"Raise your face."

I followed his orders as if I was under a spell. Until the thick hand slid to hold the chin and then leaned closer, the body automatically ordered itself to breathe.

"There's no time to do anything yet."

"I'm nervous." The stomach cramps. The body trembles like a person walking in the dark without knowing what lies ahead.

Yotha did not say comforting words but just smiled, running his hand from the top of my chin to the back of my neck. In the blink of an eye, plump lips suddenly attacked me. That hot feeling spread from my mouth to my ears.

I pursed my lips slightly, before placing my hand on my tall relative's waist. Because I trust him, I'm willing to let the other person lead. Just a little touch made me feel the hot tip of his tongue pushing my lips and forcing them to open. I surrendered, raising my head to receive these skilled touches.

Until Yotha inserted his tongue deeper, my control suddenly lost balance for a moment, causing me to unconsciously clench my teeth. And that forced the person in front to leave while speaking in a fierce voice.

"If you bite, I'll bite back."

"I don't know what to do, how to breathe."

"It's okay. I'm not angry. I just want you to relax." He grabbed my hands, pressed and massaged them with his fingers, so much so that I almost even forgot what we were trying to do before. "Are you better?"

"It's not like my arms are tired."

"Are you afraid?"

"There's nothing to be afraid of. It's just a kiss." My mouth is so hard I can die.

"Very good. Then let's continue packing." Eh... How could the situation be reversed like that? While folding clothes, he said he wanted a kiss. When I couldn't kiss him, he asked me to continue folding clothes. Ok. Even though it was a bit confusing, the two of us still went back to sitting and packing things into our backpacks again until we were done.

"It's done. Then I'll go back to my room first."

"Don't you ask why I don't kiss you again?"

"Because I suck." The listener burst into laughter.

"No. You're just not ready yet."

"So when do we call it ready?"

"When we 'want' it to happen without forcing it."

I looked into his eyes as if I was searching for the answer hidden in the words I had just heard, before the surrounding noises that had reached my eardrums gradually quieted down.

The sound of footsteps from people outside, the sound of the clock hands on the desk, the sound of insects flying around the light bulb on the ceiling. Those chaos suddenly disappeared. We could only feel our breathing mixed together, hear our hearts beating so hard that everything wanted to penetrate our chest.

Boom!!

Then hundreds of fireworks flashed in my head. Everything suddenly turned white as if I couldn't control myself. Yotha still maintained the same position. That's right. He did so, and I took the initiative to move forward, slowly bringing my face closer, before mustering up the courage to press my lips on his.

Boom! Boom! Boom!

Happy New Year, you!!

Regaining consciousness is only a daring prelude. After feeling each other's temperature, Yotha moved to take everything from me. The slender, warm and wet tongue calmly inserted itself into the mouth. Instead of tensing up like before, this time the body reacted in the opposite direction. Gently and gently follow the vibrations that arise slowly.

Yotha rubbed his thumb on my cheek, before using his hands to steady my face, then pushed his tongue deeper into my mouth. Our tongues touched each other for the first time, before mingling with the sweet taste without haste.

"Sniff."

I felt the roughness and strength, but then discovered the gentleness that the other person had for me that almost made me choke to death.

Sip!

As soon as the other person left for a moment, I opened my mouth and gasped, quickly taking in oxygen.

"Good job, Beagle." Before I could answer, the other person captured my lips again.

Use his tongue to lick from the sharp teeth to the cheek, then turn around to comfort the tip of my tongue and exchange wet saliva. Wet eyes looked at him with half-lidded eyes. Both love and desire.

I'm not sure how long we kissed. Fear has been eliminated since then. Just know that even though he complied in an extremely clumsy way, Yotha still kindly spoke to me every time his lips left.

"Very good! So adorable."

"Beagle is so cute."

Saying so before continuing to press a kiss.

I also want to tell Yotha.

"You're so cute, you crippled pants. You're so excited that I'll die." Cough. Being immersed in emotions for too long makes the mind almost drift away. Never thought, never dreamed that I would suddenly be dragged down to hell from heaven.

Rattle

I see mom!!

Yotha and I separated as soon as we heard the sound of the doorknob turning, followed by the random knocking of people outside several times.

"Yotha, why are you locking the door? I can't go into the room."

"â€"

"Yotha, open the door for me. If not, then rush in there."

I quickly jumped out of bed and ran straight to the door. All the sounds that had disappeared became clear again. And one of those sounds stirred my nerves, leaving me wondering what to do. However, the body still moved towards the door, before the thought could give the command.

Shady!

"Damn. Tai!!" Who would have thought that Kong would also open the door at the right moment. That caused my forehead to hit the edge of the door and I fell backwards onto the floor. Hundreds of stars spin around my head. The screen of my eyes alternately darkened and brightened, but still vaguely showed the frowning face of my friend, before that image was replaced by the handsome face of the person who had just approached.

"Beagle."

"Yotha. Huuuuuu....."

Mo Buddha, Gun.

You are so cute when you are kissed and also extremely clumsy after being kissed. Broken...

"Gun, what's wrong with your forehead?"

"Hey. Why is your head so lumpy?"

"Whoever did something to my friend Tai, tell me. I'll go find him and avenge you."

A lot of questions started coming from everywhere, from the moment I appeared among my classmates until I put my things away in the bus to prepare to leave.

How can I say that this is entirely due to my own stupidity? So impatient that I couldn't look forward or behind. Why am I running out the door when I can just pretend to be in bed with Yotha and say that I'm helping the other person pack things into a bag?

Transforming into Kong, he frowned even more suspiciously. At that time, we had just chewed each other's beaks so hard that our mouths were swollen and everything was gone. Luckily I wasn't questioned like I feared. It seems like I live too virtuously.

"I was sleepwalking last night and hit my head on the door. Pass the answer on to the others too." I'm tired of answering the same question over and over again. My friends care so I want them to feel secure.

At least knowing how to induce sleepwalking is better than knowing I'm male.

"Everyone, quickly get in your car and sit down. Later, the 2nd years will take roll calls again."

"Yes. / Yes."

In addition to the faculty vehicle, we also have to use a few school buses for transportation. Because this event of the Faculty of Engineering Connection had the participation of all first-year students, as well as a few people in charge of other years, it was necessary to use quite a few vehicles.

The Chemistry department is separated and sits on the same board. I definitely have to sit with Kong. Besides, there is still a lot of food. Make sure you won't be bored on the way.

The seniors and teachers went up to take attendance, including making arrangements for a long time. But before the car could even roll, the dark gentleman appeared without warning, causing everyone in the car to raise questions.

"Here." Kong waved his hands frantically as if he knew his opponent's purpose.

Yotha did not wear the faculty uniform. Only wearing a black t-shirt and skinny jeans. Even so, he still enhances his beauty regardless of the clothing. The more we moved closer together, the more I didn't know what to do. It wasn't until the other person knelt right in front of me, making our faces equal, that I asked.

"Didn't you take the roll call by the car?"

"It's not a good idea to rush through the search."

"Is something wrong?"

"Give you the medicine. Tell Kong to apply it for you." The other person held out the white cloth bag in front of me before continuing to explain. "In the bag there are cakes and drinks. Chocolate, lozenges, snuff, wind oil."

When I tried to open it, I realized there was a pile of food and necessary items.

"Why do you buy so much? It's like the car doesn't stop for gas."

"I'm afraid you're hungry. Not to mention you always like to eat."

"Do you really care or do you want to trick and curse me?"

"Both."

"Anyway, you're here, so take this. Consider it a gift to show I care." I put my hand into my backpack to get a small blanket and give it to the other person. "If the air conditioner is cold, just pull it out and cover it."

"You don't use it?"

"I'll fight Kong."

"Suffering from friends is truly suffering from friends." The extremely depressed voice of the person sitting next to the window ended the matter. Yotha stood up straight, raised his hand and ruffled my hair, then left my sight. At that moment, the screams of his industry friend, Bua, were heard by the whole car.

"Gun, what are you saying? Why is Yotha blushing?"

"I don't know. Cause a tumor."

"Gun."

I still owe him an answer from last time. So no matter what happens to Yotha and I, the group of girls is always ready to pay attention. This time too. If you can't find the reason, it's easier to pretend to be stupid.

Kho~

The trip from Bangkok to Khon Kaen lasts several hours. The car drove from the university in the morning and arrived at dusk. After the car was completely parked, everyone quickly picked up their Engineering Faculty uniforms and put them on. The sound of drums resounds in rhythm. Friends one by one got out of the car to go straight to the event entrance area.

The host university warmly welcomed us by waiting to hand out wreaths to visitors.

Cup!

The photographer standing in front of the ceremony pressed the shutter button continuously. I smiled at that person, before being photographed a few more times.

"First years, come over here and line up. Prepare to register."

The surrounding atmosphere was especially lively, before it became several times louder when Faifah passed through the archway. Moreover, following him was his twin brother Yotha. You guys know how to walk and stand properly as a couple, right? Makes people turn their heads so much that they don't know how to look.

"So handsome." Kong stood there pouting while pushing his glasses back into place.

"Actually, hotness does not lie in the face but in the charm and style when looking into the camera." I patted my friend's shoulder to comfort him. And that's it. I don't care. It's better to focus on the snacks given after registration.

Each person will receive a black Connected Engineering Department t-shirt to wear in the evening. But before that time comes, the seniors have to take the first years back to their resting place first. Of course, the team in charge had already prepared a place to sleep for us. The location seems to be the activity room. The boys had to sleep together. Each room has nearly 15 children.

I can only say one thing and that is... it will be very entertaining, guys.

As for the bathroom, there is no problem because there are many rooms. There will definitely be enough for everyone.

At 7 p.m., the 2nd years called us to gather in the large hall again.

This time it was more exciting because everyone had the opportunity to meet a lot of friends from other schools. Although they arrange seats

according to school, in groups, people are allowed to sit freely as they wish, without necessarily having to sit in order.

For the evening event, there is no need for much formality because it is the first day. We sat on the floor, happily waiting for the logistics team to hand out food and desserts. Isan food looks so delicious. Today, I prepared to fill my stomach with Lap*.

* A dish of Laos and of the Isan region in Northeast Thailand.

"Welcome to the Faculty of Engineering Connection event. This year it will be hosted by our MEU. Hope everyone will have a lot of fun."

"Yeah Yeah~"

The MC on stage started doing his duty.

"Because today is the first day, there aren't many activities. During this meal, we will meet our buddy. Whoever has prepared a gift, please take it out. In case your buddy comes, there is nothing to talk about, speaking, at least we can chat about the gift you prepared." Lap is still in the mouth. Can't we meet slowly?

But it seems there's no time anymore. Fortunately, the homeowner was the one looking for us, and visitors like us just had to sit and wait in anticipation. I got the hint last week. After knowing who my buddy was thanks to the easy suggestion he sent via Facebook, my task was just to agree to be friends. We talked for a bit before ending the topic.

My Buddy is a small girl with a beautiful mole under her eye. Bright and cheerful appearance, worthy of being the entertainment character of the department. And Kong's buddy is a boy. Seeing him bring out the photo to show, it seemed like the other person was wearing glasses and looked like a bookworm just like the copy & paste version of Kongkiat. It's a bit different in that people are neat and well-groomed, while my friend is the type that likes to tease people everywhere.

"While looking for a buddy, can we try to invite the beauty queens and men from each school's Engineering department to come and interact?"

"Okay."

Super boring activities on stage received attention once again.

"Can we start from Chiang Mai first? Where is the SSU beauty queen?"

"Tangerinet." Kongkiat shouted loudly.

"Don't forget to bring the item you prepared for buddy. So we can interact a bit." All eyes turned to the target, before a girl with straight, waist-length hair stood up, holding a yellow gift box. I guess it's definitely a gift prepared for her buddy.

This time, it's the eyes. Looking and cheering. Everything seems to be going smoothly until...

"Next, please invite the CNU handsome boy to the stage."

"Hey there. Faifah."

"Where did Faifah go?"

"Toilet!" His friends rushed to find him, but the bad guy disappeared. It wasn't until a while later that I found out that my handsome gentleman was being chased in the bathroom.

"Ask Yotha to go instead."

Kaeng, a civil engineer, proudly suggested and pointed towards the dark gentleman. If Faifah still hasn't arrived, the MC will definitely be awkward for a while. Many friends immediately clapped and cheered for each other, while the other person shook his head vigorously as if to say 'I have absolutely no way to buy time for my younger brother'. But in the end he was forced to give in with the pleading of his friends.

I know that. You guys just want to show the other schools that we have the best of a pair of ghostly twins.

With every step that tall body took towards the stage, all eyes were focused on it without blinking. Uh. Including me.

"Let me introduce myself so you can get to know me a little."

"I am not Faifah." They all laughed. Everyone knows you're not Faifah.

"Ah. The school boy's name is Faifah. And this person is..."

"Brother Faifah."

You're so good at juggling. Great time wasting.

"Haha. So what's Faifah's brother's name?"

"Yotha." The microphone is right up to his mouth, guys. Damn it. Poor Yotha. Go out handsomely without saying anything. Instead, people forced him to come out in that form. In my hand I was carrying the 3 cloth bags I had prepared for him and his cartoon blanket.

The main question isâ€¦ What are you carrying?

"Eh. Let's clap for Yotha."

"Yeah. Tangerine!" Applause echoed throughout the auditorium. It took a long time for the MC to return to normal, giving MC the opportunity to continue his mission.

"Are you impressed with our food today?"

"Yes." Yotha is still Yotha. No matter how much you ask, you will only answer that much.

"Have you met your buddy yet?"

"Not yet."

"So did you know who your buddy was before?"

"I know. He's in contact." I remember that at that time he didn't accept the other person's friend request. I had to go find out for myself, so they talked to each other a few days before departure. I saw that he was a 3rd year senior. The beard looks really cool.

"I can see you prepared a gift for your buddy too, right?"

"Yes."

"It's a cloth bag and a blue blanket with a very cute pattern. Let me ask you a little about the reason. Why did you buy these things for your buddy?"

"The cloth bag is a gift for my buddy. Please help me choose it. I think it can hold a lot of things."

"So cute. What about the blanket?"

"Blankets are not."

"â€"

"The blanket belongs to my lover."

"Ayyyyyyyyyyyyy."

The resounding scream made people on this side deaf in one ear.

"Kong, please hold back." I slipped my hand and patted the shoulder of the person next to me, before my best friend quickly grabbed the snuff and stuffed it in his nose and asked in a trembling voice.

"Are you about to die?"

"Soon..."

"Yeah. Just die. I don't blame you."

Faifah appeared, and Yotha hurriedly walked down the stage, not waiting for the MC to continue asking.

But instead of returning to his old seat, he chose to stop in front of me, covering my head with that soft blanket before leaving...

[End of chapter 14]

15

Co-translator : yukifeebleu

Chapter 15: My heart is no longer my own

"Kong, what should I do? Huuuuu."

"First you chew all the rice, you bastard."

I never thought Yotha would play big by throwing me such a big bombshell!

Just like that, his entire body exploded into Koko Krunch. After the other person returned the blanket at the wrong time, I was stared at by many people in the auditorium.

Then we looked and didn't look at each other, but we all gathered attention when I was chewing a mouthful of Lap Isan. To be honest, I'm still holding a cucumber in my hand right now.

Damn it. Thinking of this, in my heart I really wanted to run and look in the mirror to see if I was neat or not. At least people won't criticize me that not only does your face look like a puppy's, but your eating habits are no different from that of a dog's. But the truth is, you can only think about it without having time to fix anything else.

"Tai, I can't find a bucket to cover my head now. Use a blanket to cover your head to help."

Broken. But who knows, danger will come in the form of that blanket.

"Hey. Yotha didn't want anyone to bother him so he used you as a shield, or were you guys actually flirting?" The guys sitting around now started asking questions. But I'm the number one coward, so I don't know where to start explaining.

"Gun! No wonder I keep seeing you sneaking around." See? There's no way that only the men in the dormitory would be interrogated. The girls were no less competitive, led by the beautiful Bua, who was ready to use a stick to crack my skull at any time.

"I don't know. I want Lap!" Pretend to get away first. Even though it doesn't work, I must use patience as a weapon.

"Don't you dare make excuses."

"Cold~ The air conditioner is so cold, you guys. How high is it?"

"This damn Tai."

"This atmosphere is perfect for returning to my room to crawl under the covers." After that, none of my friends dared to ask any more questions but just sighed sadly. Therefore, the next victim quickly changed from me to my close friend Kongkiat.

"Kong, are you hiding it from us?"

"Oucheeee. I'm dead. That staff member is so cute." As expected of being friends. I hardly care about his safety at all. Because in the end, it's easy to escape.

The activities continued for a while, in contrast to me, who was almost out of it, as my mind kept thinking about the previous incident. It was a feeling of both anxiety and awkwardness. Uh. Admitting itâ€¦ It's a bit embarrassing.

"Beagle."

After the appearance of a high relative, the mind that had been wandering far away was suddenly called back again. Almost without waiting for my response, Yotha squeezed himself onto the empty floor nearby, making his friends in the group gasp because they didn't look familiar.

From being the focus of attention, this time it was even heavier than before. I beg you... Why did you come to me?

"Wâ€ what's wrong?"

"Bring you the flute. My Buddy bought it for me."

"Then eat it. Buddy took the trouble to give it to you."

"Sweet." The owner's thick hand handed me a giant glass of frosting. I hastily accepted it, before bowing my head to drink indifferently.

"Whoa. That's so annoying. You sit so close that you want to penetrate into Tai's body like this. Have you asked our permission yet?" The industry president, Sep, raised his face and spoke in a low voice. With an appearance like this, how is it possible that the rest of them will stay still? They quickly nodded in agreement.

You have never loved me for a whole year or month. Why do you act so concerned today?

"Then let me sit together." Then look at Yotha's response.

"Honest question. Since when have you two been flirting with each other? No... The thing is, if you're thinking about playing around, can you please tell us so we can solve the problem?"

"I've never thought about playing with someone I like."

...!!

A nuclear bomb seemed to be dropped on the hall. The listener was so stunned that a deadly aura arose. Admittedly, even the MC's voice on stage had no effect on me, because in my eardrums there was only Yotha's low voice.

Gun's heart kept pounding.

"Do you really like each other? Damn it. It's so unexpected."

Book was the one who broke the silence, by being the one who dared to speak up in his hoarse voice. At that moment, the friends who were huddled

around immediately started making a commotion.

"So, are you two dating?"

"Not yet. No date yet." I immediately responded enthusiastically. However, the group's friends didn't pay much attention to what I said earlier, because they were only focused on Yotha.

"If you intend to pursue the happiness of the faculty, think carefully. They have many people who like him."

"I know."

"It's not easy to like someone who is well kept by friends like this."

"â€"

"Have you ever had a stroke while walking, Yotha?"

"Never. Only punched someone while walking."

"Ha ha ha. Ugh!"

Pants guy. Even answered with a blank face. Making people tease each other, they gulped their saliva, before scratching their chins to relieve embarrassment. I can't help but deal with your misery.

"Just kidding. Because you don't seem compatible with Tai. My friend is bright and cheerful. Then look at you."

"What do I do?"

"Yâ€ you're handsome."

If you're afraid, say it out loud...

"If it was Faifah, we wouldn't be so shocked. But this is Saint Yotha."

"Then just keep being shocked."

I used to be very stressed before. I even consulted Kong many times about what would happen if one day I opened my heart and told the people around me. I'm afraid of a future that's not going anywhere. But when I thought that one day I would also have to fight for my feelings, I immediately gathered all my courage to confide in important people.

The first thing I think of is family. I called my mother, half daring and half afraid to ask her for advice.

Can you believe it? Not only did I not get scolded or hear a tone mixed with disappointment, the other person also understood and made me have more faith in myself.

As for today, it was a group of friends that, although I didn't intentionally tell them that quickly, their reaction didn't seem to show any disdain or change at all. They even compete with each other to keep it too carefully. Huuâ€¦ Looking at it makes me want to cry. Gunyukol's life is so lucky to have people who truly understand.

"I've never seen you guys flirting with each other before. Even Kong, who specializes in gossiping about other people's family matters, still keeps quiet."

"Hey there, dear Frong. There are some things that I can zip up very well." The person mentioned quickly opened his mouth to argue.

"Destroy the legendary nickname 'Kong knows, the world knows'."

"Gunâ€¦ Is that Gun?"

Sitting and arguing, the fight ended only because it was interrupted by the person who had just arrived. My friends and I immediately turned to look at the owner of that clear voice, before being so surprised that we didn't know what to do, because the person standing not far away was my buddy. She didn't come alone but came with 3 other friends.

At first, talking via text message and looking at pictures on Facebook, I knew enough that she was cute. But I didn't expect real people to come to

this level. Oh my god. The more I looked at the other person, the more I saw the komatsu* Nana that I liked stacking up at a close distance. Exactly the type of person in a dream who could die.

* Excited happily.

"Wee..."

"This is true." Nguiiii. My heart softened when she smiled at me.

Sorawee is the real name that appears on Facebook. And that's the first thing I remember, before we had a chance to introduce ourselves a bit.

"Ah, I almost forgot. This is a gift." I gave the stationery set I had prepared to the other person, before she took her own things and gave it to me. What a coincidence, that person also bought me stationery.

"Thank you. I almost forgot! There's also cake."

"Oh. Thank you so much." The bag was filled with delicious cupcakes.
"Make sure to eat clean."

"You have to eat selectively." See? Not long after talking to my new friend, the darkness interrupted me.

"It's already been selected. With buddy's cupcake, it has to be the number one priority."

"What about my flute?"

"Reserves."

It's a great pleasure to annoy someone with a blank face. Luckily now I have friends to back me up. I don't know what Yotha will do to me when I'm alone. I had to pray to God and Buddha that he wouldn't have any intention of taking revenge.

"Yeah. I think maybe I'll go back to my seat first." She seemed a bit embarrassed and worried. Maybe it's because my friends are behind me.

"But before we go, can we take a photo as a souvenir?"

"Hey. Okay. Wait a minute. Let me fix my hair a bit."

"This is already handsome."

"Wee is also pretty."

Burp! The feeling of accidentally taking a wrong step makes me want to smack my mouth really hard. When I turned to look at the person everyone knew, my body immediately went numb because I was being stared at with eyes that couldn't be seen. The group of close friends competed to escape by each turning their head in a different direction to avoid it.

People see each other's value at this difficult time.

"K! Kong, take a picture of me and my buddy."

"Let me take a picture."

Goosebumps from head to toe. I think Yotha is no longer Lord Voldemort. I think at this moment perhaps it is Darth Vader, a man ready to kill at any moment. And there's no need to ask who that person is. This is me...

"Let's take a nice photo." I gave him my phone half-dare and half-fear. The other person quickly took it before pointing his lens in preparation with a calm expression. The rest of the group laughed dryly.

"Say cheeseeeee." Kong chose to break the tense atmosphere by continuing to say an encouraging sentence. "Drunk lindsey~"

Cup!

After clicking the photo, he immediately handed the phone back to me to check the picture.

"Yotha, I told you to take a picture of your head, not your knees."

"Beautiful."

"The photographer didn't cooperate at all. This picture is distorted."

"Put it in the app and rotate it."

"As for this photo, I closed my eyes."

"It's good not to take pictures with your eyes wide open."

Very good at arguing. Fortunately, the other photos can still be used. I then took the opportunity to press send to my buddy, before she waved and asked permission to go back to her seat with an awkward look on her face. At that moment, the group's friends once again began to pay attention to the person on stage.

Faifah was holding a microphone in his hand, standing there for the MC to interview with a smiling face. As mentioned, his twin brother is the complete opposite of Yotha. Even with so many eyes staring at me with concern, he didn't seem to flinch at all.

"We recently had a chance to chat with the twin brother. This time, let's interact with the twin brother. Would you mind introducing yourself to everyone?"

"Hello sir."

"Eiiiiiiiiiii."

"Calm down, guys. You haven't asked anything yet." Give in to the hotness of real male actors.

"My name is Faifah, studying Electrical Engineering at CNU."

"Hiiiiiiii. So handsome. So handsome."

"Our department has few women but they are very dedicated." The senior MC raised her voice jokingly, before another wave of screaming was heard. "Faifah is both a male student in the Engineering department and a male student at school."

"Yes."

"Iiiiiiiii." Oh. Waiting for the exchange to finish, it was exactly 2 am."

"Have you met your buddy yet?"

"I still haven't seen him yet."

"It's me! I'm the buddy." After that, a lot of people started claiming it. It became a joke that brought endless laughter to the event. No wonder he is loved by many people.

"It seems like there are a lot of people claiming to be Faifah's buddy. Who is real will be clear later. But before that, can I ask about the gift you prepared for buddy?"

"Ah, I bought a hat as a gift. It's white, wearing it will make you look hipster."

"Is it really for your buddy? Not for your lover."

"I still don't have a lover."

"Iiiiiiiiiiiiiiiii." Give in to the fierce fan-pleasing. Turning to look at the dark gentleman sitting nonchalantly next to me, he further emphasized that these two brothers were completely different.

After that, the MC interviewed Faifah with some more questions, before ending to move on to the new activity that had been programmed in advance.

"Many people are probably quite satisfied. So finally, do you want to say anything to everyone?"

"Thank you for welcoming us and taking good care of us. Most importantly, the food is delicious."

"It was so much fun. Thank you N'Faifah for helping create the colors on the first night of the event. Oh, I forgot to ask. In case you were wondering.

If you want to distinguish between Faifah and Yotha, you must pay attention to the points?"

"Our faces may be very similar, but it's actually not difficult to tell apart. If you see someone with friends, it's me."

"â€|"

"And if you meet someone with his lover, it will be Yotha."

Bang!!

At first I died because of his brother. Now I have to die again for my brother. It's really Gun's karma.

I don't know how Yotha's words became the favorite phrase of my friends, but the phrase '...belongs to my lover' has become something that many people have been talking about since late at night until now. While I almost prayed that I would apparate every time I remembered the above incident.

"Did you know? Actually, this cup of iced green tea isn't mine, it's my lover's."

"The cake in my hand is also from my lover."

"Whoa whoa. See the jacket I'm wearing?"

"Your lover too, right?"

"Exactly."

"Stop teasing, okay? Let's move on to something else, you pathetic bastards."

After being silent for a while, it was Gunyukol who had to come forward to resolve the situation. My friends really love me, because they only cooperate for a while and then go back to talking about the same topic.

The activity lasted nearly an hour. Everyone dispersed and returned to their resting place, before a fight over the bathroom broke out. I, on the other hand, belong to the chill school and can shower anytime. The only problem is if you don't sleep tonight, what should you do to pass the time?

The big problem when going out of town with the same faculty is that we don't have our own car, unlike when we were at school. When the power goes out, just quickly drive to the 24/7 store or rent a room. The only people who know that I often have nightmares if I turn off the lights are my friends in the industry. But telling me to drag my seniors and others to suffer with me is probably not true.

That's it. Anyway, I probably won't be able to ask permission to go out tonight, so I plan to cover my head with a blanket and lie down to play with my phone until morning.

"Tai, can you sleep tonight?" After Sep finished showering, he wiped his hair and went into the room. "If that doesn't work, tell someone to turn on the lights. Damn it. The rest of the group won't have any problem." More than 50 people for one person. Does it hurt others too much?

"Very comfortable. No need to worry."

"When you answered, damn, your face was as pale as a chicken's feet. In short, you could really sleep."

"Yeah."

"Do you need Fai to talk to the person in charge of the MEU? Maybe they can find a new room for you."

"What's the point of making people suffer? It's already 10 pm. Let people rest."

"So if you have anything, tell your friends. If you have a nightmare, just kick Kong in the face."

"Oh great, you pants!" The door opened with the appearance of the short-sighted man. He stood squinting at the speaker in a suggestive way, before the two chased each other wildly, forcing their friends to blame each other outside.

23.30

After bathing, get ready for bed.

Maybe I was the last one to finish cleaning up, because the rest of the kids had already spread out their beds and played games. I'm the only one who can't play strategy games because my level is too low.

"Children, the lights in the room will be turned off at 12 o'clock. For those who are not asleep, please do not make noise or disturb other students. It is best to sleep quickly to regain your strength. Tomorrow there will be many activities." My senior with the same code number took on the task of patrolling each room. After talking nonsense, he quickly strode away.

"Tai, tonight I will sit with you until morning." Kongkiat's best friend sat down on the cushion.

"There's no need to go to that extent. I plan to try sleeping tonight and see." I don't want it to worry. I have to stay here for a few days, how can I make him sit and doze in the middle of the day forever?

"You sure?"

"Sure. No need to worry."

It's only 12 o'clock at night, many people still haven't slept because they're crazy about strategy games. Kong was no less competitive, he immediately joined that group. As for me, who was alone and lying alone in the back corner of the room, without delay, I picked up my phone, then clicked on Facebook to reply to my buddy's message.

Wee tagged the photos we took together last night. Both likes and comments are many. I immediately knew that she also had many friends.

"Do you like it that much? You've been sitting and watching this whole time."

"Like it."

...!!

I felt a certain source of energy hiding behind me. To be honest, when I heard this voice, the hair on my arms immediately stood up. I took a deep breath and boldly raised my head to look at the person standing right behind me, until I saw the handsome face that had looked down at me before.

The brain suddenly goes blank. The only thing I could think of was to smile back. Who would have thought that while I was still at peace, that person would appear here, wearing penguin pajamas, not shying away from anyone's eyes to come find me.

"Why don't you speak up when you come? Sit down first."

"What's wrong? Feeling guilty?"

"I didn't. It's justâ€¦ it's just that she tagged some pictures so I had to read it and it's only natural that I had to reply." Surely he will understand that we have to build a relationship with our buddy so that the Faculty of Engineering connection event only leaves impressions.

But at this moment, someone might have landed their foot on my face first.

I swallowed my saliva while observing almost every gesture and action of my senior relative. Until Yotha lay down on the same mattress as me, the situation fell into a deadlock. Moreover, I also noticed the eyes of many people simultaneously focused on us.

Previously, Yotha didn't like being the focus of anyone's attention. But now it's almost nothing like before.

Oh man. Then there's no way anyone will leave. Not only did he carry my small blue blanket, he also carried a soft pillow.

"It's so boring that we love each other. Hoi. I know we like each other, but please let's separate from time to time." The PubG gang looked up to greet the newcomer, before being quickly responded by a calm tone and a blank face.

"Or do you want to sleep together?"

"No naaa. Yotha, please feel free to lie there." Damn it. My friends are really afraid of him. I remember at the beginning of the semester, they were competing with each other to praise how cool they were, making people want to approach them and all. Now they probably don't want to approach him anymore, because Yotha really isn't cool at all. He can be seen from his cute pajamas.

"So what now? Come over and lie down?"

"No. Let's sleep together."

"Huh!"

"Not asking for permission, just informing you."

"There's no room left." I lay close to the wall, next to Kong. Next is another friend. Looking at it with your own eyes, you can see that there is almost no space left, unless Yotha spreads a cushion at the end of the leg.

"Then lie down with you."

"Are you kidding?"

While I was still gaping, the person next to me slowly crawled on the mattress, before crawling in and squeezing into the tiny space next to the wall without bothering to ask each other's opinion.

"This time it's serious. Let me sleep with you every night."

"Wait... Carrying a blanket over like this, the senior in charge of the room didn't say anything? What about your friend?" Especially in a situation

where the whole department was together, the fact that he slept with me could be considered much more unexpected than originally expected.

"No one said anything. But if I don't sleep with you, I will definitely be angry with myself."

"Why are you angry?"

"Because you might have nightmares. And it would probably be bad if I couldn't be there when you needed someone." Yotha is someone who likes to take detours, whether in words or actions. But once he became clear, he made me feel shaken every time I opened my mouth and frankly expressed my feelings.

"So touched. Thank you."

"How will you sleep?"

"At first I thought I wouldn't sleep tonight. Maybe I'll just play with my phone."

"So what about next night?" The person in front asked again. My plan is to have no plan. Concentrate on solving urgent problems first. For example, if you don't sleep tonight but sneak a nap during the day, it's probably okay. Just not letting the activity fall apart because of you is enough.

"The company will pay next night."

"But there must be a night for you to rest. The only question is whether you dare to face it once or not." I sat quietly pondering what my senior relatives said in my head.

When we first met, I was afraid of nightmares, and Yotha was afraid of loving someone. Today Time passes. Everything has changed, only my fear remains the same.

"First year, it's 12 o'clock at night. Please turn off the lights. Go to sleep quickly. Put all the games away and play tomorrow."

Silence reigned for a moment before being broken by P'Champ, who was leaning his head against the door frame.

"Come on. Can you give us a little more time?"

"Don't you know how to be shy with other people, you bastard? Go to sleep. Tomorrow, when you wake up, you can eat delicious porridge."

Clack!

Without letting anyone open their mouth to object, he quickly turned off the switch to end the matter, without waiting to hear an objection, causing the entire area to be covered in darkness. Luckily, the light from our phones was still enough to illuminate. No one continues to play the game but rushes each other back to their mattresses. Kong is no different...

"Yotha, are you sleeping here?"

"YES."

"Then I'll ask you to look after Tai. I'm sleeping deeply. If he has a nightmare, please wake him up and me too." Having finished speaking, Kongkiat lay down, the blanket covering his head, separating himself from the surrounding stimuli. Yotha and I sat quietly in the darkness for a long time before pulling each other to lie down on the pillows and sharing a small cushion.

Before, we used to squeeze together on a 3.5 ft long bed. So this time is quite familiar.

"If you're sleepy, just go to sleep first." I told him. We turned towards each other, speaking in whispers that only the two of us could hear.

"Waiting to sleep at the same time as you."

"â€"

"No need to be afraid. There are no ghosts in the dark. Now there is only me."

"You're the scariest."

Eat right on the head, right in the middle of the forehead. Even though I couldn't see the other person's expression clearly like when there was light, I could feel how gentle Yotha was smiling and looking at me.

"Yotha, you promise that if I have a nightmare, you'll wake me up, right?"

"Umm."

"You promise you won't leave me, right?"

"I promise."

The warm palm touched my cheek and rubbed it as if he was wanting to comfort me. After a moment, he slid down to hold both palms, squeezing it tightly as if he was wanting to create a belief that it would definitely not happen. Never leave me alone to face a problem.

After the lights in the room turned off and everyone dispersed to their beds, I still couldn't sleep right away because I still felt doubtful. I don't even know how much time has passed. However, there are a few things I can feel. One is that Kong's right leg is hanging on me, it's so heavy. Moreover, it kept saying Ping's name.

And the second is the touch from the palm of a tall person who still clings tightly and doesn't let go.

"Yotha, I'm sleepy." The voice was so dreamy that it was hard to hear.

"Go to sleep. Good night..."

"You slept well too."

In the end, fear could not resist the urge to sleep. Or actually, the fact that I dare to close my eyes to sleep is because of the person lying next to me. But whatever the reason, I eventually slowly sank deeper into my subconscious like every night.

'Boom! Boom! Boom! Now the bad guys are chasing. I have to hide here.'

'â€'

'There are too many of them. Request emergency aid. Boom! Boom!'

Two legs run from the 2nd floor stairs down. I ran into the kitchen to find a private place to hide because I was afraid the bad guys would catch up. I always like to play alone like this. Role-play as good guys defeating bad guys and then imagine enemies that never existed.

Not to mention, today is a favorable time and place. Mom closed the door to go to the market. Dad hasn't come home from work yet. And Kloy was sitting in the room on the second floor playing on the computer, not bothering to play with me. So boring... Boring, so boring.

'The location is not safe.'

And the role I play most often is Ethan Hunt, an IMF agent in the movie Mission Impossible.

'The bad guys want chemicals. We can't let them have it.'

I tightened the medical box in my hand, then without delay bent down and ran quickly from the kitchen to a corner of the house. It's a bit dark, but I think it's safest.

The door handle twists out easily. I crawled inside, then closed the door as softly as possible and hid in a corner of the storage room, sitting there humbly with a medical box that I imagined was a dangerous chemical like in the movies.

'Maybe I have to hide here for a while. Please send someone to help.'

I mean Kloy. Normally, my sister often finds me to go have dinner with me.

But strangely, no one ever looked for me. The room was full of piled up furniture, making me feel hot. If I keep waiting, I'll start sweating profusely. Thinking that, I didn't want to play anymore and decided to stand up and walk out the door and said to myself.

'Abort mission. Tomorrow starts again.'

But the hand holding the doorknob couldn't turn it as expected. I put the medical box on the ground and used both hands to turn the door as hard as I could to open the door, but it didn't work. From not thinking at first, now my heart is starting to feel scared little by little.

Ram! Ram!

'P'Kloy open the door for Gun.'

I banged on the door and shouted loudly, but no one answered.

'Mom, the baby is here. The baby can't go out.'

'Mom, please save the baby. Retirement..'

It's terrible to scream until you're hoarse and no one responds. I stood at the door, trying my best to fumble for the light switch. Unexpectedly, my legs suddenly felt something crawling on the ground.

I opened my mouth and screamed, running across the hard room. It fell and broke the contents until it hit something and shattered it, before its limbs and other organs came into contact with something alive that I didn't even know what it was. Just know that it is crawling on my body in huge numbers.

'Mom! It bit the baby. It hurts the baby. Huuuuuu.'

I ran away, causing myself to bump into a bunch of things. Until I hid myself in a corner, curled up my arms and legs, hugged my knees tightly and kept crying.

Fear is probably the only feeling left.

I don't see. Don't know what it is either. Probably a ghost. That's right! Friends often tell me that ghosts often lurk in the dark, following and scaring stubborn children. And I am that stubborn child.

'I won't accept it. The baby is not stubborn anymore. Huc. Take the baby out.'

It was the biggest fear of my life. So scared that I don't want to step foot here. Afraid of everything that happens in this room. My brain had saved it like that before imprinting it in my mind, making it impossible for me to get rid of it.

'Huuuuuuu.'

'Beagle.'

'Mom, please save the baby. Baby's scared...'

'Beagle, wake up. Good baby, wake up.'

And then someone's voice interrupted. That's the warm voice I'm familiar with...

Ugh!!

Body cramps. Both eyelids opened wide in the darkness. Sweat dripped down my forehead, the back of my neck, and down to my back, just like someone about to drown. Water gasped to absorb oxygen into my lungs, my eyes kept flowing, making my pillow wet. Luckily, the thick palm of the person in front of me always caressed my cheek to reduce my anxiety.

I'm having nightmares again.

That's what happened that day. No matter how much I want to erase the incident, I cannot erase it from my mind.

"Yotha..."

"Shhh. It's okay. No more nightmares." His thumb gently brushed the tears from my cheek.

"What time is it?"

"It's past 4 a.m." I slept for a few hours, but I felt like my dreams weren't as long as before. "Do you want to continue sleeping?"

I shook my head on the pillow while dreamily responding.

"No."

"This much is good. Beagle is so good."

"I woke up because of your voice. I'm glad to hear your voice."

"Good boy. Good boy..."

Before, I still thought that ending the fear of nightmares was extremely difficult. So I just ran away from it for years, until I lost all hope that maybe I wouldn't even be able to cure it. But now I no longer think like that. I still want to stand up and try to fight it again.

Even if I can't recover, at least I still have Yotha by my side to wake me up from nightmares.

And that's right. I don't need to dream beautiful dreams every night.

Just opening my eyes and waking up to realize that life still has him is my most beautiful dream.

[Yotha]

"Are you better? Do you have a headache?"

"Headache and seems to be a little hot. Just a little bit. Maybe I won't feel it." Cute and pampering baby.

When I tried touching his forehead with the back of my hand, I didn't feel any heat. I think that headache probably isn't really painful, it's just whining as usual.

"The medicine isn't hot yet, but do you want to drink it?"

"Whoa. No need."

"I had a nightmare last night. I can't sleep enough anymore."

"Get enough sleep. But it's like a little bit."

"Want to whine?"

"I'm not whiny, but these days my fragile soul feels like I need egg tarts to comfort me." Conspiracy can kill you. Just after eating porridge, I mentioned cakes.

We sat at a marble table next to the faculty building. Because in the morning there was no restriction on where to eat, so after receiving the food, I immediately separated and pulled the small items to a place where there were not too many people to sit. Before, when he was with his friends, he was already happy, but when he was alone together, he turned into a cute little brat.

"Let me go out with my buddy at night, I'll stop by and buy them for you. How many do you want? Is 3 enough?"

"Look at my face." I stared intently at the white face without blinking. "Six please."

"Eat or swallow?"

"Hoi. Headache and feeling a bit hot." The video repeats. And that made me laugh. Playful like a puppy is this puppy.

The morning passed without haste. At 10 a.m., I took the small person to the curling court, getting ready for the first competition that would take place in the next few minutes.

"Are the curling team ready? Come over here and gather."

Gun didn't immediately go to gather but chose to stand still, raise his head and shoot coy eyes at me. Because last night he had such a nightmare that he accidentally cried until his eyes were swollen, so today he is especially adorable and cuddly. If there weren't so many people, I would have dragged him away to deal with him until his mouth was bruised.

"What is up?"

"Have a little luck."

"I'm already good. But whether we win or not is another matter." The listener looked at him with all his eyes and grumbled.

"If I win, what will you reward?"

"Let's win first before we count."

"Nonsense. Just roll around and you're done."

"You or others?"

"Me. Later, take a closer look at the winner's face. Maybe you will witness a historic moment." This protruding beak makes people want to kiss his face. When Beagle smiled, I felt like I was also smiling in an uncontrollable way.

Not long after, many other groups of engineers gathered, until the initially extremely deserted training ground suddenly became bustling. After that, the competition immediately began.

But no one expected that we would discover another special ability of the Beagle, which is that in addition to his proficient playing technique, he also has excellent accuracy. And it will be nothing if the opponent uses this advantage correctly, not every throw will hit his side's ball.

"Really men. Excellent. Over-the-top!" The friends clapped their hands in tears after the score was so far behind at the end that it was difficult to catch

up. The end result was that our university team was a complete failure.

"I thought Arm was unlucky. Whichever team he cheered for, the team lost. But my brother with the same code number was even more fierce. Every time he threw a ball, he always bounced off the team's closest ball. I'm so proud of you that I could die." P'Champ held back his laughter as he walked, patting the small man's shoulder, making his friends laugh non-stop.

"Naughty. Sorry."

"It's okay. It's strange that you won."

It seems like no one has high hopes for Gun. That's right! He's just playing for fun. Seeing that the other person doesn't seem very serious.

"Don't look like that. I gave in to my previous opponent earlier." The white man hastily explained himself as he walked towards where I was waiting nearby.

"You give in a lot. Is that too kind?"

"You have to respect the host. If you lose, it would be even more embarrassing."

"As long as you're comfortable."

"Admit it, it's a bit embarrassing to color him. But who knows? But I won't get a reward if I lose."

"Let's go."

"Damn it. Life is so sad. It's so boring. Is there no consolation gift?"

"So what do you want?"

"The 7th egg tart."

"That boy is so funny."

"Who?"

"You're standing there."

"Ah. Is that the person who plays petanque and hits all of his team's balls?" While talking to the person in front of me, the voices of the people around me reached my ears. They didn't talk very loudly, but I was quite careful with the things around me so there was no way I could ignore them.

"Too cute."

It seemed that Gun also heard it so he turned his head towards the source of the sound. The more he raised his eyes to look at them, the more my heart pounded, before I discovered that the people standing not far away were the Engineering faculty from another school.

"People are looking, you pants."

"You heard that too?"

"Hey babe! It's absolutely amazing. Great job!"

The other person gave a thumbs up while praising with a smiling face. I feel happy that there are many people who like Beagles this much, but on the other hand, keep them so tightly that they can't control themselves.

"Thank you very much."

As soon as the smaller person responded, all my patience ran out. I stepped closer to the person in front of me, then placed my palm on the other person's soft hair and rubbed it.

Ok. It could be an impulsive display of sovereignty. But if it still works, then any method is considered effective. It wasn't until the little thing was dragged by the senior with the same code to take pictures as a souvenir again that my friends in the group took the opportunity to stride over and stand next to me and speak in a mocking voice as usual.

"You kept it very well."

"Only a part."

"You've changed a lot."

"I haven't changed. I'm just a me that other people have never seen."

"To be honest, maybe people don't mean anything to your people."

"I know, but I still want to show off. In the past, Beagle could have been a classmate, a buddy, or just a roommate. But now he's not anymore."

"You haven't asked him out yet, what is it to you, I don't know?"

"He's mine."

[End of Yotha part]

Yotha has been called away to prepare in advance. As for me, I'll probably stay rooted and continue to cheer for other school students to compete in sports a little more. But while I was happily watching for a while, someone lightly nudged me on one shoulder, forcing me to turn around and look.

"Yes?"

"Honey, I'm on the 3rd year's team. I just saw you being cute so I wanted to take a photo and post it on the Faculty of Engineering connection page, can I?"

Ngaaaa. Is it natural that I get compliments from my seniors? Then there's no way a narcissist like me would lose my soul. The more I saw the eyes and smiles the person in front of me gave me, the more I couldn't bear to refuse.

"Okay. Whatever you do." Scratching my head to ease my embarrassment a bit to make it follow procedure.

"What's your name?"

"My name is Gun. G-U-N."

"Which school is the major?"

"CNU Chemistry major."

"CNU people are all cute. So please give me 2-3 pictures."

"Yes."

I adjusted my clothes neatly before standing still for the lady in charge of taking photos like she was making an ID card. Ok. Maybe I'm too familiar with all kinds of popular lenses. But when I was pointed at by a lens the size of my arm, I suddenly felt scared.

"Gun smile a little."

She asked so I obediently followed. And at that moment, the voices of many people suddenly filled both ears.

"Huuuuu. His smile is so cute."

"Your smile is so sweet."

I feel like I'm no different from a child being taken out by my parents, then being lured away by my sister and constantly saying sweet nothings. It would be much better if I was just an elementary school kid. This is my first year, so I'm not very familiar with it.

I don't remember how many shots the other person pressed the shutter button, but I believe it was definitely more than the 2-3 shots the other person said at the beginning.

"I will post pictures on the page tonight. Thank you very much N'Gun."

"Thank you too, sister."

Then the older sister left to continue her duty of following and taking pictures of others.

The curling competition had not ended yet, but the whole gang invited each other to continue cheering for Yotha at the tennis court, so at 2:00 p.m. we had to move again, because the cheering team was waiting there. Football field completed. Which one is the cheerleader, which one is the cheering alphabet. This event is guaranteed to be interesting and exciting.

"Come and cheer."

Tall body in white tracksuit. It looked so cool that I unconsciously looked at him for a long time.

"Try not to come and see."

"I can die."

"Are you free later?"

"Idle."

"And I don't have time."

"Then you asked me what to do?"

Not only is he a dark gentleman, Yotha is also the number one person who annoys people. At this time, the tennis court is not inferior to any other court, because the number of people is larger than imagined. Or is it because they know Yotha will take the exam that there are more people than usual? But can one person have that much influence? I really don't want to believe it.

"This match, if you win, I have a tempting reward. Do you want it?"

"No." Easily terminate threads.

"Whoa. How sad. Don't want to eat this restaurant's famous cake?"

"Give it to me, you can finally eat it."

"Why do you know?"

"If I don't know, can I flirt with you?" Moving scenes are always touching. It looks great, but the situation is miserable right now and an immense disaster.

"Don't be so talkative. Well, if you win, you'll get a delicious cake as a reward." Curl your hands into fists like this, you have to accept even if you don't accept it.

10 minutes later, the match started with Yotha opening the score.

"I bet 5 baht and Yotha wins."

"Cowardly. If you have this much, don't fight with me, Kong. It's better to let the people with heavy wallets compete with each other."

"So how much did you bet?"

"10 baht for Yotha."

"Rot!"

The silent money sharing incident began between a group of close friends. But before knowing the results of who won and who lost, Yotha caused a phenomenon that caused the surrounding cheerleaders to compete in screaming loudly by blocking the ball with all their might from the opposite side, causing viewers to lose their heads.

"O! Wowww."

"That's fierce. Calm down."

"Be careful like this, be careful, Tai." Kongkiat's best friend turned around and whispered.

"Be careful of what?"

"Look at the strength of his arms and legs. Imagine the scene when he 'bullied' you and see what you would look like. Being able to crawl out of

bed is already a blessing." I swallowed my saliva as soon as I heard my best friend's prediction.

"Ahâ€¦ who said I would let him 'bully'? Someone like Gunyukol can only be the one to control the game."

"Really? Is that a joke?"

"Being a leader is not limited to physical size but to spirit."

"You're so stubborn. If there's anything you want to discuss, just say so."

"It's okay to ask. I was going to ask Yotha to be my lover."

"When will it be? Let me schedule it for you."

"After returning to school."

"There's no time to eat. Let's go the day after tomorrow."

"Huh?"

"I asked my 2nd year brothers and sisters. The day after tomorrow there will be a gift-giving session for your buddy. But more special than that is the activity of giving gifts to the person you like. You just need to prepare a real bouquet of flowers to give to him and then quickly asking to be your lover is the end of the story. Oh yeah. When I started thinking about the other person's suggestion, my mind started to follow.

"Sounds good. But I want to ask him to be my lover in a slightly more private way."

"Then you hide in the corner of the building and ask for it."

"Great idea, you pants. Beast."

Your advice is very helpful, Kongkiat. We met for the first time in the toilet. Asking to be your lover at the corner of the building. Oh... This is truly a

wonderful sight that anyone who encounters it will definitely never forget.
Create an obsession that will surely lead to death.

"The gear gate is fine. Not to mention the day after tomorrow, it will also be used as an activity field."

"What kind of success? So many people could die."

"That's how it works. Haven't you heard the legend that if we stumble at the gear gate, we will have a wife who studies Engineering?"

"Nonsense. Who would be crazy to work?"

"Don't say it, because I will do it."

"Karma. What are you planning on tripping at the faculty gate for?"

"Then just try considering it as an option. Let me know if it's convenient."

Kong said as he turned to focus on the match. Me too.

In the eyes, there is only the image of a tall relative moving his body naturally, sweat dripping down his body with an attentive expression. That makes the viewer's heart flutter even more.

And in a moment when the tall relative returned to stand behind the white line to prepare to serve the ball to the opposite side, our eyes met again.

It only lasts for a short period of time, but a lot of emotions can be felt.

"Yotha fighting!!" Friends cheered and cheered.

I didn't want to lose so I waved and smiled brightly to encourage. In the split second when the ball was thrown up, the tall man used all his strength to straighten his arms, but unexpectedly a small technical error occurred. Because of...

Didn't hit the ball again.

"Tai, why are you laughing? He missed it."

"Let me ask. What did I do wrong..."

We end our daily physical activities by returning exhausted. This time, I also had to change my bed. Yotha didn't want me to force myself too much, so he asked for permission to use a small room in the same building and was easily approved.

Our friends don't go with me. Still, at least the dark gentleman volunteered to sleep with me until we returned to Bangkok. Only now he hasn't come back yet, because his buddy took him to a pub outside the school.

Giving up on the love of alcohol that seeps into their blood is scary.

"Tai, are you on the page yet?" The demon Kong turned the doorknob and peeked in to ask while his head was still wet.

"What page?"

"Department of Connection Engineering."

"Aaaaaaa. So what?"

"Admin posted a picture of Yotha. Damn it. He went viral. Posted in 3 minutes and got more than 2 thousand likes. So fierce, no respect for anyone's face."

"To that extent?"

"Come in and take a look. But let's finish the battle at PubG first. Come by after the battle."

"Yeah."

Kong came quickly and left, but I didn't waste any time, quickly picked up my phone and clicked on the event's fanpage, then discovered that the latest

photo posted not long ago was a photo of Yotha and had a high number of views. Huge likes, comments and shares.

Department of Connection Engineering.

Never before have I felt like I wanted to wait for someone at the tennis court like this time.

Yotha - First year CNU Department of Civil Engineering

#Faculty_of_Technology handsome_free #keep_close

'So handsome.'

'Get your clothes ready to go meet your husband's family in Bangkok.'

'Boys still look beautiful together.'

'Ngaaaaa. My boyfriend is gone. What a pity!'

'When competing on the field, I can only say one word: fierce!!'

'Today was boom boom. So excited.'

'If one day that person doesn't love you, just turn your head and look this way. I'm always ready to take care of you.'

'I'm rich. If you have any money problems, just come find me.'

I read the comments and laughed. This is another color of this year's Faculty of Engineering event. But not long after surfing the screen, my eyes caught a notification from a familiar account.

Faifah! Are you even posting to play with other people?

Faifah Thanawanyotha @Gunyukol Jiraroj What about this picture? Please give me some advice.

The other person didn't just comment no. While I was still on the mend, I was naughty and brought trouble to me by tagging my name on the page. Not to mention even scarier than that, it is also a famous character of this Faculty of Engineering event. It just needed to post a few comments, and tons of people clicked like.

What should I do? If I keep quiet and don't answer, I am afraid people will say I am arrogant.

Struggling inside my head for a long time, I finally decided to type a short message in response, not expecting the owner of the photo to read it or not. Actually, I should have known that Yotha doesn't even care about these things.

Gunyukol Jiraroj Handsome, but a bit younger than me.

Faifah quickly responded with a series of numbers '5555555555' that was so long that I wanted to respond to him with a series of numbers about 2 pages long. It was difficult for me to maintain my image, so I chose to ignore it and not give any feedback.

Who would have thought that 15 minutes later, the admin posted another photo on the page. And the jackpot fell on me, because the picture appeared

It's me on that page...

Faculty of Engineering connects

If you're handsome, please come over there, if you're cute, please come over here.

N'Gun - First year CNU Electrical Engineering Department

'It's so cute.'

'You're not white. Just smile and the world will light up.'

'Is this the best iron player in history?'

'His face looks like a Beagle puppy. I see you running around the tennis court. I'm jealous of your lover.'

'Is that the owner of that blue blanket?

'Dear Tai, you're so hot.'

'If anyone thinks my friend's face looks like a puppy, I'll say it hereâ€¦ that's right. You think right.'

'My friend has everything except the future.'

Not long after I was smiling at the compliments from other schools, my smile suddenly disappeared. Most of the flatterers are friends in my group. Why do you guys say you're playing PubG? Obviously say it wrong.

And thereâ€¦ it comes again.

I don't know what my roommate was thinking but tagging one person after another. This time, the lottery ticket picked out his brother.

Faifah Thanawanyotha @Yotha Thanawanyotha What about this picture? Please give me some advice.

The comments are exactly the same as if they were copied and pasted.

Huh! But unfortunately there was a slight mistake, because the dark gentleman did not answer. Worse than that, he's probably drinking alcohol right now with his buddy.

Ting!! Damn.

But I never thought or dreamed that something I never expected would happen.

I stared at the phone screen for a long time, blinking repeatedly to make sure what I was seeing wasn't an illusion. Yotha actually responded to the comment.

Yotha Thanawanyotha Lovely.

FaiFah Thanawanyotha Ok. Known.

The word 'cute' appeared and was deeply engraved in my emotions, to the point where I couldn't help but laugh. Oh man. What can I bear? In just a blink of an eye, the next notifications came pouring in.

Yotha Thanawanyotha Lovely.

FaiFah Thanawanyotha Yes. Know.

Yotha Thanawanyotha Lovely.

Yotha Thanawanyotha Lovely.

Yotha Thanawanyotha Lovely.

FaiFah Thanawanyotha Where are you? Are you drunk? This is not you.

Probably really drunk. But for some reason, I feel intoxicated by the word 'cute'. Daydreaming as if the brain stops giving orders for a while. My heart was beating wildly, I tried not to blink but focused on the comment in front of me, as if waiting to see what else the other person would respond to. Untilâ€¦

A new notification actually appeared.

The initially racing heart seemed to suddenly stop beating.

Yotha Thanawanyotha Beagle is so adorable.

Everyone says Yotha is the type of person who is gruff and indifferent to others. But from this moment on, many people's thoughts will probably begin to change, because they have seen the gentle side hidden deep within.

Yotha is drunk.

He woke up in a daze, before seeing his comment appear on the page along with hundreds of likes and half-teasing, half-mocking comments from his friends.

After that, I always had to use my special ability to avoid and deflect other things when asked about the above topic. Unexpectedly, in an instant, the Faculty of Engineering Connection had reached its last day.

"What special gift did you buy for your buddy?"

"Shirt."

"Are there any other gifts prepared to give to you?"

"Pen."

"This is something you've thought about, right? How poor you can die."

"So I wonder what Kongkiat has prepared? I want to see your creativity."

"I buy socks. 7 days, 7 colors."

"Where is more creative than me?"

"Everywhere."

No more arguing. I quickly picked up the faculty uniform and put it on and checked again to see if it was neat or not.

In the morning and afternoon there will be an academic booth activity that we call the time to get rid of stuff, while in the evening there will be a party performance for the students of the Faculty of Engineering. Therefore, many people call it ghost release time. Whoever likes whom, who wants to give a gift to whomever, can do so.

It can be said that if you want a grand opening, just take this opportunity to pave the way for yourself.

17.00

Two legs strode into the crowded event. The school band was playing on stage, and I opened my mouth and gasped because I didn't think gift-giving time would be this bustling. The surrounding area has many neatly arranged flower arches and souvenirs from the schools.

I picked up my phone and texted my buddy, then waited for her.

"Gun." Not long after, my ears heard the clear voice of a girl from another school.

We chatted casually before exchanging gifts as usual. And it's funny that we both bought each other shirts as if they were dating from the beginning. Ok. Our fates are so compatible. Because the first day is the stationery set. On the last day, I bought the same t-shirt.

"I'm about to go dancing with my friends. Will Gun come with me?"

"I guess I'll ask permission to go first, because I have an appointment with a friend."

"What a pity. My friend likes Gun very much."

"Send my thanks to your friend for helping me."

"I really like that style. He once told me that Gun is this good, his smile is so cute. Moreover, he's funny."

"It's so fun. But I already have someone I like." I suddenly heard laughter in response, making me stunned for a moment.

"That's not what I meant. What I meant was that my friend liked Gun like a friend. If it was something else, no one would have dared to think about it. Looking at it, I could tell that Gun already had someone you liked."

"Do I always show it so clearly?"

"No." Wee shook her head and laughed again. "The one performing is Yotha."

"Who said it's good at teasing the liver?"

"It's cute. We also want to have it when we see it." Rub. What appearance should I be shy about? "I'm getting off topic. So let's go first. If you have anything, just text and talk. I'm happy to be Gun's buddy."

"Me too. Thank you for taking good care of me."

I waved to the small person, before she turned around and left with a large crowd.

The changing of the band on stage is a sign of a fun act. After giving things to their buddy, everyone started running around trying to get things or flowers to give to the person they love. As for me, I don't specifically target anyone other than Yotha, so I apply the method of whoever gives me a gift, I'll give the pen back.

"This guy." And then my shoulder was poked.

"Oi."

"I'll give it to you." The short-haired girl held out a rose in front of me, and I also gave her a pen. Everything happened quickly. Before she could introduce herself or talk further, she disappeared with the wind.

"PÃ©tanque baby." Following the first person, the second person slowly appeared. This time it was a senior that I found familiar. It seems like we've met at the curling rink before. "My friend asked me to give it to you. He said you're very cute."

"Thanks." It feels like candy. Blessing Gun's mouth again.

Of course, no one stopped to talk for long. Donate the items and leave immediately. Furthermore, there was no exchange of contact numbers at all. The joy is that we are all giving and exchanging with each other. Later, I received a lot of flowers. Not to mention there was someone who played a prank by putting a flower crown on my head.

Those are friends. Do you think I'm suitable for such things?

"Just keep checking your popularity. Have you prepared flowers for Yotha yet?" Walking around a few times, I finally met Kong. His hands were filled with flowers and teddy bears. Looks hotter than anyone at the event.

"No. It's time to go buy it." It's true that it's hard to find opportunities. One person after another kept interrupting. "But you. You're nothing."

"Ah. I can rob you. If you don't let me know, I'll tell you what to do."

"Damn it."

"Don't be lazy. Hurry up and find flowers." Kongkiat led the group towards the flower arch at gear gate, where there were so many flowers that it made your eyes dizzy. The noise from the people around us combined with the music coming from the university band made us keep talking loudly to each other.

"What flowers to get?" Two pairs of feet stopped at the gate of the Student Affairs Office. "Roses?"

"Okay. It's so classic."

"Or marigolds?"

"That's disgusting. That's not even romantic."

"Sunflower."

"Yes?"

"I just say that." I shook my head, thinking about which flower would be suitable for the dark gentleman. "I think let's go back to choosing roses."

"Is that so? But what color is this?"

"Choose a big one, Tai. You'll die if you're too slow."

"So how many flowers should I get?"

"1000."

"1000 of your heads!"

"Buy it quickly. It's starting to get dark."

"Ok ok." Finally, I chose a white rose to symbolize love.

Kong patted my shoulder to encourage him before running away to continue hunting for gifts, while I started looking for Yotha by asking my friends.

Now the sky has begun to darken. The sunlight disappeared, replaced by a pale yellow light. The department's gear gate is still bustling with people passing by and gets even busier when the next band comes up to play.

"See Yotha?" I stopped to ask about my school friends who were passing by.

"I saw him in the area in front of the stage earlier. It was looking for you too."

"Really? Thank you very much."

In the end, I still couldn't find him. With so many people, I'll probably be able to ask to be my lover tomorrow morning. So, I decided to pick up the phone and quickly dial the number I had saved. Not long after waiting for the call, the other person answered amid the noise from the surrounding area.

"Where are you?"

[Flower arch.]

"The flower arch has dozens of them." Looking around, everywhere I touched was filled with flowers, making my eyes dizzy.

[Then where are you? Let me go look for you.]

"The place has many flowers."

[Are you kidding?]

"No teasing. This is the truth."

[Is there any place to find out?]

"Next to the counter is called..." I turned my back to look at the sign above.
"They don't put the name of the counter. It says it's from the IE Khon Kaen industry. The opposite is the flower counter from the Materials industry."

[Okay. So wait a minute. Stay there and wait. I'll be right over.]

I don't know when Yotha's little bit will last, but I still put all my thought into standing and waiting, turning to the left to look once, turning to the right to look once.

"Beagle."

Finally, I saw the tall figure and familiar voice of the person I was waiting for.

Today, we all wear the uniform of the Engineering department according to our school. Under the light, I saw that he was extremely handsome and outstanding. One hand held flowers that I was sure had received from other friends along the way, and the other hand was empty.

"Who wears the crown?" This was the first question the other person chose to ask me when he approached.

"I don't know. What's wrong?"

"Suits you."

"Beauties look beautiful no matter what they wear." And now maybe it's time for me to take courage.

While waiting, I used one hand to hold the roses I had received from many people, and in the other hand held the only rose I intended to give to the person in front of me. The gift I want to give is nothing special. It's just that I remember the relationship strengthening activity paper that Yotha once made.

How many times we ate together, how many movies we watched together, it's all been saved. But more than that, my deepest feelings have been carefully written down since last night.

"Yotha. The thing is Iâ€¦ have something to give to you." Why did my face get hot like this when I spoke? Even if my eyes meet for just a moment, I have to avoid it.

"YES."

When I heard the other person's response, I held out the white rose and the card.

"I plan to write a lot, but I haven't read it yet. Wait until you're alone to read it."

"Okay."

I inhaled deeply, exhaled long. As soon as his thick hand received the item in my hand, I raised my head to meet his eyes, forcing my voice to disappear in my throat to say...

"I also have a gift to give."

Well... Make people lose interest as much as possible. Yotha is Yotha.

For a moment, I wasn't sure what mood mode I was in. Surprised or confused? However, Yotha didn't let me be stuck in that mood for long, as he took out something from his pocket.

"For Beagle." I felt like I was about to cry when I saw the navy blue tie we used to wear to school. "I embroidered your birthday."

And that's right...

1812 is the number that appears on it.

"Like yours." I smiled at him, before I started crying.

Yotha did not directly hand over the tie, but instead lifted my wrist, bowed his head, and carefully tied the tie for a long time. I think it looks a bit like a bow tie.

"You bought that tie for me. Every morning you tie it for me. So, I also want to do something for you."

Surely there will be people crying to death. And that person is me.

"Beagle."

"Ugh..."

"Can you stay together and tie each other's ties for a long time?"

Until the moment I heard that short, memorable sentence from him, I could only nod repeatedly. Knowing Yotha has made me turn to a new page, where all emotions and maturity are present.

"Staying by my side for the rest of your life is fine."

This time the Faculty of Engineering connected, not only did I have new friends, I got to know my buddy, and received friendship from many people.

But most of all, participating in the Faculty of Engineering Connection event helped me...

Having a lover brings you home.

[End of chapter 15]

16

Co-translator : yukifeebleu

Chapter 16: Do it, I'm still afloat, I'm fighting

Where do you think the most difficult times of a relationship are?

For me, it was the beginning€|

Think about it, from the first day I met Yotha, I could hardly find anything impressive about him. And I think it's probably no different. It's like...

Damn right timing. We met in the bathroom, the faucet was broken, and we greeted it by someone else's name.

Yotha in the beginning was a person with a dark body, who asked and answered whatever he asked, with high walls and hidden many secrets. No matter how hard I try, I can't get close to the word 'best friend', I can only be his roommate who lives right across the bed but rarely runs into each other.

Thinking of this, it's surprising that the two of us finally decided to be together as lovers. Moreover, Yotha also clearly changed himself. It frankly shows more affection, more tenderness. And most importantly... it's even better at teasing others.

"Tsk tsk, even when you're about to enter the exam room, you still sweetly show off your lovemaking to us?"

"It's nothing sweet, I'm just doing it as usual."

"Damn. Look like you're dead. Ask you something, Yotha. Is there no exam in your major?"

"Have."

"So why are you here, I don't know? It's fine to come over."

"Afraid of whiny Beagles."

It has nothing to do with me~ You always throw shit at me.

This is another familiar image. One month after the Connected Engineering Faculty event took place, both of our lives, including those around us, began to return to normal, a little different in that we had to learn to accept our new identities, and suddenly we changed from friends to lovers.

At first, people weren't very familiar with it so it took a lot of time. My friends also had to accept this change, it took a long time for them to start getting used to it.

"Today is the last day of the exam. From evening until late, I have a meeting with friends at Bangon Pochana. You're not responsible, right?" I asked the tall man who was wearing a very neat student uniform today, looking dashing from head to toe.

I still tie the tie. Today, he wanted to show off his skills so he volunteered to tie it for me. The result is that tying the tie into a mess is like tying a dead knot right at the throat.

Ask first. Since when did you hate me?

"What's the point? I also have an appointment with friends today, so I might be a little late."

"It's okay, just don't get drunk like a dog."

"Are you talking about me or talking about yourself?"

"Why do you understand me so well?"

People with a high tolerance for alcohol like Yotha rarely get drunk to the point of losing consciousness, unless their friends coax them into bathing in alcohol. As for me, I'm not very good with alcohol, just a little bit and I can immediately turn into nirvana mode without having to wait to faint.

"Just don't get too drunk. If you can't stand it, call and I'll come pick you up."

"Okay."

"Try to do your homework."

"As ordered. Oh, I almost forgot. I prepared something for you." Not letting him wait too long, I quickly dug into my student shirt pocket, before giving the newly acquired talisman to the other person.

"Do you have that kind of heart?" The handsome face stared, half incredulous, half sarcastic.

"Of course. The abbot has very high magic power."

"So why don't you keep it for yourself?"

"Because I'm already good at it, I don't need to rely on luck."

"So I guess there's no need for encouragement, right?"

"Oh, no. Those are two different categories. Luck is one thing, encouragement is another." I strode closer, raised my head and looked at the taller person with hope. The other person immediately smiled and opened his mouth to speak in his characteristic low voice.

"I'll always cheer for you."

"And then what?"

"It's over."

"Not touched at all."

"If you get a high score on the exam, I'll take you out to the buffet."

"Nuuu~ Suddenly I feel more grateful than scared. Why are you so cute to me?" I almost took out the documents and swallowed them to avoid

embarrassment. Food has always been a romantic affair for me.

"There you go. Stinks of love."

Boring. After hearing my friend's harsh words, the movie filled with the smell of love was interrupted for a long time before returning to the real world once again.

"Do well, Beagle."

Yotha said while placing his warm palm on my head as usual. This person immediately wanted to respond to all that pampering by standing on tiptoe, then placing his palm on the other person's head to encourage him.

"You also do well on your exams, sir."

"...!!"

I don't know if I did something wrong or not, but it remained motionless, not only that, but also caused the people around me to fall into a state of deathly confusion, making me almost not know how to behave. Now, I slowly lowered my hand and waited for the situation to return to normal again.

"Let's go."

"YES." The gaze following the broad and straight back was gradually leaving, but I stopped it with a single sentence. "Yotha..."

"So what?"

"Isn't your exam room over there?"

"Yeah."

"â€¦"

"But I'll come this way." Without waiting to hear anything more, he quickly strode until he was out of sight. It was at this moment that I started to have

doubts, so I turned to ask my best friend who was cooking skewers of grilled meat before entering the exam room.

"Hey Kong, is it inappropriate for me to pat his head?" I agree that many people don't like having their heads messed with, so I'm not sure if I accidentally did something wrong or not.

"I don't know whether you should or shouldn't, but Yotha's embarrassing."

"How do you know he's embarrassing?"

"Other than you, everyone knows, idiot."

"Huh?"

"You're so stupid."

Got scolded again. Ask, what did Gunyukol do wrong?

The plan after the exam is done is to change rooms and go home.

You heard right, I have to change rooms!

Not talking about the room between the twins, but moving some furniture to the new room previously rented by the dark gentleman. Luckily, after renting out the room at the 15th November bar, Yotha had some money to pay for this part.

The first year rule when we first enroll is that the school requires us to stay in the dormitory for a full year before we can move out.

But most of the time no one stays longer, probably due to all kinds of issues like conflicts with roommates, different lifestyles, or trivial things that can lead to big arguments just because who wants to clean the toilet? Therefore, many people solved the problem by going out to find a new place to live.

As for me, I don't have any problems with anyone. The reason I moved out was for the same reason as some other friends, that is... having a lover.

My parents knew about it, so they wanted me to take Yotha home to visit during the end-of-semester break so that we could officially get to know each other. But to get to that point, we had to go through the most difficult times.

"Can I have these panties?" The tall owner turned to ask and showed off the item in his hand.

"Do not arbitrarily touch other people's personal belongings."

Because we decided to sleep alternately between the dorm and outside, we had to choose what to leave here and what items to take with us to the other room.

"Can't touch it?" Yotha calmly asked.

"Strictly forbidden. Put it down immediately. Also, don't mention it."

"Okay." He continued to rummage through the drawers of the wardrobe.

"But your panties are so cute and tiny."

I told you not to mention it, but he still found a chance to tease me. This bad karma...

"When were you so small? I wear the standard size. You're the only one who's bigger than me."

"Ok. Your standard is children's size."

"Say what you want. Do you want to fight here too?"

"In bed? What if Fai comes home?" The other person asked calmly. I know he doesn't mean a normal fight, but it has another layer of meaning. The number one slut is you, you bastard.

"Can I decide not to move in together anymore?"

"Then don't whine later."

"Are you whining like me? You've misjudged me."

"So confident."

"Confidence level is 5, but eye irritation level is a million. Have you given up yet?"

"Give up."

And then he continued to pull out my underwear, even though I said it just now.

Part of the clothes are put in the basket, part is still left in the closet, in case the day comes when you want to go back to the dorm for a change of atmosphere. We don't really care about sleeping together every night. Sometimes it's good to go back to a life that doesn't necessarily mean being together.

"Don't forget to come carry Kong's stuff tomorrow." I repeated it again after remembering.

Lately, many people are moving out one after another. Kongkiat was not inferior, riding a motorbike for a long time, before finding a dormitory with good space, near a convenience store. And most importantly, it's right next to Ping's apartment, the person he likes.

"Kong said it."

"The cutest."

"Do you get paid?"

"Let's ask Kong."

"No. I'll move things for you today, will you pay me?"

"How much do you want?"

"Watch a movie."

"Fool!"

"Treating."

"Too trivial."

"Minimum 2000 per person."

"How miserable do people have to be to be so cruel and hurt each other?"

Review the money in my wallet first. Others can pay, but I can't. It's like having to eat one meal and then fast for 3 more days to make it worth it.

"Discounts are not?"

"How much can you pay?" Yotha asked while his expression remained cold. With the heart of a tycoon, I cannot underpay. I look so disgusting.

"200. Plus a treat of bingsu dua gang."

"Why melon? Can't we choose something else?"

"No, because I like melon the most."

The listener shook his head. It's probably very helpless to me, but I don't care. Once you have a thick skin, you have to do it well. This 200 is worth a lot. How much delicious food can you buy? Wow...

The time it takes to decide which items to keep or pass on is extremely painful. But even so, it's not as painful as moving things to a new room, then arguing about where to put these things.

Yotha's room is quite spacious and airy, with basic furniture and not too many personal items. Normally, he is not a person who has a lot of things already, for example, on the dressing table he only sees a bottle of cream and a box of powder. I guess it depends on the occasion, sometimes he's used, sometimes he's not as usual.

This is so sweet, Gun, because I will be able to occupy this area as a place to store my personal belongings.

"What color bed sheet does Beagle want so I can go out and buy it?" While I was busy arranging lotion, my ears suddenly stopped. I heard a deep voice reach my eardrums.

"Isn't the old set okay?" The dark blue wrapped set is also beautiful.

"Beautiful, but only one set."

"Then get white. Just in time to create a Korean-style room decoration on Pinterest."

"Do I need to buy you some pajamas? Your pants are starting to tear all over your butt."

"Aren't ripped butts sexy?" I asked back in a suggestive manner, but then had to take two steps back when the tall body approached.

I automatically held my breath as soon as the other person leaned closer, whispering in my ear in a voice so gentle that it made me shiver.

"I don't know if it's sexy or not, but it's definitely pitiful."

"Do you really love me?"

Why is it becoming more and more skewed than what I had assessed? Or is there actually something else about Yotha that I don't know?

"I just don't want Fai to see." This is probably the real reason it's worrying, which it could happen is close to a no.

"Faifah doesn't sit there and has no plans for me."

"How can you believe it? I don't even believe it." Yotha turned to meet my eyes. A moment later, I noticed the other person was swallowing saliva down his throat. "Actually, I don't even want to believe in myself."

What should I do? I don't know what to feel, but I'm starting to feel hot, hot, and cold when I look at the tall person's facial expressions and eyes.

"Why? Do you have dark intentions towards me?" I asked, even though I knew it was extremely risky.

"That's right. I want to bully you, I want to make you cry."

Yet he doesn't even bother to deny it. Oh.

"I've never had that thought about you. Oh, my heart."

"I just thought about it, I didn't do anything."

"So will you do it?"

"No." Phew~ A little more relieved. "Don't do it now."

"Hahahahaha." I'm dead.

"Arrange your things, I'll get out of the car to get some things." Not long after leaving me standing with my mouth open, the owner of the room turned around and left.

Ok. The task of handling this mess should be mine, right? Talking, we don't even know if we understand each other or not, but for now we have to let it go.

After arranging my things in front of the mirror, I continued to take out the clothes and hang them in the closet. We agreed that I would use the left side, and Yotha would use the right side to avoid wasting time fighting. Not to mention, today I was kind enough to take out the tall man's clothes and arrange them for him.

"Whoa..." Clearly someone who likes to hoard money.

No wonder I picked up the shirt and felt heavy. I put my hand in my pocket and discovered a pile of 5 baht and 10 baht coins. Lucky baht. So now I

started a little bit and picked up a 20 baht bill, 100 baht, enjoying the task of finding money in the opponent's shirt and pants pocket.

It's always said that whoever finds it, it belongs to that person. Confiscate it! Enough money to take him to the movies and have a meal.

Until the last denim jacket in the basket was picked up, my hand picked up an item inside as I thought. But this time, instead of paper money like other shirts and pants, my eyes caught a crumpled piece of white paper folded many times.

With extreme curiosity, there's no way Gun will ignore it. Therefore, I boldly pulled out the piece of paper. If it doesn't work, throw it away, but if you win the jackpot, figure it out later. But all the thoughts in my head are completely wrong.

On the piece of paper appeared scribbled lines filling the white spaces. And the first moment I saw it, I could say with certainty that it was Yotha's handwriting.

1. Invite Beagles to eat

I'm not sure why he wrote these lines, but it certainly has something to do with me. The funniest thing is that some lines are written interspersed with many dashes, as if the other person is hesitating.

2. Watch a movie (must be an Italian romantic movie

- Choose cheese-flavored popcorn that your Beagle likes
- Two glasses of cola Drink one glass of water
- Choose the Honeymoon chair

I laughed, then scanned my eyes and continued reading. Oh, now I'm starting to get a clear picture of what Yotha wants. But the question is—are you serious enough to even make a plan?

3. Make the bed and wait for the Beagle to bathe (you can light a scented candle and wait)

Hmm, that's good. If Yotha makes the bed on his day off, I will volunteer to clean the room instead.

4. Hug secretly while sleeping Hug in front of his face without waiting for sleep

5. Smell the cheeks Kiss then stab

Wait! Wh... stabbing what?

The question still has no answer. I took a deep breath and continued reading the next word...

Contingency plan for when Beagle cries

1. Hugs

2. Say words of comfort

- Things not to say: 'You're definitely done', 'You're definitely dead'

- Things to say: 'I will buy a lot of delicious food for you to eat'

I'm starting to understand. Oh no... I should say my eyes opened up.

3. Make your Beagle's first time happy

This is clearly a plan to trick me into eating me all.

Damn. What am I playing with!

Yotha has his plans, I also have mine.

The plan is to do everything possible to prevent Yotha from having a chance to complete his intended mission. This is such a big deal that the FBI had to take action. Because the bad guy is the former dark gentleman of the Faculty of Engineering, we absolutely must not underestimate the opponent.

"I asked P'Arm. He said he bought me pajamas here."

On the weekend, we decided to buy furniture for the room, looking at everything from the bed to the living room carpet, then finalizing the list of pajamas.

"Do I have to buy the same outfit as you? It's too childish. A stylish person like me wouldn't wear it." Just thinking about myself wearing penguin pajamas sitting at the end of the bed drinking chocolate milk gives me chills down my spine. It really doesn't fit at all.

"Let's wear them together."

"No"

"Don't make a fuss."

"There's no trouble." If I want to argue with Yotha, I probably have to wait for the next life, because he used a calm face to push the cart away without bothering to ask about each other's health. Finally, we stopped at the pajamas section.

"What type of beagle do you like?" He pointed and told me to choose clothes that were hung neatly in rows. Guess Yotha couldn't choose, so he stood there calmly pointing at me to do the task instead.

"The coolest model in this collection. No penguin, no rabbit, no warbler, no whatever you wear, because it's too childish."

"So can I get this set?"

"Uh..." He picked up the baby duck and made a squeaking noise. It looks cooler than all the existing models. Rot!

"Or this one?"

"I don't want to wear a panda, I want a grand style."

Not long after, he took out a light green pajama and tried it on me, his eyes blinking. Damn it...The dinosaur model smiled but his face was no different from that of a bullfrog. It's just as grand as I thought in my head. It's so humiliating.

"Do you like this set?"

"That's the dinosaur with the shittiest face I've ever seen."

"It's just the two of us together, there's nothing to be embarrassed about."

"Whoever says it's embarrassing, just doesn't like it." Thinking about Yotha wearing seal pajamas, my confidence increased a little. I think I have nothing to be ashamed of.

"Do you want a puppy model? Like this Beagle." The cream-colored puppy-shaped pajamas were held up for me to see. I was silent for a moment, before raising my head to look at the tall man.

"This set looks the best."

"Ok. Choose 4 more sets."

"One set is enough."

"It's worth buying 5 sets. Saves a lot of time washing."

"If I don't wear it any day, I'll take out the boxer I have and wear it."

Arguing is enough to break his neck, but if the dark boy doesn't listen, it's over. Take the cat, rabbit, duck and panda, one set each, then push the cart to the cashier in the pajamas area. I thought that was the end, but I was wrong...

"This pajama set is on promotion. If you buy all 7 sets, you will receive a free animal pillow of all kinds. You can choose any animal you want." Then the waiter turned and pointed to the animal-shaped pillows displayed in the back. At first glance, one could say that it was a waste of a lifetime to be born as a body pillow, because it was probably as tall as my waist.

Gimmick (advertising trick) lies in the fact that it is both a hug pillow and a stuffed animal, because they are pillows with heads, and also have tails attached just like animals.

But let me ask... Why did I take these dumpling pillows?

"Let's get 2 more sets for you. Which model do you want?" Damn it, Yotha is trying to piss me off?

"Enough."

"Owl?"

"Owls are fine." Hate myself when I can't refuse the second time.

"Let's get the dinosaurs too?"

"Dinosaurs have terrible faces."

"It's not terrible. You look cute when you wear it."

"Do you really know how to look? Go back and look again. His face is just like a bullfrog."

"That's what you think."

"Dinosaurs are cute." The cashier took the opportunity to interrupt the two of us. She said, holding back her laughter. And I think the dinosaur is probably the single model that sells the most in that set. Because of a little compassion when few people noticed, I decided to take it home with a puppy-shaped pillow.

It really doesn't match the bed. If you fall asleep, kicking the bed is a sure thing.

"Put your things in the car and go see a movie?" Stepping out of the pajamas area, I asked the person next to me for his opinion.

"Okay, but come here for a moment."

"Where to visit?"

Yotha didn't respond right away but pulled me along until he stopped at a rather special stall, also known as an 18+ stall that I never thought I would step into.

"Are youâ€ buying it? Or just looking?" The voice spoke extremely stuttered.

"Buy it and keep it in the room."

"Condoms are not milk cartons, why do they have to be bought and stored in the room?"

"We live together. If we accidentally make a mistake, we'll be stunned. No one can stop us." A cold feeling suddenly rushed back. My throat was dry, I could only roll my eyes back and forth. "Is Beagle scared?"

"Don't be afraid. Let's play." I raised my face and spoke loudly even when my legs were about to collapse.

"Trust me."

"Your heart is the biggest problem."

The listener burst into laughter. You still don't know that I secretly saw the secret in the list you wrote down, right? Huh. That's nice, but do you think someone like Gunyukol will give Yotha the chance to turn into a demon to easily eat me up? Are you planning on playing with me? 10 years later, we will have a chance to catch up.

After we finished shopping, we put things in the car, then came back to have dinner together. The menu is very simple, plus this time I even volunteered to entertain to repay the kindness of taking the trouble to pack up and clean the room.

We left the restaurant, then continued to watch a movie. This time, I must begin the process of destroying his entire plan to trick and devour him.

"What movie should we watch?" I was the one who started the question, after we stood in front of the movie theater. Both of us looked up at the movie board that was being displayed, making our eyes dizzy.

"Is this movie okay?" Right according to plan! Done with me.

Yotha pointed to a romantic movie that really didn't match his taste. Just looking at it, I knew he wanted to trick me into going in there and getting absorbed in the movie, laughing and crying because of the touching scene, then going back to my room to find something to comfort me... Truly admirable.

"Well, this movie is not funny." After objecting, I glanced at the other person's face.

"Seeing the reviews, they said it was good."

"Good?"

"Yeah, it looks like 10/10."

Wow...10/10.

"But it's not my style with you. I'm afraid that as soon as I enter, I'll fall asleep." I pointed to a horror movie title. "Is this okay? It looks scary."

"Don't blame me if you watch it and can't sleep at night."

"Let's change to an action movie then."

"Okay." Oops, no more refusal. Or has he run out of patience?

"Ok, it's decided. Let's go buy tickets."

As long as it's not a romantic movie, I can rest assured.

"It's cheaper to buy using the app. Then you won't have to pay as much."

"As long as you're comfortable." Waiting until I can watch the movie will take so long. In the end, who is the talkative one? I feel like Yotha and I started to swap personalities later or something, I don't know. "I want some popcorn too. Don't forget to take me shopping."

"What flavor do you want?"

"Friend Yotha already knows."

"So what do you want to drink?"

"You know Yotha too. But please give me two drinks. I'm too lazy to compete with you."

"I don't drink much. One drink is enough." Look at that extremely pitiful face. No matter how much deception I play, I will not fall into his trap according to his plan. Therefore, this time, I didn't want to upset him too much, so I obediently complied with some conditions to trick the sweet boy to death.

"One drink is fine."

"Can I get some other snacks?"

"Who's there?"

"You cover the film, there are other things to make in return."

"Why so sugar daddy?"

"Pay first, 'reclaim' later."

Why am I so startled by the word 'reclaim'? I laughed dryly, scratching my head and ears before changing the subject and grasping at the same time. He uses his thick hand to lead me to the popcorn and drinks counter.

We waited until close to showtime before we entered the theater. I didn't expect the movie we were about to watch to be interesting or impressive at all. Especially when the cushion of the seat is especially soft and comfortable. I don't want to think about how much longer I can focus on the screen. I'm really afraid that after a while, I'll sleep like the dead.

"Yotha..." As expected, in less than half an hour, my eyes were almost closed. Or is it due to tightening abdominal skin and sagging eye skin?

"Hum?"

"Asleep." I raised my hand to rub my eyes once, before being held by a thick hand and whispering.

"Don't rub it, your eyes are red now."

"Asleep."

"Isn't the movie fun?"

"Asleep."

"Good at whining."

"Asleep."

"If you're sleepy, sleep..." The other person said in a concerned voice before pulling my head to rest on his shoulder. The seats we sat in were not close to anyone. That makes this area even more private.

In my head, I almost forgot what plan I was planning, just letting everything pass without any precautions.

It was just me, him and the sound from the movie on the big screen taking me into my subconsciousâ€¦

[Yotha]

"What's the plan I said?"

I brought Beagle to 15th November after being absent for a long time. And the first question from my eldest brother, Newton, suddenly hit me and I was not prepared.

He was the one who planned for me to conquer the Beagle, with Fai as my support person. At first when I was thinking about the plan, I thought it was interesting, but when I actually implemented it, it gave the opposite result.

"It didn't work. Beagle secretly saw the piece of paper I wrote." This can be said because the person in question just got up to go to the bathroom a while ago.

"Fuck. Damn bad luck. How did he see it?"

"I accidentally left it in my pocket."

"So stupid. Why did you make me create it?" I narrowed my eyes and glared, as if he had always been very smart.

"I was going to wait until Beagle was ready first. I didn't want to be the one to initiate it unilaterally." At least the little thing's first time should be happy, not just filled with deep pain.

"So have we talked about this yet?"

"Talked about it, but it's still undecided." As each day passes, I can only grit my teeth and endure. Sleeping in the same bed, inhaling the scent of the person I cuddled with every night but not being able to do anything about it, was a torture that made me almost lose control many times.

"Need my help?"

"No need."

"Hey, don't be shy. We're brothers." Pants guy! As soon as I refused, he immediately used his family's privileges to make an excuse. Up until now, I have never wanted to interfere in anyone's personal affairs. But why do I care so much about things related to Beagle?

"I think you should take some time to think about your own matters."

"I still have the rest of my life to think about my own business, but if I don't pry into yours, I'll definitely die." My brother jokes, before handing over a small bottle of cold beer. "Honestly asking. Why don't you just tell him frankly and be patient? What?"

"It's not enough to be patient."

"Don't deny it. We're together every night. If we're still so calm, then damn, I don't think it's you anymore."

"â€¦"

"People who love each other must understand." The other person's voice gradually calmed down, making me frown. When I opened my mouth to ask if he was possessed by a ghost, New suddenly opened his mouth and shouted loudly. "Whoa! Gun."

"â€¦"

"Do you want something else to drink? This time, I'll show you my talent for mixing drinks. Mix this with that, guaranteedâ€¦ death for sure."

No wonder the attitude of the person at the counter changed, because he saw Gun walking around and might have heard the conversation between me and my brother, so he excited the atmosphere too much. At this moment, the poor person seemed to be a small thing, his lips pressed tightly, his eyes staring at me as if extremely sympathetic.

It's a trap!

"Okay. Every time I drink your cocktail, my stomach gets hot."

"So are you going home?" I looked for an opportunity to interrupt to ask. The white man lowered his eyes and looked down, before nodding in response. So there's no reason to stay anymore. "Then let's bring Beagle back first, New."

"Yeah, go home. If you need help, just call me, Yotha. After all, I'm your good brotherâ€¦ I understand."

I feel nauseous when I hear those sweet and cheesy words at the end. Normally we never talk to each other like that. There was only one reason why he dared to say strange things, and that was to trick that lovely thing into softening his heart.

But I didn't expect it to work. After returning to the room and taking turns showering, my eyes suddenly saw the person I still cuddle every night sitting at the foot of the bed in the pajamas we just bought together. That made me even more unable to control myself. I quickly walked over and patted the little person's head, then asked in a low voice.

"It's not too late tonight, how about watching a movie?"

The other person raised his head and looked with eyes that couldn't read the meaning.

"This week there is also a list of many new movies on Netflix, you can choose to watch them." While turning around to pick up the remote to turn on the TV, a white hand held the hem of my nightgown, giving me a pleading look.

I'm going crazy. What do you want by making such a face?

"What you said to P'Newton..." I tilted my head, frowning in confusion. "Just say it frankly."

"If that's the case, don't think too much about it."

"We are lovers."

"You're not ready right now. Maybe you need a little more time to stop being afraid."

"I'm not afraid, don't look down on each other like that." The initially gentle gaze immediately became strong. Beagle is like a child, wanting to be accepted and pampered by adults. But even so, I don't want to rush it too much.

"Go lie down, let me turn on the movie."

"No." The delicate hand tugged up the hem of my shirt.

"Let it go."

"So what?"

"If you cry, I'm not responsible."

"Who said I cried? It's as small as a rabbit." The slim body raised his face and spoke with a confident expression, making me almost burst out laughing. "Who knows, maybe you'll be the one to give up first."

"Challenge?"

"No dare, just telling the truth."

"You know what to do before you start." How do I tell him? Not naturally in a serious tone, even though inside he tried his best not to laugh. Even if he doesn't start tonight, there are still many other nights to start.

"Why don't you know?" Damn, that pouty beak when arguing is so adorable. "Iâ€¦ I'm done with it. Iâ€¦ it's time to take a shower."

The urgent voice rang out, but this side was as calm as a pint, not feeling anything at all. To put it bluntly, it's provocative and hasn't arrived yet.

"And then look for information as well."

"â€¦"

Don't look at each other like that.

"Condoms, lubricant gel, we also bought them, right?"

"Beagle, it's still..."

"Yotha..."

What to do? What should I do with my patience, which is starting to run out and is about to reach its limit?

"You said you would teach me, but can't you teach today?"

Bang!

That sentence was like a merciless killing bullet. I blinked, watching him kill the listener in vain as if I couldn't believe my ears. But when I saw the smaller person's slowly red face, I was confident that what I heard was not wrong.

Evening wearing puppy pajamas tonight. Lovely too away. But unexpectedly, not long after, I had to take it off...

"Iâ€¦ if I start, I might not be able to stop myself." My voice suddenly stuttered, so flustered that I didn't know what to do.

"There's no need to stop." True challenge.

"You might get hurt because it's your first time."

"I know..."

"You could cry your eyes out."

"This is looking down on each other too much. I will never cry."

"Sure?"

"Probably the best in the world."

I couldn't help but die when I got excited from seeing the other person's pleading eyes, but I was still able to talk to the other person for so long. Of course, in the end I gave in to the Beagle's desires and loveliness, immediately hugged the fragile body to my chest and took it to bed.

Then I don't hesitate to attack with hugs and kisses. My body became hotter little by little, the blood vessels inside seemed to boil, crushing the person under him, until I heard a groan that I suddenly remembered and decided to tell myself to cherish him as much as possible. Reduce the force until the opponent gradually adapts.

"Beagle, can I have your tongue?" Our lips only touched on the outside, rubbing back and forth for a while before asking to join forces.

The owner of these round eyes looked at me dreamily as if he was digesting what I had just said. After a moment, he cooperated by opening his mouth and sticking out his tongue. I didn't delay touching his lips, stirring the tip of my tongue inside, exchanging all my feelings and emotions.

My two hands were not free at all, one tried to slowly undo the buttons on the man's white pajamas, the other slipped under the shirt, using the palm of my hand to caress the soft skin to awaken his emotions. starting from the flat stomach up to the chest, which has begun to harden.

At first he was still strong, but now he started to tremble, hugged me tightly with both hands, raised his head to receive the kiss in an awkward but extremely cute and sexy way.

A stream of clear liquid flowed from our soft lips as we pulled away to give each other a chance to breathe, before pressing down again for a kiss and tilting our heads slightly to adjust the angle so we could easily touch.

Thanks to the chemistry between the two of us, the leader and the follower, our emotions increased and exceeded the limit.

The middle part begins to tighten in the crotch area, causing pain. I brushed my lips and nuzzled the red earlobe, my palm caressed the white belly, slowly moving lower, before slipping into the small person's soft fabric pants.

"Yâ€ Yotha."

The person below automatically twitched both legs and abdomen, letting out moans when the palm of my hand touched the erect part.

"It's okay, don't be afraid..." I reassured him, but I don't know if it worked or not.

So I had to go back to lip to lip again. Beagle's kiss tastes sweet, because this is the person I love.

Love to the point of wanting to possess everything like a selfish person. Wanting to make you cry, wanting to bully, but at the same time feeling like you want to protect, bring warmth and safety.

While my excitement was increasing, I was finally able to successfully take off the other person's clothes.

The light clearly reflected the person in front of me from head to toe, making me unable to hold back, slowly scanning his white body...

"So cute."

"Shy." The speaker tried to pull his knees back to cover himself. The body was limp, from the face to the neck was red like a boiled shrimp.

"What a lovely, good baby."

That part was already erect, but now it became even more erect, as if the pain had multiplied.

"Don't turn off the lights tonight."

"Ngaaaaaa."

"If it's turned off, what should I do if I have a nightmare?"

"Wait until you're doneâ€ then turn on the lights."

"I'm afraid that by then I'll be exhausted and forget it."

"Then don't look." The other person tried to push my chest as if to beg.
"Don't look."

"What do you mean you're right in front of me and don't let me see?"

"I'm embarrassed..."

Seeing that I still hadn't given up on my original idea, Beagle decided to do something that made the people watching laugh, which was raising his hand to cover my eyes.

"Why are you covering it?" I asked in a very affectionate voice.

"That's embarrassing. I don't want to see your eyes."

"Should I cover my eyes like that? Will it stop being embarrassing?"

The person below me didn't answer, so I had to let him do what he wanted to do, while I turned to continue stimulating his fragile body by hugging and kissing all over his body and taking the opportunity to leave marks as I wanted.

Starting from the white neck down to the sides of the chest, use the hot tip of my tongue to stir, lick and suck until that small part becomes erect under the light.

"Sniff..." A weak moan occasionally emerged. Every time he was provoked, he was startled, his body wriggled, the hairs on his body stood up, and finally he unconsciously made a cute sound.

I liked his sound, liked the reaction he was giving, so I couldn't stop myself from just stopping there.

The lips slid from the chest to the stomach, hesitantly lingering on the kiss, before moving to the inner thigh, using one hand to slide under the small person's knee joint, the other hand gently grasping his middle part. Each

movement was slow, but at that moment it made Beagle so surprised that he retreated and ran away.

Revealing the face hidden by the palm of his hand once more. The more I looked, the more excited I became that I couldn't stop.

His eyes were half-closed, his lips were swollen, his face was red, he looked even more tempted to bully him. Die alone.

This shot will kill me.

"Yotha, what are youâ€¦ planning to do?"

"Please leave that task to me?"

"â€¦"

"Let Yotha do it." I raised my head to look at him without waiting to hear any answer from the person who had a hesitant expression on his face.

I decided to use my mouth to occupy the most sensitive part of his body, licking and sucking from the base to the tip, causing the owner's moans mixed with uninterrupted sobs.

I used the tip of my tongue to lick until it was drenched in liquid, alternating with biting and sucking, rhythmically moving up and down.

Arousal spreads when penetrated, causing the delicate body to writhe in a sexy way. He lightly grabbed my head with 10 fingers, followed by sobs mixed with begging, urging me to move my lips to make him go faster and feel more ecstatic. Until the end...

"Yotha, I'mâ€¦ comingâ€¦ Sniff!"

"â€¦"

"Aaaaa." A soft moan came out from his small lips. The moment I opened my eyes to look at that sexy face, a stream of milky white liquid sprayed

into my mouth, staining part of my face, causing the image in my eyes to blur for a moment.

The sound of panting echoed continuously. The weak chest moves up and down, constantly filling the lungs with oxygen.

That feeling of joy lasted for a long time. I removed my lips and looked at the white body writhing before convulsing continuously, even though the climax had passed. His smooth belly was covered with milky white marks, and his whole body was left with red marks, looking so seductive and tempting people to fall into the trap without any suspicion.

"I.. I made you dirty..." After regaining consciousness, Beagle quickly sat up and crawled on the bed to reach for a tissue on the bedside table to wipe my face with trembling hands.

"It's okay. Are you happy?" I leaned in to whisper and kissed his lips with all my heart.

"It's nice. But I'll do it for you."

After saying that, he tried to pull down my pajama pants, but had to stop because his wrist was held.

"Beagle don't need to use your mouth for me."

His palms slowly slide from my waist to my hips. I gently patted it, causing the person in front of me to gasp.

"Can I use your space?"

"Okay."

When he closed his eyes and spoke in a soft voice, all I could say was that it was so adorable. If someone dies in this case, it will be me. I want to break my heart right on the bed.

Once I received permission, without delay, I immediately took off all the things on my body. The rabbit-shaped pajamas were immediately thrown to

the floor mercilessly. When I got closer, I saw the Beagle's expression and smiling lips.

"What's up?" I reached out and touched his cheeks, while gently pressing them to the sides with my thumbs.

"Are you really going to use that place? Why didn't you say so before?"

"What did you say?"

"This is the problem of humanity. Surely death. I will certainly die." Then he screamed so loudly that I had to hold him in my arms and stroke his back to reassure him until he stopped being scared. How can I say that it's not the end yet, I can still get hard...

"It's okay, Beagle. Listen to me. Now try my finger first, if it doesn't work, tell me."

"Approximately with my eyes, your finger is floating, but yours is not. I surrender."

"Haven't tried it yet."

"I'm weak and weak."

"Ok. That's it then." I couldn't stop myself, so I had to act to gain sympathy. I never thought that I would have to take on a painful role like this. If Newton or Fai knew, they would probably laugh and mock me for a whole year. But for this, I accept trading everything.

Luckily I received advice from P'Arc. He said the other person's heart will soften when they see us looking miserable. And I thought this might work, because the Beagle kept quiet.

"Let me go to the bathroom for a bit."

"C...calm down. Don't be in a hurry." I laughed when I was held by the thin hand, then said such cute words that I wanted to jump in and eat meat right now.

"What do you mean?"

"I mean if you promise not to hurt me, I think I can bear it for a little bit." The other person replied in a low voice, but that alone was considered an answer that made me very happy.

"If so, can we continue?"

"YES."

"Turn around. Face down on the pillow." I ask for coordination. At first he seemed to shy away, then began to move awkwardly. "Bend your knees, lift your butt."

"Is this too much?" "It's too much." Still not stopping whining, but the other person obediently agreed to do as requested. From preparing to say goodbye to this world, this time I will probably have to die over and over again.

Truly adorable. Truly adorable. Damn it! Truly adorable.

This look and position allows me to see my sensitive spots most clearly. It was an extremely lewd look, yet it looked attractive and erotic, as if I was admiring a work of art at the same time. Especially when I tried to gently separate his two slender legs from each other with my hands, the pain in that part increased more and more, to the point where I wanted to penetrate and destroy it to give the other person a taste.

I opened the drawer next to the bed and took out lubricant and condoms. I think there may be a bit of difficulty in paving the way, before going well. So at this moment, I have to coax the person in front of me to trust me as much as possible.

"Beagle, relax a bit."

"YES." After hearing the soft response, I applied lubricating gel to the small hole below, before opening the way with my fingers. Even though it was

just a little, that squeezing force still made me stop and swallow my saliva continuously before telling him.

"Take a deep breath. Relax, good boy."

"â€"

There was no reaction other than silence. The palm of my hand still caressed his hip to comfort him, then continued to move forward. At this point, I could still keep inserting my fingers, until finally I could breathe a little easier once I got past the initial stage.

"Does it hurt anywhere?" He still lay motionless, without any reaction.
"Beagle."

Curiosity forced me to bend down to meet the little person's eyes again, and the sight I saw made me so frightened that I had to pull my finger out and pull him into my arms for a tight hug.

His eyes... widened. My eyes are about to pop out, you cute thing.

"Sniff."

"Does it really hurt?"

The listener shook his head, pressed his face into my arm before muttering in a voice so soft it was almost inaudible.

"It just feels strange. And then I can't even seeâ€ I'm scared..." The body trembling when touched was the answer, so everything that was done went down the drain.

The two of us had to start again, starting with comfort and building trust. There wasn't a part of his body that couldn't be kissed and touched, until we got back to the point where we still couldn't move on. This time, I slowly laid him down on the pillow, used a small soft blanket to support him under his hips, then asked the other person to cooperate in sliding his arms under both sides of his knee joints, pushing his knees close to his chest.

Damn, this position is even more obvious than before. Moreover, I can observe the half-happy, half-frightened expression clearly visible from a close distance.

"Huuuuuuu."

"Chut. Just a little bit, please hold on."

Lubricant gel is poured into the old position. I used my finger to rub and tease, causing the person below to occasionally startle and gasp. After a while, I slowly entered inside little by little. The heat and tightness from inside forced me to create relaxation by stroking his white hips alternately with bending down and comforting kisses.

"I'll put a second finger in. If it hurts, tell me quickly."

Beagle nodded as if he was crying, his teeth clenched. Of course it was difficult, but in the end it was overcome. However, the problem lies in the third finger.

"Sniff!" His white body was so tense that I couldn't move my fingers even 1mm. Stomach cramps intermittently. Every part trembled pitifully. Even the arm that goes under the knee joint has blue veins. "Yotha, causing pain. This time it really hurts."

"Okâ€¦ It's okay. Good job."

I gritted my teeth, pulled all my fingers out of the small hole below, then changed Beagle's position again, wondering if we would finish today before tomorrow morning.

"Try again."

The reason is not because of my endurance, but because I couldn't find the right position to help the other person suffer the least. Furthermore, my midsection still doesn't seem to stop bulging, so if I give up halfway, I'll definitely have to find a way to free it myself.

"Good baby, lean in slowly."

This time, the two of us have to overcome it, otherwise it will be a stain in our lives for a long time. I moved to sit against the head of the bed, pulled my fragile body back against my chest and hugged the other person tightly. As for his legs, I tried to separate them as wide as possible, before moving my fingers in and rubbing against the thin wall.

"I won't cry, I won't whine." Swollen lips mumbled to themselves. I rested my chin on his shoulder, continuously whispering comfort.

Beagle raised his head, occasionally making eye contact. He said he wouldn't cry, but tears welled up in the corners of his eyes pitifully.

First finger and 2nd finger crossed.

After many efforts, this time it was finally successful.

"Finally." I pressed a kiss to the cheek as a reward, while pushing a third finger into the tight little hole.

"Aaaaa." Tiny moans rang out, releasing all emotions.

Three fingers moved in and out of the small hole below with difficulty. They were squeezed so tightly that they almost broke, but the stubborn guy still tried to grit his teeth until he passed, even though his legs were shaking and drenched in sweat.

"Very good."

We must continue. I decided to push his back so that his fragile body lay down on the bed, squeezed in and sat between his long, white legs, pulled one of his legs and placed it on my strong shoulder, gritted my teeth and tried my best to stop myself. I unconsciously stabbed inside, causing pain to the person below.

"Calm down."

Calm down! Calm down, Yotha. I kept telling myself.

Calm down beep! Damn it! I can't stand it anymore!

When the goodness in my mind was overwhelmed by evil thoughts, I quickly put on a condom before pouring lubricating gel into the small hole below, pressing my body deep into the hot and tight spot, until I couldn't move forward. But going back won't work either.

"Ahâ€¦ Ahâ€¦ Yotha. Iâ€¦ hurt." The person below me twisted his body, but this time I didn't stop, but used one hand to hold the small hip to prevent it from moving, then moved forward to remove all the air inside. The middle part was so hot it felt like it was about to burst. As I moved inside, the temperature gradually increased little by little, but not for a moment did I intend to stop.

"Yothaâ€¦ Sniffâ€¦ Calm down."

"Sorry, I can't control myself."

"All in, right?"

"No, only half."

"Haaaaaa?!"

It's a big shock to the baby, but now is not the time.

Ugh!

"Aaaaaaa." Until that part penetrates the deepest place. The sudden moaning continued to ring out. That's the sound sweetness that I had never heard before, causing the little remaining consciousness to completely disappear. I clenched my teeth and slowly moved my muscles to re-enter. I can go out, then continue.

From slow to fast, the movements became skillful, while Beagle kept screaming. He raised his hands to cover his face, letting his body be pushed with force that caused his head to tilt.

"Yotha, lighten up. Yothaâ€¦ Sniff."

Sobbing sounds echoed throughout the room, mixed with the sounds of bodies violently colliding with each other. I moved in and out in excitement. Even so, I still wanted to see the other person clearly, so I slowly pulled away the white palm that was trying to cover his face.

At that moment, time on Earth seemed to stop. My heart dropped to my ankles.

Beagle is crying

Tears rolled down, making his entire face dirty. His big, round, swollen eyes and bruised lips from being bitten made me feel guilty.

"Sorry Sorry for hurting you." My lower body still merged into one, but I had no intention of moving but chose to bend down and hug him tightly like a sinner. "Sorry."

"No no."

"Hmm?"

"I just feel strange." He wrapped his arms around me, opened his mouth and panted, looking like a cute kid. "It's so strange that I don't know how to express it so I cry. HUUUU."

"It's strange that you said whether it feels good or not?"

"Happy."

Hold me here, I'm about to fall.

I'm not sure what the expression Beagle showed was called, but it made my blood boil. Crazy. I have never lost control like this time.

"So can I continue?" I miss.

If you crash, you have to follow the rush.

"May be OK."

Not sure about anything. Once I get to this point, I have to go to the end and then stop lying dead. But I can't put all my strength into it without a strategy, underneath the violence there must be gentleness to help penetrate to the very bottom, then pull it out and put it back in.

Repeat this over and over again with patience. Until finally, I saw a worthy reward at the end of the road.

The initially painful voice turned into a sweet and trembling moan that reached our eardrums, along with the rhythm of our breathing becoming one each time we moved our bodies in and out.

Small beads of sweat began to bead along his face. I used my fingertips to wipe him as I bent over, continuously moving deeper into the tight and burning wall.

"Yotha, I can't make it..." Bright lips parted, head raised to block the continuous attack. The arms wrapped around me and hugged me tighter, all 10 nails digging into my skin to vent all his pain and excitement.

The frowning face in view looks so sexy. Especially when his fragile body writhed and his whole body trembled underneath, I became even more excited to tease him.

I turned Beagle over and shifted to a side-lying position.

"Yotha, hug. Want to hug..." The sweet voice came out pleadingly.

Because before he hugged my whole body, this time there was nothing left to hug so he probably didn't know what to do. His arms and legs don't move very well, so when he's bullied, I always have to be his support. But now he is forced to find new support.

I looked around, luckily I accidentally saw a stuffed animal shaped like a puppy nearby, so I quickly grabbed it and stuffed it into the little person's arms.

"Beagle hug the puppy first."

Having finished speaking, I moved to lie on my back, continuing to move that part in and out.

The sound of liquid and rough thrusting echoed throughout the room, stimulating the excitement to the maximum. The moment I entered, I could feel that lovely place squeezing my penis tighter than usual, as if he was trying to lure me into infinity, intoxicated with a sweet taste that almost made me choke to death.

"Stomach pain. Ah! It's mild. It's too deep."

My sweet face pressed against the pillow, letting out moans, before I accelerated more and more, stronger, more violent, creating a huge storm that was about to hit the shore. And what was even more surprising was that the part of the person below me that was not touched had begun to become erect according to the rhythm of intercourse.

"Yotha, I can't stand it anymore. Ah... Ah..." Small lips opened wide, eyes dimmed, head raised to take air into the lungs.

I turned him over so he was on his back again, taking the initiative with a strong and precise return. Beagle clung to both of my arms, shaking his head uneasily on the pillow.

"Good baby, look into my eyes." He obediently complied, giving me seductive eyes and pressing his lips in resignation.

I like this expression. His face looks both strong and weak.

"Almost there. Almost there!"

"!"

"Yotha. Aaaaa!"

The person below became the first to release the frustration, a few seconds later I also saw the light at the end of the road.

The body twitched and tensed, even though it continued to enter that soft, supple place. Until finally, when I was really about to reach the finish line, I quickly pulled out the condom, letting the cloudy liquid spray out beyond my imagination.

The scene before my eyes at night and morning. Huge strength as if it had been used up.

It took a while for me to gather my consciousness and return to the present again and discover that I had accidentally done something unexpected.

"Beagle."

"Huuuuuu. Yotha..."

Full face.

The milky white stain from my body was all over the little man's face, including his eyes, nose and lips. When the other person tries to open his eyes and looks tired, he looks even more sexy, making the viewer's heart almost break and die right here.

"Sorry, Beagle."

I tried to use my fingers to wipe those stains off his face, but was grabbed by a delicate hand and pulled it to his soft cheek, rubbing it over and over on his face like a small animal, pampering the owner.

"What a good boy."

Honestly, when I saw that expression, I got hard again, when normally I shouldn't have been woken up so early. And the other person must have noticed too, so he turned over with difficulty, his mouth moving to express his emotions.

"Yotha, I'm still floating. D...do it one more time."

Boom!

The kid plays until the end.

Being 'shot' over and over again and still not getting enough of it. This time I was challenged like that, there was no way I could refuse. I quickly spread Beagle's legs apart. The small hole below was pitifully swollen. But instead of overflowing with feelings of pity, it was replaced by the desire to torture and make the other person scream.

Luckily there was no blood or any injuries so I can feel relieved. I slowly grabbed the part that had just risen again, then used the tip around the soft little hole without penetrating inside, just rubbing back and forth until the person underneath writhed. Ugh, his face looked like he was about to cry.

"Yotha, don't joke around." Crying mixed with sobs rose up, but I put on a calm face.

"What joke?"

"Just kidding."

"Still don't know what you're joking about?"

"L...let me in quickly. I'm about to die."

"Why are you so adorable?"

So adorable that I don't want anyone to see him, I don't want anyone to get close, I just want to keep him to myself.

I want to express these feelings to him through touch. Of course, this night is still very long. If the other person can still stand it, I promise not to stop until we no longer have the strength to wiggle.

"Thank you, Beagle."

"â€"

"I'm happy to have you."

The sound of the heartbeat rang out at the same time as the touches and movements sought each other, until the two bodies merged into one.

All the things we're doing now...

Not only does it say that Gunyukol is from Yotha
which Yotha also belongs to Gunyukol.

[End of Yotha part]

Yotha tricked me!

I was kind enough to allow another round, but I didn't expect that dark guy to die and not stop. Besides, he still has the face to throw a hideous pillow over and ask for a hug to avoid embarrassment.

Rot! Playing for fun like this, there's nothing else that's embarrassing to the tiger.

Until the last time when we both reached climax, I gasped, tried to open my eyes and told the person above that 'that's enough, you bastard, save your strength for another day', but it didn't work. I can utter even a single sentence.

I was carried to the bathroom with my whole body bruised. Even when the warm water gently touched my skin, I still felt so much pain that I unconsciously groaned.

Thick hands brushed away the strands of hair that were falling in front of my face, and asked in a deep voice like the male lead in a prime-time TV show.

"Does the beagle float?"

I can't, you bastard! I'm ready to die right here. Die without the hope of being resurrected.

In his previous life, Yotha must have been born as a fish cleaning the tank, so in this life he sucks so well that my body only has traces of his roots.

Oh man. Last night I flipped it over and over like a doll. The last round wanted to beg for permission to show off his skills at the top, but being able to speak was already a blessing. He still didn't have the strength to crawl out of bed, so being carried to wash him seemed like Yotha still had some kindness left.

Who said it's so disrespectful? I thought it would be an easy experience, but who would have thought that this time I almost had an asthma attack.

Just like what Kong said, this buffalo power is not only used when playing tennis, but it is also used to pound me in bed.

"You're mean to me. HUUUUUUU."

"Because you can't say it."

"Only in the first round. Not in the other rounds."

"Sorry."

"I'll take your tie and tie your neck."

"Do you have the strength?"

"You hurt me, you hurt me..."

"Stubborn kid."

"Why did you always say that you were a good child? It's obviously a lie."

"Let it go."

Yotha finished the bathing, then carried me back to bed, applied medicine to the bruised areas, before carefully putting me back on the puppy pajamas I had originally worn. I don't remember what he said in my ear, my brain felt like it was in a dazed, dreamy state, unable to concentrate on anything.

I'm not even sure when I fell asleep in Yotha's arms.

But this is the first time I haven't dreamed anything all nightâ€¦

10.25

"Uuuuuu."

I woke up late the next day, feeling like I wanted to cry. I woke up and saw no one.

My stomach grumbled, almost twisting my stomach.

The body was bruised as if it was about to be torn in half. When I dragged myself out of bed, my legs were still shaking. Not to mention bad luck episode 2 when I accidentally saw myself in the mirror. Damn it. To my dismay, I thought a ghost from James Wan's evil universe appeared before me.

And I was a very pitiful ghost, because after the intense lovemaking I was covered in dog blood.

The male lead whipped his horse to pursue...

But the saddest thing for me is not just being abandoned, but you know what? It was Yotha who disappeared without preparing food for me. Angry!

My throat is now dry as if I just swallowed a handful of sand. I had to grit my teeth and stagger to open the refrigerator to find water to quench my thirst. Besides filtered water, there was nothing left in the cupboard that could help relieve my hunger. Maybe because I just moved rooms not long ago, some things are still not in place. But looking at that, I couldn't help but scold myself.

Risked inviting the dark gentleman to have sex, but other than that, didn't prepare anything.

I walked away from the refrigerator, then stopped at the kitchen counter, searching for leftover dry food. Ok. There are 2-3 packages of noodles, maybe I have to cook temporarily. But before I could start working, I suddenly thought about what I should have done from the beginning.

Half-legged, half-kneeling, I turned back into the room, picked up the phone, dialed the nearest number, then waited for the call.

The ringing sound rang in my ears not long after, and the other person finally picked up the phone. I did not hesitate to vent my anger.

"Where did you go without saying? I woke up and didn't see anyone so I was very sad."

I shot a series of shots without having time to breathe, because I was very upset inside.

"My whole body hurts, aren't you going to take care of me at all? When you did it hard, I didn't say a word."

He was silent, probably seriously feeling guilty. But I won't relent.

"Food is not prepared for you. Sick people must eat soft things. Minced meat porridge is fine. Thick porridge is also ok. But it's likeâ€¦ I have to cook instant noodles myself. Is that too cruel?"

Tell him to vomit blood and die. I will do it until he cries and kneels and keeps apologizing.

"Last night I begged, told me I was this and that, but it was really just a trick to soften my heart."

[...]

"Very well, Yotha. Okay..."

Clack!

I turned my head towards the direction of the sound, after the doorknob was turned and the door slowly opened.

"Who is Beagle talking to?"

I kept the phone quiet, staring at the tall figure standing in front of me without even blinking. The other person carried his belongings back in, but there was no hand holding the phone.

Yotha is here, so who am I talking to now?

Suspicious, I slowly lowered my palm, trying to rub my eyes a few times while staring intently at the name appearing on my phone screen.

Oh, the last call wasn't with Yotha, but...

Faifah

Damned. I'd rather die.

[End of chapter 16]

17

Co-translator : yukifeebleu

Chapter 17: Mom, this is my lover

[Faifah]

"Do you want to eat this vegetable? If you don't, leave it to me!"

"Kong, if you make it this smooth, take the pork sauteed with garlic on your plate and put it on my vegetables."

"Calm down, handsome man. My pork is more expensive than your vegetables, I can't exchange it. Remember."

Living with Kong, I often have to argue with him about silly things. In addition, this time the group of friends at the table sitting neatly near the other 10 people were all close friends but did not interfere at all, just staring at my vegetables. Really looking for something.

"Please, please. There's so much going on here, why are you guys arguing?" One of the group of friends found an opportunity to intervene. To be fair, I immediately pinned my fork down on my opponent's meatball as a way of retaliation.

"Fai, my meatballs are expensive!"

"This is so ridiculous..."

"You guys are more retarded than I thought."

After that, the noise of the people at the table grew louder and louder, until it was almost impossible to understand what they were focusing on.

We are in the dormitory cafeteria. Even though the semester is over, some shops are still open. And since it was just the end of a small semester, the atmosphere wasn't very lonely.

Today, friends from the male dormitory have an appointment to carry things together to move dormitory. I'm a public figure and kind-hearted so I volunteered to help. Some belongings were left below the dormitory, but there were still many other things that had not been brought down. So, before returning to deal with it, we invited each other to have breakfast to fill our stomachs, even though it was already past 10 o'clock.

(Rrrr --Rrrr - -)

The sound of the bell competes with the chatter of friends at the table. I picked up the phone and looked. The screen displays the number of a naughty puppy without knowing what prompted it to contact me at this hour. But I guess it's probably about an old issue that was unfinished from yesterday, which is about some things he left in the room.

"Who is that? Tai?" Kong guessed correctly as if he was meditating to be nosy.

"YES."

"Put on speakerphone. Let me say hello and we'll talk later if there's anything else."

"Hey, me too. Long time no see. Miss him."

"I also want to talk. Hello Tai~"

"Not yet! Haven't had time to press the listen button yet." What a joke, no one even respects me.

Gunyukol is a cheerful and cunning child of an Engineering major. Therefore, no one is unaware of it. In addition, everyone in the department loves and pampers each other because of each other's friendly and playful

nature. It's no surprise that every time they see his number displayed, friends will simultaneously ask to join in the fun.

I was busy creating strokes for a long time, then I finally answered the puppy's call. But the moment I tried to speak, he was the one speaking fluently with a hoarse voice.

[Where are you going without talking? I woke up and didn't see anyone so I was very sad.]

Do I need to apologize?

Remember, didn't he say yesterday that he would come and help move the things today? How could he forget? But when I opened my mouth to explain, the other person didn't give me a chance to explain.

[My whole body hurts, aren't you going to take care of it at all? When you acted too hard, I didn't say a word.]

Huh!!

'Strengthening'? What am I doing to you?

It's not just me who's confused, my friends are also frowning. From where many children were initially prepared to open their mouths to greet in a cheerful voice, now everyone was silent.

[Food is also not prepared. Sick people must eat soft things. Minced meat porridge is also fine. Condensed porridge is also ok. But it's likeâ€¦ I have to cook instant noodles myself. Is that too cruel?]

I guess the reason why he called and complained like this was probably because he was angry because he was hungry.

[Last night I begged, saying I was cute like this and that, but it was really just a trick to soften my heart.]

"â€¦"

Unusual!

Last night certainly something wonderful happened.

[Very well, Yotha. Okay...]

OH. And the best part is that the puppy didn't mention my name at all, but instead boldly blurted out the name of my twin brother. This must have some hidden energy.

The voice on the other end of the line fell silent for a moment. I didn't dare to speak up except to stay silent. It's unknown what happened after that, but the call was eventually disconnected.

Everyone was in a state of complete stupor, only able to blink at each other, before Kong was the one to break the silence.

"We have to win. Didn't he call wrongly?"

"â€"

"Thenâ€ last night, what did he and Yotha do to be so whiny?"

I quickly stuffed the phone into my pocket, before standing up to prepare to go out.

"I'll go home later."

"Where are you going, Faifah?"

"That's a lot of things to do!"

[End of Faifah part]

There are always surprises in our lives. But with some things, don't call it a surprise. Let's call it being stupid enough to not look ahead.

I hung up the phone, my face as pale as a chicken's leg and stood there for a long time.

I suddenly remembered and quickly clicked on the LINE icon on my phone to justify what I had just babbled to Faifah. But before I could press send, a senior relative stubbornly interrupted.

"What's wrong with Beagle?"

"I called by mistake earlier, I thought it was you, but who knew it was Faifah."

The tall figure placed the bag of food on the table, before walking over and stopping in front of me.

"And then I... I confessed everything we did last night. Fuckkkk. So wrong. Biggest mistake in the world." It seemed Yotha didn't really care to listen, because he seemed focused on using the back of his hand to press against my forehead, which at first didn't shed a single bead of sweat, but was now flowing like the Erawan waterfall.

"Leave it alone Faifah, don't worry. Go back to bed first."

"Naughty. What will Faifah look like? Will the innocent image turn into a lustful person?"

"Normally I look at you like that, right?"

"Ngaaaaa." Never encourage each other at all.

"You're hot. If you don't rest, it could get worse."

"So where did you disappear to before?"

"Buy dog food."

I frowned, not knowing whether to be angry or pity myself, trying to think cheerfully that I could be beaten to death by him, because if that were the

case, I wouldn't cry, I wouldn't ask, but would burn chili salt and curse it every day.

"When you went out, you didn't say anything, making me have to work hard to find food myself. Have you ever repented?"

"I don't dare wake you up, I'm afraid you won't get enough sleep." There was a reason for being soft-spoken, thanks to that, this time it was considered an escape. "Does it still hurt anywhere?"

I nodded vigorously and told the truth.

"Headache and body aches. But the worst thing is hunger."

"Okay, let me quickly get the porridge out for you. Now go back to lie down and apply the medicine first." Without letting me refute anything, a tall body came closer, picked me up and took me back to bed.

"Can I see the wound?" Hearing that, my face suddenly became hot.

"The wound is fine. It's just a little painful."

"I'm going to see if any place is seriously damaged. What about the other places?"

"No, just this place." I pointed to my neck that was kissed until it turned red. "And here, here too." Not forgetting to point to the lips that were bitten to the point of injury. "What about the back?"

"The back is very comfortable."

"Raise your knees, separate your legs."

"Hey, you have no shame. Are you asking to see each other so frankly?" I quickly covered my middle body with my hand. Even though I was wearing pants, the lightness inside made me realize Yotha wasn't wearing any underwear for me.

"Terrible mouth."

"If you don't have a mouth, how can someone want to kiss you?"

"Don't talk nonsense. Apply medicine first, then eat."

"Ewwiiiiiiiiii."

"If you're hungry, it's even more important to heal the wound quickly."

"Huhu."

"You're allowed to cover your face."

"If I cover my face, you'll see my dick."

"If you see the whole person, why are you afraid anymore? Hurry up, good child..." Say good child again. Do I want to be a good kid? But Yotha didn't listen, because his hand was already holding the elastic of my pants, ready to take them off. All he had to do was wait for me to agree to remove my hand from the middle part.

"Just a little bit. Just let me see with one eye."

"If you look like that, you'll have to stare for a long time. If you want to let me look at you to apply medicine quickly or if you want to stare like that, choose."

"Bad, bad, badaaaaaa."

Just complaining like that, I can't resist his stubbornness. Finally, I had to let go and let the other person slowly pull my pants down to my ankles.

I pursed my lips tightly, feeling the heat spread out, causing my skin to almost cook as my sharp eyes stared as if I wanted to devour them. Hey, last night I almost died, now can't you stop playing tricks on me? Let me rest and relax first.

"F...finished watching yet?"

"No lacerations, but quite a bruise. The doctor said that if the symptoms don't get better, you may have to go to the hospital."

"Hey, I can't stand it. I don't have it." Just looking at Yotha alone would make him die. Do we still have to let others see? I can't stand it.

"Then we have to apply medicine."

"Apply it, apply it." I quickly spoke in a frantic voice, causing my tall relatives to burst out laughing. You weren't pressed so you wouldn't know.

His 'son' is cruel as hell. The moment he entered, I was startled, my soul almost flew out of my body. At that time, I thought it was already serious, but the moment he started moving in and out, oh my god, I can only say that it was 3 million times more miserable than a broken toenail.

Thick hands pulled out the small, soft towel to support my hips, making that part of my body appear more clearly. I looked down, my chin almost touching my chest. The legs were grabbed and then separated wider than before. At this moment, we can only rely on our own life's fate.

"Sniff!" The coldness from the hard fingertips coming into contact with the flesh of the small hole behind me, before rubbing continuously, made me grit my teeth to keep from making an embarrassing sound.

"Ah~" But it didn't work. Hate myself.

"Just bear with it for a bit."

"Are you flirting or teasing?"

"Both." Always teasing. "Does it hurt?"

"No, it just feels strange." The hair on the body stands up. My legs were shaking, and I was so embarrassed that I didn't know where to hide, other than letting the other person take care of me without saying a word.

And finally, the application process is over. I breathed a sigh of relief when my tall relative pulled my pants up for me, before taking them to the

mattress padded out from the hips.

"Let me wash my hands and bring you porridge and fever-reducing medicine."

"YES."

Not long after waiting, delicious food was placed in front of me. I don't have any serious illness, I still have the strength to lift this and that. It's just that the owner didn't let me, he said he would volunteer to feed me. Then he looked at the porridge and scooped it up, intending to feed it to someone or something. The spoon is full.

"Is the piece too big? I eat guava. Burp." Before I could finish complaining, he stuffed it in. Ask honestly. Are you in love?

"Is it delicious?"

"A little."

"What do you want to eat next time?"

"Char siu rice, roasted pork, pork trotters."

"Not yet. This time we have to eat soft foods first."

"Then why ask?"

"Just in case you don't want to eat porridge."

"If there's anything I can eat, please recommend it." Try asking them if they have any good ideas. As long as it doesn't make me angry because I'm hungry, I'm fine.

"There's this thick porridge."

"What about other dishes?"

"Porridge."

"Other than that."

"Thick porridge."

Fuck!

"If I knew it would turn out like that, from now on, stop 'bullying' me. It would be better if we could lie with our backs to each other every night."

"That's okay. No hugging, no kissing, just sleeping with our backs to each other." Hey there. The situation turned. Suddenly I misunderstood what I meant. But when I intended to keep silent, my heart wavered, looking at Yotha's sad face made me unable to swallow the rice.

"It doesn't need to come to that level. People must know how to harmonize with each other."

"How to reconcile?"

"Every night I have a nightmare, let you hug me."

"Beagle."

"Wâ€| what?"

"Stop being so cute. I'm going crazy."

Oh good. Suddenly praising me, I don't know what to do. The more the thick hand caressed my cheek, the more panicked I became. I only ask for one thing, it's okay to pamper me, but don't make fun of each other now. It's bruised. It's swollen.

Knock Knock knock

There was a knock on the door outside. Yotha and I looked at each other, before the dark gentleman placed the bowl of porridge next to the bed and stood up straight, walking out following the knock on the door. Before he could guess who the other person was, Faifah quickly walked inside with a gloomy face.

"Damn puppy. Manâ€¦ Is that under the eye or the crater?" He shouted hoarsely, before turning to look at his twin brother who was following behind. "Damn it. Pamper my puppy for a bit."

"If it were you, could you stand it? You're so adorable, can you stand it?"

"If you can't control your emotions, can I sleep with you next time?"

"Many things."

"Calmly go."

I'm the one who has to stop both of our emotions before jumping into a fight right in the middle of the room. The veins in my neck are up and I'm arguing. It's not that serious.

"Did you forget? Don't you have to go home tomorrow?"

Uh...

That sentence was like a heavy hammer blow hitting the skull. The clothes were also prepared, but my mind was filled with debauchery, so much so that I forgot everything.

"How can you walk like this?"

"Then stop it." Yotha replied.

"How are you going to tell the puppy's family? Please postpone your return date, am I a little crazy busy with your son?"

"You two, don't think too much. It's ok. I can handle it." Being the one in the middle to prevent other people's burning emotions is tiring. Spending today and tomorrow resting will probably get better. Besides, I'm not so sick that I have no strength left.

"If that's the case, that's good. What are you doing? Do you need my help?"

"Many things." It's arguing again.

"Abandon my friend and still speak loudly?"

"I'm going out to buy porridge."

"Why aren't you prepared? Don't you know how to call and book a Grab?"

"So do you dare ask Grab to buy medicine for the wound inside? If possible, do you still want to buy personal belongings yourself?"

I died and was reincarnated but you guys still haven't finished arguing. To be honest, this pair of brothers is truly mentally retarded. I just shook my head and picked up the bowl of porridge to eat.

I am so lucky to have people who love and care for me so much.

At the same time, it's also unfortunate that their concern makes me... not get enough sleep.

"Sneezing!"

"Sneezing!"

"Beagle, I told you not to wash your hair."

"My head's all sticky. I'm reluctant to walk like that. I'm embarrassed to see my family die. It's been a while since I've come home. I have to do a grand opening."

"Going in two rows?"

"Damn it."

"Come over here and sit. If you have a fever again, I will give you a severe beating." Yotha waved for me to sit at the dressing table, before taking a small towel from the cupboard to wipe attentively.

"Hurting others without repenting. Now you're still trying to hit me."

"Who said stubborn." You're better at scolding than my mother. "Before I get dressed, let me apply the medicine on the back first."

"Well, I can't bear it. It's over."

"Beagle, don't be stubborn."

"Because it's embarrassing."

"If it gets worse, you have to see a doctor. What do you want?"

"It's okay to apply it." I just keep arguing, no matter what, I have to give in to them.

My house is in Chanthaburi. If you go by private car, it will take a few hours. This time Yotha volunteered to drive his car. And we didn't just go alone, we brought our close friends and Faifah along. This trip is guaranteed to be fun, because we all wear pineapple shirts to show off to our mothers.

It's about time, we're planning on leaving around 1pm. At 10 o'clock there is an appointment with the gang including Kongkiat and Faifah to gather here to discuss.

"Say hi my honey~ I heard that 'popping' each other doesn't respect physical affection?"

At 9:55 a.m., you showed up for me to kick me in the mouth before time.

Pineapple shirts, flip flops, sunglasses at Rong Kluea market (similar to Kim Bien market) and crossbody bags belong to the new collection from Suk Ngom (overripe), a Thai brand that is competing with Supreme at the moment. Present. It can be boldly said that my friend is extremely high-fashion. And Faifah is no less competitive, attractive from head to toe like a copy and paste version of Kong.

"Tai, are you really going to bring this face home to meet your mother?"

"The face of this true creation."

Not only do I often have fun with the dark gentleman, but now I also have to have a headache with my beloved friend.

"If you have a mouth like this, you must be healthy, right?"

"Yeah."

"Then let's enter the phase of building our image." I looked up, and Yotha scratched his head in confusion. Kong ran to the sofa and sat down, quickly pulling out the things he had prepared in his backpack. "When introducing yourself to his family, you must first build a good image."

"How is picture?"

"First things first, Tai. Your eyes are already too dark, so I borrowed concealer from the girls' dormitory to use temporarily."

"Ah ha. Then what?"

"To hide the dark circles under your eyes. When you go see your mother, you have to keep your face fresh. And then there's the mark on your neck. It won't work to pretend you've been bitten by a mosquito."

"Yeah." Forgot to think about that case. Having Kong as a military advisor suddenly felt like life was more meaningful, even though before he often did things that didn't work out.

"As for Yotha, please advise Faifah." The pineapple man raised his hand to the person next to him, before the male actor raised them up a bit and spoke in a serious voice.

"You have to stop wearing pineapple shirts today."

"Why?" I'm afraid the two brothers will fight again.

Yesterday they argued so much that they were hoarse before they were able to call a truce. Please let me go today.

"The first impression is very important. You are Tai's lover, so you must behave politely and have manners. I suggest you find a shirt with a collar to wear and then button the top button to look neat."

Damned. What you said contradicts Yotha to death.

"And when talking, don't use the word 'you-me'. You must use 'you-me'."

"Disabilities."

"Listen to what I have to say. The tone must end with 'yes' in each sentence. And the speech must sound neat and pleasant, so when adults hear it, they will love it. For example, not using the word 'eat' should be changed to..." Faifah paused for a moment, before raising his eyebrows at his brother as if waiting for the other person's answer.

"Benevolent."

"Eating is enough, you bastard. This word is so good that I thought I was working in the throne room."

Hearing that makes me want to laugh and break my teeth. Is this a comedy show? I really want to say that the creator is very chill, no one is serious. But they didn't listen, so they just let it go.

"The most important thing, let me repeat it again, is not to forget the word 'r' (krab). When speaking, you have to curl your tongue a lot to clearly pronounce the 'r'." It's more miserable than sitting for the Calculus exam.

"Let the two of you practice. Come over here and fix your face with me first." It's Kong's turn to strike.

My best friend forced me to turn around, before turning the tube he borrowed from the girls and dabbing it under my eyes, while constantly complaining.

"They have La Mer, but the place under your eyes, I think it's better to say goodbye (la tai)."

"Very impressive." Is there a day when Kongkiat doesn't scold me? "Do it properly, my friend."

Come out and be disgusting, I'll kick you to death.

"The color is slightly white."

"From whom?"

"Bua." Oh man. That white skin reflects light like a fluorescent light bulb and yet you still dare to borrow it for me to use. "But I think white is also good. It will be bright under the eyes."

"Why did you say that to me?" As long as the results are satisfactory, I will not argue about the method and the finished product.

Faifah trained his brother, Kong also focused on covering up the remaining traces of civilization on his face. After half an hour, everything was done...

"Oh my god, puppy. Did you mix up the foundation color?"

"Get your head mixed up!" After trying to be confident without even looking in the mirror, being greeted like that by a school boy, I quickly turned sadly and asked Yotha for advice in a petulant voice.

"A little comfort."

"It's adorable."

"Really?"

"No. Please wash your face. Please."

"Hurt each other too much."

I stood there dumbfounded for 5 minutes, before going to look at my face in the mirror. As soon as I saw my appearance, I was so shocked that I was stunned. Did my best friend Kongkiat use concealer number 0 to cover my dark circles under my eyes? Either way, it looks more gray than white.

"Kong Kong, you hit me too hard this time."

"Hey, calm down. I'm just dealing with an urgent matter."

"The problem is in my face!"

It was so unkempt that Yotha half-walked, half-carried me to the bathroom, washed my face and scrubbed it completely clean. It's all your fault that the first impression you expected.

"Come on, now it's time to leave the final impression."

"Is there more? That's enough." I almost fell and froze when I walked out and heard Kong's cheerful words.

The dark gentleman and I were forced to sit on the sofa to listen to both of our advice.

"We have to prepare the answer. In case your parents or sister ask, you both know how to answer the same way. Start with the first question." The phone was raised to open and read. "Where did we first meet?"

"Toilet." I responded first, then it was Yotha's turn.

"Interview room."

"Each of you encounters a place like this. Are you sure you encountered a person and not a ghost?" Faifah shook his head, but I was extremely confused.

"Why did we meet during the interview? Why didn't I know?"

"Because you don't care."

"I remember that time we met in the bathroom because I misunderstood you as Faifah."

"Let's meet in front of the interview room."

"That's enough. Let me decide. Choose to meet in front of the interview room to look good in your parents' eyes. Sigh."

You look for a way out, but your questions don't go away. I chose to put those questions aside for now, and when I have free time, I will find a chance to ask again. Now perhaps we have to return to focusing on the present again.

"Question 2, who flirts with whom first?"

"I flirt first." Of course I should be the first to respond.

"I agree." And then Yotha objected.

"So the answer is you two take turns flirting. Done." It's funny that the listener has to find the middle point to reconcile. "If your parents ask if you have ever argued, how should you answer?"

"Don't have."

"Frequent."

"If the answer is yes, your favorability score will definitely decrease, Yotha."

"You want me to lie? Being stubborn like you and not arguing with anyone is even more strange."

"Are we cheating and scolding each other?"

"No scolding, just telling the truth."

"Sigh~ I think we should stop preparing. Whatever happens will happen." Kong interrupted despondently. But I'm the type of person that once I start something, I have to see it through to the end.

"Calm down. Don't rush to end it. If you waste your time, you'll get stuck again. Just keep asking."

"Okay. If your parents don't let you love each other, what will you do?"

"Cry."

"Take him away and hide." Look at the answer. Hell can be vaguely seen.

"I think it's not good. Let's move on to the last sentence." The person wearing glasses sighed, stared at the phone for a while before speaking.

"What do you guys really like about each other?"

The two of us silently looked into each other's eyes. Of course he always throws it to me to answer first.

"Love everything Yotha."

After that moment, both ears also heard the answer from the other person's mouth.

"Umâ€¦ I also like everything about Gunyukol."

The sweet scene was going well, if not interrupted by the previous best friend.

"Nauseated but have to pretend to be moved."

"â€¦"

"It's unbelievable that out of the 1 million, 8 hundred and 70 thousand prepared questions, there's one question that you all answered the same way and it's even important. If I were your parents, I would definitely let it go."

Oh yeah.

Trying so hard, it actually ended up being very simple. Just say what you feel in your heart.

The 'Welcome to Chanthaburi' sign stands out on the main road.

The excitement gradually increased as the car moved forward, until it approached my home area. Before leaving, I called home and said I would probably arrive in the evening. Mom seemed very excited and said she had prepared a lot of food. I just hope everyone will love and cherish Yotha and my friends as expected.

"Turn left into the alley ahead." Turn signal lights are on. Thick hands turn the steering wheel.

I... I'm here!

It seemed like Dad had extended the fence of the house and was waiting, so we drove straight in without wasting time going down to open the door. In short, Yotha did not wear a shirt with the top button as suggested by Kong and Faifah. So the four of us got out of the car and said hello to the pineapple-themed family.

"Hello mom. I'm Kong, Gun's cute friend." The first kid who quickly ran over was not a stranger, and he even greeted with the old phrase he used on the first day he moved into the dorm.

"Hello kids. How are you? Are you tired from the journey?"

"I'm so tired."

"Then go inside and rest. Bring your bags. Dad and P'Kloy are waiting in the living room."

Haven't been back for several months, nothing has changed. The atmosphere and scent are still the same. There is also the majestic appearance of three and a fierce expression, ready to chew P'Kloy's head.

Kong looked startled, because he had witnessed my sister demonstrate military prowess. This time, luckily he took 2 more victims. After placing our bags on the table in the corner of the house, we immediately went to the living room to sit and talk first.

As the host and the person in the middle, I volunteered to introduce everyone first.

"Everyone, this is my dad, mom and sister."

"Hello sir." Please clasp your hands in a beautiful greeting. Anyone who is not beautiful will be sent back to school.

"And this is my friend. Kong is my old roommate, next is Faifah and then Yotha."

"My son is so handsome." Then she swooped over to the twins and pulled Kong into a hug.

"Wait. Mom, I am your son."

"Who loves you?"

Boom! Suddenly, Dad shot two dogs in one shot.

"Tâ€| this person. Yotha." I reached out to my tall relative.

Looking at my father's fierce face, I have to say it was unexpected. Normally, he is someone who rarely speaks up, except that if someone teases me, he will tell me to shut up. As for other things, even love allows complete freedom to make decisions.

"How to flirt? When to flirt? Gunyukol is very stubborn, do you think you can get over it by dating him?"

"Calm down, dad." I moved my butt to sit next to him. "It's okay to ask one question at a time."

When dad asked, damn it, Kloy must have pressed her finger to post status to please me like she always did.

It's funny how the rest of the kids sit together while smiling, looking at each other with sly eyes.

"Can we go outside and talk for a bit?"

Done. Dad is so cool today. Holding the fate of me and my friends in the palm of my hand.

"Yes."

"Dad, baby come with me."

"You sit here. I have something to tell Yothin in private."

"Yotha dad!" Backcountry. It was almost cool, but I died because he remembered my lover's name wrongly. Truly nothing at all.

While the two of them went out, the rest of us sat and waited so much that we couldn't even urinate. Even my mother patted my shoulder to comfort me, telling me everything would be okay. Only my sister happily switched from holding the phone to filing her nails. Kloy and my father have identical personalities. Everything I think is the same, so please take the opportunity to ask for opinions.

"What do you think Dad will tell Yotha?"

"How do I know? I am not dad."

"What if you guess?"

"Probably list a thousand disadvantages to be your lover."

"We've never encouraged each other. Come on."

"Go to the front door and 'stay' alone." Always cruel to me.

"Kloy, don't yell at him, child." Luckily, my mother always stopped her, so I had time to rekindle the fire.

"Mom, P'Kloy scolded me. She hurts my heart."

"Disabilities."

"Mom, do you see? I'm always bullied by P'Kloy." Besides my sister, Kongkiat and the school's men could only squint and sigh. Maybe they didn't expect that when I was with my family, I would get this serious. But that's itâ€¦| preserve the youngest son's image to be a little more likable.

A while after Dad and Yotha disappeared, they both finally returned. In addition, the before and after images are completely opposite. Smile at each other, then walk away hugging his neck. This is an extremely good sign.

"Let's go. You guys are hungry, let's set the table." After the breadwinner finished speaking, everyone immediately volunteered to help carry things to the kitchen. Only I pulled my senior relative aside to talk for a moment.

"What did you say to dad?"

"Bullshit." The other person replied in a monotone voice, but it didn't sound clear at all.

"So how did dad accept you?"

"Just be frank about my feelings."

"Say what, say what?"

"Good at nosy." Got a loud slap on the forehead.

"Hey, it's because people are curious. How do you ask?"

"Dad is just afraid that we won't be able to stay together until the end. But don't we already know this?"

"That's right. That's why I want to know what trick Yotha used to make Dad soft-hearted?"

"â€¦|"

Be silent, don't answer. It's okay not to ask anymore.

The atmosphere of the dinner was smooth and enjoyable. Kong and Faifah kept joking, before turning to joking with my sister happily. Delicious food prepared by my mother's skills filled the entire table, making my eyes dizzy. By the time I realized it, I had already devoured two plates of rice. My stomach was so full that I could barely walk.

The wound from the battle still hasn't healed very well. Therefore, when bringing the things up, Yotha volunteered to do everything. There, as expected of another son of this family.

Mom has already prepared a room for us. Kong and Faifah slept in the guest room. Normally this room is rarely used, unless relatives come to visit, which is only occasionally. This time, Mom cleaned up and had its own bathroom. Everything is convenient.

And Yotha sleeps in the same room as me. It's the bedroom I've lived in since I was a child. The old Doraemon-shaped blanket had been washed so often that the color had faded slightly and was still intact. The Star Wars poster has not been removed yet. It can be said that I have almost never thrown away any memories in my life.

"Bed 3.5 ft, can you sleep?" I placed my bag near the wardrobe, before turning to ask the person behind me.

"I've already slept through the dormitory bed."

"If it's too cramped, lying on the floor won't be a problem."

"Lying on the floor is fine." Oh... look. Why don't you refuse? Gun is confusing. Gun cannot cope.

"But the floor is very hard. It won't be comfortable when sleeping."

"No problem."

Broken. Is it deliberately teasing me to make me impatient? If that's the case, then I really want to say that you've succeeded, because I'm still constantly looking for reasons for the other person to change their mind.

"The air conditioner in the room is very cold. If there's nothing warm to hug in the middle of the night, don't complain."

"It's okay. There's still a blanket."

"Yeah, it's up to you." Don't care about it anymore.

I go back to rummaging through my bag and pull out the dinosaur pajamas at the end of the bed. The towels in the closet have been neatly folded. I pulled it out and turned around and hobbled into the bathroom.

"When you come out again, I'll apply some medicine." The owner of the deep voice shouted through the door.

"I know."

But there haven't been any more since then.

10:30 is the best time to go to bed. Although we didn't have to travel long today, it was still quite tiring. Laying my head on the pillow, I forced myself to close my eyes to sleep quickly. But I didn't expect that I would end up turning back and forth, ignoring the repeated pain in my waist.

My eyes stretched from the nape of my neck to the back of the person lying on the floor with mixed emotions. I'm composing many sentences in my head to prepare to say to him. In the end, I didn't say anything because he had made up his mind.

The body sat up, dangling my legs to the floor, before slowly crawling towards the tall body with another blanket.

Yotha opened his eyes. His eyebrows furrowed when he saw me sneaking in to lie next to him, at the same time smoothly occupying half of the other person's pillow.

"The air conditioner is too cold."

Stupid reason, but that's all I can think of.

"Can't your back hurt?" The owner of the tall body whispered and asked. When we faced each other, I discovered that the distance between us had shrunk to almost nothing.

"It doesn't hurt, because the room is colder."

"Need a hug?"

"Oâ€| okay."

I heard a soft laugh coming from the other person, before in the blink of an eye, my body was hugged by warm arms. So many good things happened today, so it feels like lifting a mountain off my chest.

Just realized how lucky I am. There are cute friends, there's a sympathetic family and there's him... he's everything to me.

"When I talked to dad, I didn't explain much about the reason."

Suddenly Yotha said something, forcing me to raise my head to look at him, looking at him with quiet eyes like someone who knows how to listen.

"But he understands that I'm serious about you."

The handsome face bent down, pressing his nose to my cheek before repeating the sentence.

'Since I had you, I have never looked at anyone else.'

It may be a short sentence, but admit itâ€| someone's heart swelled to this size because of Yotha alone.

Go to the beach in the afternoon~

Our house is not far from Kung Wiman beach, so we planned to take some chill photos and swim a bit. But before that, the two best friends slept like the dead after going out to buy beer and drink without saying a word. Kloy

had an appointment with a high school friend so she went out early in the morning, and my parents prepared food before going to work.

"Beagle, take me to the storage room."

"Huh?"

I stood motionless.

"There's only one room in this house, right?" I unconsciously swallowed my saliva without answering or denying. That's right. It only has one room and it is the room that holds the bad memories of my childhood that I still remember to this day.

"Why do you ask about it?"

"Just thought I'd try to face what you've encountered for once."

"A...another day, okay?"

It's not that I'm so scared that I can't see, I'm just trying to avoid it with the feeling that even if I go in, nothing will change. Either way, the end result is still the same nightmare.

Remember, after the Connected Engineering Department event ended, Yotha took me to see a kind doctor. He often gives advice about my current situation. One thing we have to do now is gradually face our fears, something I did as a child but it didn't work.

Start from being able to go into the storage room, try sleeping with some lights on in a room that's not too dark, or any other way you can think of. But it still ended up with me having a nightmare.

"Don't be afraid, Beagle. I'll be by your side."

"It won't go away. If you don't believe me, try turning off the lights tonight, I'll dream about it again."

"So this time I want us to try together."

His legs stepped closer, his warm palms reached out to hug my cheeks, then conveyed a lot of emotions through his eyes. Yotha says to trust him. Yotha said he could become my refuge. Yotha will be everything....

Even though he didn't say it, I understood it clearly.

"Okay."

"Good job, good baby."

"There must be an incentive."

"What reward do you want?"

"A large tray of pizza eaten alone."

"Eating alone?"

"Right."

My tall relative held my hand. Five fingers clasped tightly together, with almost no gaps left, before walking to a corner of the house, which was both a storage room and a place containing many memories.

Mom didn't lock the door. So, we just need to turn the doorknob and we can easily go inside. The first smell that enters the nose is the dust and mold of many items left for a long time. Remember we cleaned it many times, but in the end it was still as messy as before.

The light switch was turned on, helping to dispel much of the initial stuffiness.

I rolled my eyes at the messy and untidy pile of things, before raising my head to look at the person next to me who still kept a calm expression.

"Did you come in here to play when you were little?"

"Yeah. It's scary, right? But at that time I didn't think anything of it, because I was covering as Ethan Hunt."

"That's right."

"After looking, let's go out."

"Beagle."

"What?"

"Shall we re-clean this room?"

"...?" I still looked up, quite surprised by the dark gentleman's words.

The furniture has been here for many years. I don't even know what's there. Most importantly, after cleaning, you end up with a mess, because you don't know where to put these things. At best, choose to keep a few items and throw away the rest.

"I don't know if my parents will say it or not." The end of the sentence begins to fade out because of uncertainty.

"I asked for permission."

"Really?"

"Yeah. So let's clean up the room."

"Oä| ok." I nod my head constantly. "But let's find a mask to cover our mouth first. Then there are brooms and rags. Oh, so many things."

"Okay. Then let me put my stuff away while I wait."

"Sooooo good."

"I quit, and you fold."

This is the first time I've been so excited about cleaning the house. I excitedly ran through the house, pulled out all the cleaning supplies I had, and then we started the housekeeping chores. This is not Miss Marie*'s style, but Yotha and Gunyukol's style.

* Japanese house cleaning saint

"Can you carry this out first? The termites are about to eat it all."

"Okay." The bookcase, the insects' new home, was abandoned without anyone paying attention. Because it is plywood, it can easily absorb water and come apart. The two of us helped each other carry it out. When my dad comes home, I'll ask if there's anything I can fix, because I still feel sorry.

"This is cute."

Large items are carried outside, while small items rely on being placed in boxes for storage. Throw away any items that are not important. Just do that for a while, until you come across a large photo album, a place to store great memories.

"Wow, I've been looking for so long, it turns out it's here." There are quite a few pictures here when P'Kloy and I were still as small as cicadas.

"Adorable baby Beagle."

"Hey, don't compliment me. Admit it, I am beautiful. The older I get, the more beautiful I am."

"I think we should continue cleaning the room."

"Hey, what is that?" Telling the truth is a bit unacceptable. Tsk...

Amid all the dedicated efforts, the messy storage room was finally cleaned up to a crisp, just in time for the two best friends to wake up. I heard them screaming when they saw the furniture lying around on the ground floor of the house. But in the end, both of them indirectly became assistants to me and Yotha.

In the afternoon, I still kept the same plan as before, going out to take chill photos at the beach, swimming until I was tired, then returning to pack my things to go out tomorrow completely without worrying about anything.

18.00

Parents come home. P'Kloy followed out to admire the results of our work, before rushing off to help my mother prepare food.

Many of the items that used to be in this room are arranged more neatly, making the clutter that was initially visible no longer exist. As for me, the one who cleaned it up—only the exhausted body remained, because the soul had left the body due to extreme fatigue. "The puppy is barely alive."

The tall body owner spoke teasingly. I immediately glared at the person standing against the door frame.

"So tired."

"Take a break."

After saying that, the light went out.

"Hey, why did you turn off the light?"

I shouted loudly, standing up in a staggering position. But before I could reach the other side, the door was closed, making the whole area dark. I saw nothing but standing still, before the fears completely disappeared when the palm was held by another person.

"Can we stay together for a while?"

"If you promise you won't disappear."

"I'm not going anywhere already."

Warm like a microwave.

I like Yotha like this. No, I like everything about him. Because even though he was extremely stiff before, I always felt the gentleness hidden in some of his actions.

The wrist was held back to follow the person in front of me in the dark, until stopping at a point. He and I sat down, leaning against the wall without saying a word, just quietly holding hands like that.

Time passed not long.

The previous storage room no longer felt stuffy and torturous.

"Beagle."

After letting the silence do its work for a while, the person next to me finally spoke up to break it first.

"Hum..."

"Beagle."

"What is it?"

"Beagle."

"Calling all the time. Don't you get bored?"

"I want a kiss. Can I have a kiss?"

"â€¦"

"I've always been patient. But now it seems like I can't stand it anymore."
He expressed his feelings. Then there is no reason for me to not agree with it.

"There's nothing to hold back."

It was I who attacked first without giving him time to react. Our lips touched each other, gently devouring each other. Yotha was a good leader, and I was the one who followed, raising my head to fully accept his kiss. The tip of his hot tongue inserted along the gap between the two lips, pushing and forcing it slightly open before entering the inside.

I'm not very familiar with it, but I still try to cooperate. Two arms hugged the thick body to lean on, while the hot tongue continuously caused chaos and mixing. Empty my mind, close my eyes to receive all the emotions that come with volunteering.

When a loved one leaves, they immediately bring emptiness with them. I tightened my grip on his waist, before opening my mouth to frankly express my secret feelings.

"Yothaâ€¦ Want another kiss."

"â€¦"

"I want to kiss you for a long time."

"Lately I've become a brat who does whatever you want."

He just responded like that, and finally complied with the request without hesitation.

I don't know how long I was immersed in my subconscious and fascinated by emotions that were difficult to explain, because it felt like a beginning and no way to end.

Vut!

Until...

Who turned on the light?

Yotha and I separated our lips from each other and turned to look at the source of the incident standing not too far away. It was my sister who opened the door and walked in. In addition, now her hand was still on the light switch, her mouth gaping open as if she couldn't believe her eyes.

On to business! It's time for business, Gun.

"Oh, I see mom."

"â€¦"

"Are you kissing?"

Kloy exclaimed after regaining consciousness, and I began to move my body, hastily, clumsily, and anxiously making excuses.

"P'Kloy don't tell mom."

"Don't say, don't say."

The door is closed again. But the sound from outside made me almost hit my head against the wall.

"Dad! Gun is damaged."

Kloy!!

I'm not allowed to tell my mom, but that doesn't mean you can tell my dad. Having built an image for so long, it finally fell apart because of a secret kiss. Huh... I shouldn't.

[End of chapter 17]

18

Co-translator : yukifeebleu

Chapter 18: Let every day be a flirting day

"How many goals will Liverpool score tonight, Anon?"

"I don't want to say it but it can only be 22-0. There's not even a chance of breaking the egg."

* The intention is to win the jackpot and receive a big reward.

"Uuuuuu. With the score like this, Liverpool is playing against a kindergartener."

"That's an exaggeration. How can you think of MU as a child? We look down on each other so much..."

P'Arm's voice rang out from a corner of the shop.

Tonight, Bangon Pochana is quite bustling, because it is a reunion party for graduating students. Therefore, the chosen location is the restaurant that many people often take children to to entertain code parties, because there are drinks, food and music. The code family is no different.

As for my family and P'Champ's, it has been broken for a long time. This year there was no senior to entertain me, so he volunteered to take me out for a drink to encourage me.

How courageous, think about it. I even invited my other friends to gather and have fun. Too awesome.

Tonight, Yotha and I sat at two different tables. I live with my senior with the same code, and he lives with his family members with all the faces. No matter what you say, this family eats itself, because the graduating senior is

dating the 3rd year beauty queen, P'Arc is dating P'Arm. Only Yotha agreed to settle with someone outside the family like me.

Thinking about it makes me want to wipe away my tears. How can two people with such different personalities love each other?

Now, no matter who asks that, I will answer with a smile every time. I know it's possible because there's one thing we're similar to.

...It's acceptance of who you are.

"Damn it. Drink it. If you don't get drunk, don't go home tonight." P'Champ, the host of the group, said while clapping his hands loudly, after the drinks were filled on the table.

"So if you get drunk, who will take you home?" Kong asked curiously.

"Could it be the girls selling beer in the bar, you bastard? When the time comes, I'll handle it."

"Awwâ€¦ Are we going to take each of us home?"

"That's right. Daddy?"

"Very much." Some of them rushed to rub and massage him to please him.

Since then, the moment of chaos has come. The sound of clinking glasses occasionally rang out. The later it gets, the more pleasant the surrounding atmosphere becomes. Then there's the music coming from the acoustic band playing right now. It can be said that it is extremely romantic.

A few times when I turned to look at Yotha's table not too far away, it seemed like the sacred code family over there was constantly receiving attention from the customers in the restaurant.

"It's so fucking hot." Kong looked into my eyes. Recently, a waiter walked up to the table. I noticed that he was holding a series of numbers in his hand, so I guessed that there must be other customers who were interested and wanted to ask how to contact him.

"Who do you think the lottery will draw?" P'Champ said excitedly.
"Whoever guesses wrong drinks the entire glass, wants to play?"

"Let's play. Then I'll catch Yotha."

"Yotha too."

"Please allow me to answer according to Kong. I'm sure it's Yotha."

Over time, my heart began to sink, after listening to everyone at the table vote.

"Damn it, ArcArm is too obvious, no one dares to touch them. Let's also capture Yotha." P'Champ's voice was firm, causing my face to indirectly shrink to two fingers.

"What about you, Tai? Don't say you're jealous of Yotha."

"Who said? There's no jealousy."

"Then choose."

"P'Yeepun is the final answer."

"We have enough votes. Please look forward to it."

All eyes were focused on the banquet table of the divine code family. The waiter stood at the table for a while. Not knowing what to say to each other, he finally gave the paper to someone.

"Fuck. I guessed right. Tai, please finish the glass!"

The lottery just happened to draw Yotha.

Huh! My heart was broken, watching my tall relative receive a post-it from the waiter with a calm expression. But when I saw that he didn't send anything back, I felt somewhat relieved. However, the matter was not over yet, because I had to pay the penalty of drinking all the beer in the glass as I had bet with the gang.

"Drink it, drink it, drink it. Yeah~" Facing the super strong encouragement, I drank the glass in one gulp. The wind rushed up my chest and almost made me vomit, but I had to hold back. After stopping drinking for about 10 minutes, the new waiter walked to the old table again.

Why is it so hot? It's so hot.

"Guess who it is."

"Yotha."

"I also chose Yotha. Sure as hell!" Kongkiat said in a firm voice, before clenching his hand into a microphone and holding it out in front of me. "I wonder who Tai will guess this time?"

"P'Jet."

"Don't assume he loves you too. If you're jealous, show it."

"There's no jealousy, why show it off?"

When I said that, I gritted my teeth. And finally, the new post-it was given to the dark gentleman for the second time. Cheers rang out throughout the table, causing the people around to look at each other. And that's it... this time even the beer glass couldn't escape me.

"Drink up, drink up, drink up."

Swallowing down my throat until I wanted to vomit. If there's a next time, I won't guess anymore.

"The poorest thing ever, Tai."

"Why be sad, honey? What's mine will still be mine day and night." The senior with the same code patted my shoulder while raising his eyebrows provocatively. The problem now isn't who wants to flirt with Yotha anymore, but damn it, it's me. Stomach is full of excitement.

"Our shop is so busy today. Congratulations to all the graduating students."

"Kruuuu. Tangerine quiu~"

The super talented lead singer spoke through the microphone and received a warm response from the people in the bar.

"And now it's a special time when people can request songs. If you want to listen to any song, you can write it down on the request paper."

"Eiiiiiii."

This moment has received a lot of attention. A large stack of papers was sent to the front of the stage. Of course, the singer couldn't sing all the songs, so he spent a long time choosing the songs.

"I love this song." The pink post-it was picked up and read.

"Someone requested this song for the cute baby at table 24." That statement made the whole restaurant look at us without warning. We awkwardly sat and looked at each other, because the number the other person assigned was the table for me and my friends.

Champ adjusted his clothes and hair, afraid that the girl wouldn't be impressed, while the rest of the kids sat and laughed dryly, exposing their entire group's gums.

"There's also a parenthesis in here that says it's you in the sky blue shirt."

Damn.

It's me!

Everyone at the table was dressed in black, I was the only one out of place. Who is that? Who sent me the song?

"I have nothing to do with business matters like this." The first person to run away was the vice president of class 2. It's so cute.

"Sometimes it's Yotha who sends it."

"That big? No way."

People at the table started arguing, and I started to feel cold.

"So, let's listen to the song Falling In Love by Cigarettes After Sex."

Cheers rang out interspersed with applause. The singer's long fingers pluck on the guitar strings, creating the sweet melodies of the song. The excitement at first suddenly turned into romance.

But what wasn't romantic was the way Yotha looked at me. I know it's not the person who requested this song.

"When I hold you close to me

I could always see a house by the ocean

Last night I could hear the waves

As I heard you say, "All that I want is to be yours"

Falling in love"

(rough translation)

"When I keep you by my side

You can always see the house by the sea

Last night, I could hear the sound of waves

When I hear you say, 'All I want is to be yours"

Immerse yourself in love"

"Huiiiiiiiiiiii." At that moment, most burst out in exclamation.

It's incredibly sweet. So sweet that sugar calls to you. Only I didn't know what other expression to show other than swallowing my saliva. Save me,

my children. I am about to die.

His lover kept glaring at him. Wow.

"Falling in love

Deeper than I've felt it before

With you, baby

I feel I'm falling in love with all my heart"

(rough translation)

"Fall in love

Deeper than he had ever felt

With you, baby

I feel like I'm loving with all my heart"

The singer looks like he wants to tease. Just sing the chorus 2-3 times.

I saw mom. I tried to quell my embarrassment, so much so that I was forced to scratch my pants with my hand until the song ended.

"Thanks a lot."

Applause echoed throughout the restaurant. All eyes focused on just one person in the middle of the stage, before a waiter walked straight up and handed over a piece of paper. Guess another customer requested a song.

"Ah, this isn't a song request."

But my guess was wrong...

"I received an additional message sent to the person who requested Falling In Love earlier."

He paused as if he was scanning the news again, before clearing his throat and speaking into the microphone. And the audience is looking forward to even more than the broadcast lottery prize drawing.

"Thanks for requesting the song, but the baby in the blue shirt already has someone."

"â€"

"From his lover sitting at table 17."

Bang!

The focus from the front of the stage had now turned to me once again.

I can only say one sentence: I want the Earth to be swallowed into the ground and always let it know the smell. I knew who to turn to for help the moment I made eye contact with my tall relative sitting far away.

Only a happy smiling face can be seen.

The graduation ceremony will take place in three days, but currently the arches preparing for the graduating seniors to take photos have not yet been completed.

Difficult.

The first year ran to make up time, barely getting any rest. Each industry is allowed to freely create themes, but the condition is that it must follow the theme 'overseas travel'. Therefore, the Chemistry department went big, wanting to create an atmosphere similar to that in San Francisco. The Electrical industry went to Korea, the Materials industry played the beautiful Hawaiian beach theme.

The Civil Industry is no less competitive, making cherry blossom trees to match the Japanese style. The only mistake is that your dome is opposite

mine. While working, we were so angry that we secretly stole each other's tools.

"Hey, Civil Engineering, please be a little civilized. If you want to borrow a paper knife, you have to say so, don't be rude."

Sep, the president of my industry, stood with his hands on his hips and grumbled, but the other side immediately responded.

"You also took our cherry blossoms."

"Who took it? It fell and flew by."

"You fell off your head and flew so far."

"Then give it back here. But have you applied for a visa yet?"

"You idiot! I'm Japanese, I don't need a visa."

"Rot!"

As expected of being a master of exaggeration in the Faculty of Engineering. You guys are arguing so meanly. Don't wonder why it's not done yet. Damn it, why waste time arguing?

As for me, I would like to drift away from this problem to climb on the scaffolding and install the newly painted sign until it dries in peace and quiet. By the time I regained my composure again, I observed someone had stopped and was waiting at the foot of the ladder.

"Huh, when did you fly to San Francisco?" Yotha here. Looking at his face, I always want to tease him.

"It's been a while."

"Then why did you come? People are fighting, see?"

"Hold on tight, kid." After saying that, he reached out and held the bottom of the folding ladder, while looking up at me without opening his mouth

and saying a word. This is so lonely.

"Mean. Aren't you going to help your friend at all?"

"It's time to rest so I wanted to come help you."

"There's nothing here." Just attach the wire to the wooden frame.

"Don't go too high."

"Obey." But I was not used to tying it back and forth, so I had to turn to the person below for advice. "Can I go up one more step?"

"Okay, but be careful."

I took a step forward, but it wasn't enough so I pretended to take another step forward. Just like that, the low voice immediately cut through the air and entered the ears.

"Beagle, look at your feet too."

"Yes."

The die-cut* a sign has been installed. I clung to the edge of the ladder and slowly climbed down. Before I could even touch my feet below, the tall relatives were already waiting with his arms outstretched. I looked left and right, not knowing what to do. However, when I saw the other person's determined expression, I didn't want to object.

* A type of advertising, decoration, and decor model made from moderately thick materials such as PP material, decals, format stickers... with an iron outer frame firmly fixed on the outside.

Reaching forward, I wrapped my arms around the strong nape of my neck to hug him. He lifted me down so my whole body was floating, before finally letting go so my feet touched the ground.

"Let me go."

"Do it for the common good." When were you stubborn? What nonsense.

"People fight loudly. The sweetest part is only darkness and happiness."

"Don't you dare talk. They'll be next to me again if they waste their time."

Having said that, he still couldn't escape his friends' eyes, so he had to cover it up by picking up a paintbrush, then volunteering to help with other tasks. Yotha's side also turned blank and returned to his duties.

We make domes from morning to night. It's a little late because we can't escape and have to continue making donation boxes.

Luckily, the 2nd year students bought boxed lunches from a good store, drinks, and a bunch of cakes, although later we were so bored with the cakes that we couldn't eat them. Therefore, no one wants to whine but just diligently sits and works at the activity gate.

"Cut it so quickly, how can it break?" I don't know when Yotha dragged his body here. Before that, I felt overwhelmed with carrying things here and there.

"Afraid it won't work." The tall figure slowly sat cross-legged nearby, trying to pull the scissors out of my hand, but I was faster in not letting him take anything away. Completing my own work is already heavy enough, but now I have to take over other people's tasks.

"Oh my god. Then what are you bringing so much?" I turned my gaze towards the paper bag filled with food.

"Give things to buddy."

"That's right, sugar daddy. Write it down. Give it back next time."

"When will I get it back?" Dad is so good at nagging. "And here's the questionnaire, senior, please give it to me."

"What questionnaire?"

"Regarding recent activities."

"Did your senior give it to you or did you do it yourself?" Yotha remained silent. I almost couldn't help but laugh. "If you do it yourself, say so. It's suspicious."

"I didn't do it myself. It's really my senior's." Wow. Still denying it.

"Ok, ok. Believe it, believe it." The mouth says one thing, the stomach thinks another.

"So where did Kong go?" Let's pretend to avoid talking about the topic of our beloved Kong. This is even more suspicious. So that means this questionnaire is definitely used in an exclusive way, one way or another.

"There you are. Sitting there applying glue to stick paper with a girl, leaving friends." Yotha turned to follow his gaze, before seeing the person he mentioned sitting closely with Ping, the person he liked. Eyes so bright, I forgot I was here.

"It seems like the girls also have feelings." After hearing the low voice say, I immediately asked back.

"How do you know?"

"You can tell just by looking into her eyes."

"Damn. Big surprise."

"Before getting excited with your friends, look at yourself first. Do you want to eat something?"

"Nothing?"

"Fruit cake."

"I know." The reason I ask is because I want to. Not this water, this cake. Then stuffing a whole bag full like this, I couldn't choose what to eat, because everything... was taken by my friend Yotha, the person who knew me best. I'm sure I'll eat everything I have to eat, it's just a matter of which comes first.

"Let's eat some crepes first?"

"Yes? Eat, eat." I answered eagerly, intending to put down the scissors and focus entirely on eating. Didn't expect to be interrupted by a low voice.

"Keep working. Let's feed you."

"That's good." Finish work quickly so you can quickly return to the bedroom to have a deep sleep.

Yotha pulled the cake out of his bag. Looking at the soggy cake made him sad. Before that, it was probably crispy and delicious. But over time, it became like this, because it had to go through a lot of things before reaching my mouth.

"What did you put in it?" I asked even with my mouth half-bitten.

"Banana pepper with Nutella."

"Tasty." While chewing, I praised it endlessly. "Actually, that nonsense can still be used."

"Is it delicious or not so delicious?"

"Delicious." Thick hands give food. I took another bite. "Oh~ Bite into a whole banana."

"Eat first, then talk. No one will take it away."

"Don't say it, don't say it. I want to cry. Which store should I buy next time?"

"Stubborn." He scolded me, but reached out to wipe the chocolate stains on my mouth. There. Yotha was definitely possessed by a ghost with a gentle personality. Kinder than anyone in this world.

"Give me some water."

"There's mineral water and cola."

"It can only be cola~" A moment later, the can of soft drink was opened and the straw was brought to the mouth. There are almost no paper cuts, because I'm focusing on eating. "You take such good care of me. Who do you love?"

"If you don't take care of yourself, you'll be whiny again."

"Oh my god. If you're not a child, how can you be whiny?" Just being together makes me feel strangely comfortable. "Then feed me like this. Are you hungry?"

"Aren't." The mouth refused, but guessed that it probably didn't get much to eat. During the time when everyone was stuffing their lunch boxes into their mouths, the dark gentleman was still performing the duties of the carrying team. When I sneaked out to give them water and cakes, my karma friend took them away to get revenge for me stealing their snacks and eating them all.

By now, my stomach must have started to rumble.

"I finished cutting this stack of papers. Rest a bit first."

"YES." I gulped down the water, then put down the scissors and turned to look for food again.

"You have to eat something to fill your stomach, so you don't get sick now. I wonder if Yotha has anything in particular that he wants to eat?"

"Clean water."

"I'm sure I'm too full."

Yotha doesn't like sweets very much, but the food he buys are all sweets, which are my favorites. It seemed like there was nothing delicious in here, so I got up and asked for a new lunch box from the logistics department.

"Eat more. I'll give you more fried eggs."

"What kind of begging can you get?"

"I often use special moves to fight." Normally my head is rubbed, my forehead is often flicked. This time I took another step forward and shook my head until I felt dizzy. If you're embarrassed, just say it, asshole.

While waiting for the dark gentleman to sit down and process the lunch box, I took out the questionnaire paper again and scanned the information that needed to be filled out. The above section presents the topic of satisfaction, opinions and suggestions regarding activities throughout the year of first-year students.

Let me guess. This one is definitely wanting to find out my impressions of it over the course of a year.

I briefly read the table used to check scores. It mentioned all the activities of the department, so it was exactly as I expected. I immediately understood that perhaps Yotha had thought it up so that I wouldn't get suspicious.

The section below is interesting, because it asks for my impressions of a variety of activities.

1. Ceremony to receive code
2. Activities to welcome juniors
3. Buddy pairing activity
4. Faculty of Engineering events connected

The last part of the questionnaire is recommendations. This much might take a while to write.

I lay face down on the ground, meticulously writing each line attentively, while Yotha sat and ate in silence, before we returned to cutting paper to continue decorating the donation box.

The questionnaire was confiscated without knowing when, but I think Yotha will soon be able to read all my emotions.

00.25 am

First year life began to wither like a languid ghost because work was still busy, making it impossible for us to escape. Anyone who is sleepy can't sleep right here. I'm one of those sleepy ones.

"Children, I have received all the questionnaires. Thank you for your cooperation in filling them out."

Gore!

The announcement through the microphone made me jump up from the ground, looking first at the direction of the voice and then at the handsome face of the person next to me without blinking. Wait.

"Is this questionnaire really from the department?" I asked, my eyes widened, making the person in front of me quite confused.

"Um, what's wrong?"

"I thought you secretly did it so I could write."

"Don't have."

"Damn it. You guys won't read it, right? Can you ask again?"

"I didn't write my name so it might be a bit difficult to find."

"It's okay, I found it." Gathering all my strength, I stood up, preparing to run to the back of the activity room, where the second-year table and the student club team were. But every step I took stopped when I heard the announcement coming through the microphone.

"I have read through the comments and really want to thank you for leaving an impression on it. But there is one person who doesn't write his thoughts related to the department very much, because he writes for Yotha. Anyway, don't forget to come to my place to get it back, N'Yotha."

I'm not Yotha, but my legs quickly changed their trajectory to go receive the questionnaire in front of the stage. Friends sat and laughed like they had a

good time, it seemed like they didn't need to investigate to know who the writer was.

"Are you the only one reading this opinion?" After receiving the paper, he immediately asked questions.

"Ah, no."

"â€¦"

"Maybe the 2nd and 3rd years have already seen it all."

Oh~

Help me, I'm about to collapse.

"Thank you very much." I don't know when Yotha appeared, but it snatched the annoying piece of paper out of my hand.

"Hey, I wrote this."

"You didn't write your name. While you guys said it had a made-up name, it should be mine." The handsome face looked down at the paper in his hand, scanning the neat handwriting with a pensive expression.

"Haven't you read it before?"

"No. You collect the questionnaire first."

I watched my loved one's facial expressions expectantly, because every line written was as if I went back in time to that day. The first day we slowly got acquainted until we became who we are today.

Code reception session

That day was the first day I went out to eat with P'Champ, so I had the opportunity to get acquainted with the sacred code family sitting at a nearby table. I can see him clearly. P'Champ said that just by looking at his eyes, he

can tell that he is equally evil. At that time, I didn't even know what kind of person he was. But now...

When I really get to know each other... Um... Yotha is as evil as he says.

Activities to welcome juniors

The most impressive thing is when he acts. His bad acting and cold expressions make his friends laugh. In addition, when there is no dialogue, they constantly do this and that, such as serving water or carrying props. I know, at that moment, his image in everyone's minds changed completely.

And I am one of them.

P/s: I really like your self-introduction 'This is not Faifah'.

Buddy pairing activity

Number 248 isn't mine, so I still have to find it. Being your buddy is really good. Eat delicious food, watch movies you want to see, try new things I've never done before.

And I also know how to care and want to take care of someone more. Want to pay attention to what you like, what you don't like, and what kind of gift to buy. Those questions are extremely difficult, but extremely happy.

Faculty of Engineering events connect

Rose

My birthday embroidered tie

Along with the request to be my lover, my heart skipped a beat

Thank you for asking that day. But even if you don't ask, I will ask you anyway.

Recommended

Please be less jealous. Just asking for that. You know I've never looked at anyone else but you.

Yotha looked away from the paper in his hand, so I guessed he had probably finished reading everything on the paper. And the other person must have been equally impressed, because judging from the blush on his face that had now begun to spread to the ears of his senior relative.

"After confessing, you can go back to your place. GATO!"

I was startled by someone's scream. That's why I regained my composure to observe the surrounding atmosphere again.

"Oâ€| ok. I'm home."

I mumbled, before leading my thick hand back to my old seat, amidst the gazes of my classmates...

Between me and Yotha, I don't know who's blushing more now.

The day before the graduation ceremony rehearsal

Finally, our arch was completed as expected, so we continued to stop by. By the time we got back to our room, it was already past 11 o'clock to celebrate with the gang at Bangon Pochana at night. Yotha has finished bathing. He wore pink bunny pants, stretched his legs, leaned back against the pillow, and read a book on the bed.

I don't really like wearing clothes these days. He said that when he gets sexually excited, it doesn't take much time to take off.

This person is truly evil.

As for me, I said hello to the other person and then took the towel and went straight to the bathroom. Don't want to admit that these extremely obnoxious dinosaur pajamas will become an outfit I regularly take out and wear. Oh.

After showering and personal hygiene, I slowly crawled into bed, silently and attentively observing the actions of my senior relative. And one thing that always makes me keep my eyes on that place is the only tattoo on his body.

I remember that it was the day and month that Yotha's parents broke up. That makes me sadder every time I think about it.

"What are you looking at, Beagle?"

"Nothing."

"Lying is not smooth at all."

"It's like..." Maybe I should say it. "Have you ever thought about removing your tattoo?"

"Hum?"

"Didn't you get the tattoo because you wanted to remind yourself not to believe in love? But now you have love, so that means your thoughts have definitely changed." I'm not sure if I organized this long sentence correctly, but I think Yotha will understand what I want to convey.

Both were silent. The tall relative did not answer immediately but kept his distance, and I was in no hurry to hear the answer.

"I don't think I'll ever remove it. That's right! My thoughts have changed, but leaving this tattoo helps remind me that even though they're no longer together, there was a time when they were together."

"So sad."

"Don't be sad. Being born with a dog-like face is the saddest thing."

"Karma." Donkeys can curse each other. "A question. Do you want to be happier?"

Sharp eyes looked without blinking.

"Tattoo my face. To remind me that this is the saddest thing in this world."

After hearing it, he burst out laughing.

"For you, there's no need for tattoos. Just being in real life makes my life worth it."

"That's right." I buried my face in the pillow, slowly moved closer and showed a petulant expression. "Yotha..."

"Why are you making such a petulant face, let it go?"

"To ease your sadness," I said, calling attention, before my handsome face turned to look. "I will give you a reward."

"What reward?"

"â€"

"If you don't say it, how will you know?"

"Kiss."

"Is that all?"

"There will be no heavy activities in the department tomorrow."

"Then?"

Clearly Yotha was intentionally teasing. But I had to suppress my shame, lower my eyes, and speak in a low voice to the level that is almost inaudible.

"I give you permission to cuddle."

"How affectionate?"

"Hey, you're all grown up, you don't need to explain."

"Okay."

"Do you want to do it?" I don't want to do it alone, so I have to ask for advice first.

"Never once did I have the thought of not wanting to do it." The answer deserves the God of War award in bed. "But you have to state clearly the first condition: how affectionate you want to be."

"Wellâ€¦ be a little gentler."

"A little is not called gentleness, but strength."

"That's it. A little gentler."

That means you can be bold if you stay within that limit.

We started with kisses and caresses, then let the destructive storm pass as it should. And every time after we had sex, Yotha would turn off the lights in the room, then turn around and hug me until we fell asleep together.

This was another night where we tried turning off the lights and going to sleep. At first I still had nightmares, but I'm not sure when those symptoms disappeared. One reason could be because I completely removed something in the storage room.

No good dreams, no nightmares. Like tonight, I...

No more dreams.

"First year, the graduates are here."

The signal from the 2nd years signaled that it was time for chaos. Everyone's task is the same, which is to perform a cheering ceremony for the brothers and sisters and take turns carrying the donation box. The money received from the graduates will become the first year's fund that we will use when we have the next activities.

This year, my code family doesn't have any siblings graduating so I don't know who to buy things for. Instead, in the end, I had to choose P'Jet from Yotha's family, because he was kind enough to often take me to banquets.

"Get out the donation box, kid. Ha ha."

"Iiiiiiiii."

The screams of the group of girls immediately made the atmosphere more exciting. The graduating seniors followed each other back to the department, urging all the first years to run like zombies chasing humans.

Many people surrounded them in a circle. We had to do the ceremony, sing and cheer, and do everything the brothers and sisters asked to raise money.

The donation box keeps changing hands. As for me, I am now in charge of the entertainment department. Anyone who requests anything is served, regardless of whether it's singing, dancing, or comedy. Anyone who is a little kind will give from 20 baht to 100 baht. The highest is to put thousands of baht in a box.

But super evil still exists. For example, someone forced me to sing the department's song until my voice was hoarse but still put money in the box for 1 baht.

Not long after being heartbroken, I was called again.

"Which department's motto do you request?" I stood in a circle with 5 friends. Everyone looked at each other's faces.

"Dâ€| do we also have slogans?" I asked the question before the graduating senior hit my head in pain.

"Don't know?"

"Can we change it to the province's slogan?" I negotiated, but it seemed like he was about to collapse and was about to cry.

"No need anymore. Sing the department song."

"Yeah 3...2..."

If it really exceeds, use my control to fight. He's already kind. As in this case, if I don't know what the department's slogan is, I can solve the immediate problem by singing. Received up to 100 baht from him. No matter how tired I am, I will not give up.

"The divine code family. Create a bunch of hands dot com."

The voices of the people nearby attracted attention.

I continued to take on the task of carrying the donation box, looking at the group of people gathering to watch something. When I got closer, I saw that it was P'Jet and the person in the code, including P'Yeepun, P'Arc, the youngest brother Yotha.

There were many people taking pictures of P'Arm and another person. I'm around so I don't know how many people are hired by him and which family or faculty admission department the rest come from, just know that damn it, it's so hot.

"Fierce."

"Damn it. When did it appear?" Kong shook his head vigorously, looking towards the group of people standing quite a distance away from us. "See that next to you? That's the school beauty, the perfect couple with P'Jet."

I followed my best friend's finger, before stopping my eyes on a girl. She didn't come alone but brought a group of friends and wore a male sash from the same year as P'Jet. I think it must be a complete set of all faculties.

"I see it. She's so pretty."

"I heard that a while ago, I almost got into a huge fight with P'Yeepun."

"To that extent?"

"Now they probably don't have any feelings for each other anymore." That's right. A long time has passed. Maybe everyone has moved on. Therefore, all

the interest was no longer in the issue that Kong wanted to talk about, but my spoiled eyes focused more on my tall relative.

...Yotha.

Being black and red. The graduation ceremony is the workplace of photographers and people everywhere. Students from other departments constantly hang around the Faculty of Engineering. But I didn't expect it to be so crowded. Yotha and Faifah were called even more often by their graduating seniors. Guess their donation box will have a lot of money.

"The holy code family is gathering and you're not with them?" After a long time, Kong asked.

"I don't share the same code with them, what are you doing?"

"Huh? That family is already dating each other. You, as my beloved, should go."

"Ridiculous."

"Aren't you jealous of Yotha? He's being bullied."

"What's the point in being jealous? They were just taking pictures." Even though people kept coming up and asking to take pictures.

"Really?"

"Really. If someone comes and asks to take a picture, I give it all away. I don't think anything of it."

"Sooooo?"

"You can't encourage me, good friend. Go! Continue with the graduation ceremony." It's time to make money for the department, so we can't just stand still, because wherever there are graduates, there is always money.

The foreign-themed department domes are a favorite place for many people to take photos as souvenirs. I chose to stand in the way right here.

But I didn't expect P'Jet to come over and take a photo together.

When he arrived, he did not shine alone, because he also brought a large group of friends with him. Parent combo like this made me so dizzy that I almost fainted and ran outside to enjoy the air conditioning.

"Can I take a picture with the sacred code family?" He said smiling, holding a large bouquet of flowers in his hand, his girlfriend carried the rest. I really like P'Yeepun. She's really cute.

"Stand in order of five?"

"Let's go in pairs. It's cute." Recommended photographer.

I took a few steps back because I felt that whenever this clan appeared, all the areas would immediately be crowded with people. Just stand and watch from afar. And that's true.

"Then Jet and Yeepun are in the middle. At the bottom left is ArcArm, and Yotha..."

Before the photographer could finish arranging the photos, Yotha's tall body stepped forward, his face full of expression, escaping the encirclement, walking straight to where I was standing with an open face, not too close but not too far away.

"What are you going to do?"

He didn't answer but just quietly pulled my wrist and forced me to follow. Arriving at the place where everyone was preparing to take pictures, the tall relative turned to talk to the photographer and the family members.

"My lover."

Hearing this, I almost couldn't stand it. Not only that, everyone around heard it all.

"Huh. I'm not in your family."

"N'Gun let's take a photo together~" But P'Arm said in a cheerful voice.
"The lover of a junior in my code family."

"..."

"Oh, if there's enough people, let's take a photo."

"3...2..."

Cup!

And that was the picture of the divine code family that made everyone smile so brightly that their mouths almost stretched from ear to ear.

I was the only one standing there gawking.

[End of chapter 18]

19 END

Co-translator : yukifeebleu

Chapter 19: Faculty of Engineering makes us fall in love (end)

Special moments of Yotha Thanawanyotha...

Common name is Yotha. My real name is also Yotha. My name is Thanawanyotha. My father split up to form a new family. Its meaning is not complicated. Because my father is a civil engineer, he wanted to use his last name to express himself.

Therefore, Thanawanyotha means prosperity that comes from manual labor.

And admit that he is where he is today thanks to hard work.

My parents met in college. Dad once said it was fate, because they both studied in the same department and participated in the same activities. My mother studies Electrical Engineering, but she is a dreamer, coming here to study without any clear purpose, other than graduating from school and going out to find a job, even if that job is not in accordance with her profession, no matter what field she graduated from.

The shelves in the living room of the house are where many memories are kept. One of them is a large family photo album that tells the story from past to present.

Newton was born with love.

It seems like they are sitting and laughing. The reason for this name is because of their love for Physics and Newton's laws, which are the premise for people to study first. Therefore, the first child's name was Newton. Many years later, Faifah and I had the opportunity to open our eyes to life.

The reason is beyond doubt. They named us to express their unique qualities.

I grew up like everyone else. No difference, no cold expression that makes many people afraid. I used to laugh a lot when watching comedy shows with my family, and smiled very brightly on my birthday when everyone was present. Those things... won't stay with me forever.

My parents divorce and have to choose which child to raise. But at the moment when I hoped that my mother would choose me and keep her promise, she chose Faifah. But I clearly understand that she is more attached to my younger brother, whether through a name that represents a part of her, or similar personalities and interests.

I really don't want to say that my mother loves Faifah more, but at that timeâ€¦ maybe she was forced to choose what her heart wanted to choose the most.

I'm not sure when I started to change. Rarely smiling, not laughing, lost in myself and the feeling of not being chosen. Many lives have been changed. Everyone must change and move forward as a matter of necessity. As for dad, he still takes good care of us like before. Merely...

There is no mother here anymore.

These pains were buried deep in my heart for many years, until I learned that my mother was about to remarry. Faifah immediately asked for permission to move into our house, extinguishing the hope that had sparked in a small corner that one day, we would return to live together completely.

And at the saddest moment, I was very lucky to get to know Warich.

He came when I needed someone. Both of our hearts were broken from being thrown away. The two are always on a mission to comfort each other, until it develops from brotherhood to lovers. But one day, I was kicked down to being a brother again with a painful statement that...

The current us is not love.

The question is what does love look like?

I don't believe it and have no intention of finding out its true meaning any further, but just live a miserable life. Encourage people to have affairs and quickly break up. I'm getting more and more used to my own distorted mind.

I never even thought I would one day become a better person and want to change it for someone.

But one day, Earth threw a strange guy into orbit. An extremely bright and cheerful guy.

His real name has a very unique meaning. He has a clean white face with a memorable smile. The identifying characteristic that can be seen from the first time is that the other person likes to run and jump continuously like a small puppy, becoming a source of positive motivation for those around them. Anyone close to him loves him.

And I can't believe that one day...

I also have a crush on him.

[First day of meeting]

"The last number of Chemistry major, Gunyukol Jiraroj, can enter the interview room."

"â€"

"Gunyukol."

Everyone in that area turned left and right to search for the owner of the name. Civil Engineering students were called to sit in the lobby area in front of the room to wait to be called into the interview room. I'm the first one. Even though I'm not too excited, I also hope that it will end soon.

"Is Gunyukol Jiraroj here?" The officer in charge called the name a third time, before someone's clear voice hastily interrupted. And at that moment,

my eyes immediately saw a person appear in front of me.

"Sorry! I'm here."

"Too cute." The male friend behind me whispered to his friends, while I watched the tall, thin figure half walking, half running in the interview room with a trembling expression. One hand tightened on the portfolio, the other hand clutched the pant leg to suppress the nervousness. Looks cute and cuddly like many people think.

I don't want to admit it, but he's exactly like my ideal type.

If it were before, when I still loved someone, I probably wouldn't have hesitated to get to know him. But now I can only look and glance.

Just like meeting so many people passing by in life. No one stays with us forever. One day we will have to separate.

"Gun, what's wrong?"

Immersed in my subconscious for a long time, someone's voice finally woke me up and I looked towards the source of the sound. And there the last Chemistry interviewer was standing.

He's back. His facial expression was much better when he entered.

"Hui. Hui."

"Do you mean it's a good question?"

"A question. It's as easy as eating porridge."

The other person pouted and babbled before walking past the line of the Civil Service without even bothering to turn his head to look.

"Next in order. It's the Civil Industry. Whoever's name I call will quickly come into the interview room. The first person..."

"â€"

"You Yotha Thanawanyotha."

I stood up straight and walked towards the door of the interview room as the call was called. Instead of turning the doorknob and going in right away, there was one small emotional moment that made me turn my head and look back.

And of course I saw him...

That lovely person gradually moved away until out of sight.

[The day we first talked]

The first year of the department was summoned to have their student ID photos taken. Many people started complaining, because the photographer was not very cooperative. Just press the shutter button once and wave his hand away. So, no need to guess to know what the output image will look like.

"The picture will stay with us for the next 4 years. It's not even possible to take it properly."

"You're not handsome, no matter how you take pictures, you won't look good."

"Yes, young Leonardo's father."

"Don't tell the truth, straight pants. Shame!"

The above issue is being hotly discussed by a group of friends. Anyone who takes a photo must return to the queue and wait until all friends in the department have finished taking photos.

This is the most boring time. I came here to study without any close friends. Most people go everywhere in large groups. Therefore, I rarely seriously participate in anyone's conversation but just listen quietly. However, after a while, I also felt a bit bored, so I tried to escape by hiding in the bathroom.

Clack!

Sss~~

After turning the doorknob, the sound of water and the chaotic scene appearing before my eyes made me stand in shock for a moment, because someone had caused trouble by breaking the faucet, flooding the whole place with water.

"Huhâ€¦ Faifahâ€¦ Sâ€¦ save me."

The tired voice begged me. When he raised his eyes to look, my heart that had once been beating calmly began to pound again.

That's right. That lovely person...

The only mistake is that there is no radiant smile residing in it. Not only that, the other person seemed to be crying as if he was about to cry. His whole body was wet from his hair, his white face, to his student shirt that stuck to his skin and could be seen inside.

I swallowed my saliva, before reaching for a nearby rag, then pretending to be cold and walking closer to the smaller person. This is probably the first time we've been this close to each other. So close... that I can clearly see the water droplets glistening on my wet eyelashes.

By the time I could pull my consciousness back to focus on the faucet and be able to solve the problem at hand, several minutes had already passed.

"Thank you so much. It's because of the faucet that fucked me. Nah. Fuck..."

It's depressing to think like that, but I can't get this crazy statement out of my head.

Truly adorable. So adorable, damn!

"Um." In my heart, I think one thing, but when responding, I must maintain your image.

"Should I tell the cleaning lady to bring a technician to fix it?"

"Newspaper."

"Are you mad at me because I made you wet?"

Personally, if I get wet, it's okay. But if he gets wet, I'm afraid he'll easily get sick. People are so fragile. Imagine the arm being squeezed, the bones probably breaking one at a time.

"Are you so posh now? You're so pompous."

"Do we know each other?"

The other person's face turned pale. The reason why I accidentally blurted it out was because I didn't want to be mistaken for Faifah. But the moment we were so close to each other made it difficult for me to speak out loud. Don't even know how to introduce myself frankly.

"Look at how you talk. Why are you so angry? If I accidentally wet your shirt, take it off. I'll take it to the dryer." The white relative held his hand out in front of my face while wagging his fingers.

"No need."

"It's up to you. Thanks anyway."

"Umm."

Not long after talking to each other in short sentences, he was the one to leave first. At that moment, a sentence suddenly popped into my head that I really wanted to say, but in reality I could only let it wander in my thoughts.

'Hello, my name is Yotha. Nice to meet you.'

After that day, there were more situations that made him misunderstand me again.

Since the cafeteria on free evenings is always packed, it's not surprising if we share tables with friends from the same department or even strangers. But what I never thought of before was that my eyes suddenly saw the little guy sitting alone eating, and the area next to him was still empty.

"Where to sit, you bastard? Over there?" My friend frowned and asked. It seems like a headache every time I see a crowd like this.

But I didn't wait to hear it and quickly walked straight to that person. Seeing that, the rest immediately followed, after turning left and right for a while.

"This seat is empty, please sit down."

Without saying a word, I placed the plate of rice on the table as I sat down next to the small person. The other person seemed a bit surprised, before regaining composure and greeting with a clear voice.

"Faifah." And once again he called me by my twin brother's name.

"What is up?"

What's surprising is that instead of having the chance to officially introduce myself this time, I still remained indifferent, letting him continue to misunderstand. Maybe because I thought the other person would be more comfortable talking to a peaceful person like Fai, so I just left it alone, pretending to be someone else with a completely opposite personality.

My friends at the table saw this and tried to open their mouths to explain, but I was faster than that, hastily used my foot to poke the other person under the table and then gently shook my head. Of course they understood and coordinated smoothly.

"Going to dinner with friends?" It's really cute when he asked. Round eyes, plump mouth. His appearance is no different from that of a child.

"Umm."

"And I'm going to eat alone."

"Who cares?"

"Such a bad temper." He said in a petulant voice before rolling his eyes.

"Imitation creates purchase?"

"Funny."

That's right. We ate the same curry rice dish at the same restaurant.

"I took pictures that day, I already have the card." Damn good at changing the subject. Before we could finish talking about food, we suddenly turned to talk about the student card topic. "Admit it, it's extremely miserable. But I have nothing to be ashamed of."

The delicate hand put down the spoon and fork, then turned around and took out the student card that had been taken not long ago from his wallet, then sincerely showed it to me.

As soon as I received the card, I bent down to look at his name and picture first. I saw a lot of people complaining that the person taking the photo was being cruel to the first year kids. But this problem cannot affect him, because the photos are still beautiful and show happiness through his eyes.

"Name Gunyukol?" Actually, I remember it very clearly...

Because this name was called many times on the day of the interview for the department.

"It means two ears."

Phut!!

Damned. My friend immediately spit out water after hearing the introduction about himself and its meaning. This is the first time I have heard of a person with a beautiful name but a strange meaning. Don't know what to do either. Don't know what to say no matter how I feel, but acting cold is probably the best solution.

"I got my card to show you. Would you mind taking your card and showing it to me?"

"Then why do I have to show it?"

"Let's see if it's the camera or the face that's creepy."

"At the face."

"Is that too much?"

"Eat quietly. It's troublesome."

"The other day, you were still bothering me and causing me trouble. Alas."

After grumbling, he picked up the spoon and continued scooping rice into his mouth. Sitting close to each other for a period of time helps me better understand the other person. He is an uncomplicated, predictable and sincere person.

Amidst the chaos in the cafeteria, our dining table was strangely quiet. I saw his efforts when he wanted to talk many times. With the special ability to talk non-stop, the atmosphere at our table was no longer lonely.

Rrrr Rrrr - -

At the end, when the little guy was scooping up food to eat, his phone suddenly rang and interrupted him. I sat quietly listening to the other person talk. Not long after, the bright couple suddenly turned to look up and said in an urgent voice something extremely cute.

"Now I have to go order rice for my friend. You want to eat chicken drumstick rice noodles with pork meatballs. If I stand up, there will be no one to look after the food. Wellâ€¦ please sit and wait. Can I have a little bit?"

I responded with a second nod. He looked happy, before rushing towards the restaurant.

"Do we need to wait for him anymore?" Everyone has finished eating. Therefore, it is not strange when groupmates ask questions.

"You guys go ahead. I'll meet you at the shop later."

"Oh really?"

"Umm."

"Ok. Then hurry up."

My friend had to rush to see the guitar he had pre-ordered at the store, so I didn't want to stay and wait too long. It's just me who has nothing to hurry.

Even if sitting in public places would cause me to be looked at by people around me to the point of feeling uncomfortable. However, this time, I was quite surprised when I accepted to sit at the table for a stranger who didn't even know my real name.

I sat and waited. Volunteer to wait.

I don't even know what to think about him. But deep down, I hope that one day we'll be friends and have the opportunity to understand each other more as people.

[New roommate]

"Yotha, the dormitory manager just announced."

"To be?"

"We need the cooperation of someone who can sleep in the same room as the person who leaves the light on all night to register their name. And I'm tired of your face, so I'll ask to change rooms."

"It's your business."

I lived with Fai from childhood until adulthood. When we moved into the university dormitory, we also slept in opposite beds. Even though I come

back to my room late at night, or he often sneaks out to sleep in his own apartment, in general, we still spend most of our time together.

"If you move out, you will have to get a new roommate. Is that acceptable?"

"Yes. Normally I'm rarely in the room."

"Okay then. Your roommate's name is Kong. And I'll move in with Gun. He can't sleep with the lights off because he often has nightmares. Think about it. A person has to sleep from a young age. He didn't turn off the light until he was too old. What a pity." I turned around and looked up from my comic book to make eye contact with my brother.

"Are you close to him?"

"A little bit. We talked a few times while participating in faculty activities."

"We're not very close, but do you want to move in together?"

"If you know about him, you'll definitely want to stay with him. Mom, he's just like a naughty puppy. Being close feels very comfortable."

When I hear the word 'puppy', my mind suddenly reminds me of someone.

He has a face like some kind of dog whose name I can't remember. Because it's long, its face is silly, its four legs are short. Especially lovely when running. Thinking of this, I began to wonder what made me continue to ask the person in front of me.

"What's your new roommate's name?"

"Kong, Chemistry major."

"No, no. I mean the person you moved in with."

"Ah, the name is Gun Gunyukol."

"...!!"

There are more than 600 first-year students in this department, but I didn't expect the Earth to be so round that it could throw someone this close.

"Fai."

"What?" In a split second, a quick decision begins and ends.

"Is it a problem if I want someone named Gun to move in with me instead?" The listener's eyes widened and his mouth opened as if he couldn't believe his ears. Of course... I probably won't get used to it, because normally I'm not particularly interested in anyone.

"Please give me a good reason."

"I don't know."

"You know it?"

"No. It's just that he once mistook me for you."

"I'm so sorry. Even though I can live with anyone except you, I won't give in this time."

"Fai."

"Ok. This time, give me a clear reason, then I will consider whether I should agree to change roommates with you or not."

"Not sure yet."

"Then you lose your rights."

"I've never had the thought of getting to know anyone before. But this person..."

"â€"

"I asked for him."

"That's all."

Finally, the puppy moved into the same room as me. This is the first time I feel like my decision was wrong. I made a mistake choosing him. Wrong to the point of being unforgivable.

"Whoa. Damn it, it's so cold." The body walked out of the bathroom, could only wrap his arms around himself, and returned to stand in the corner of the room. That small scarf only covers the lower body. From the thighs down, there is nothing to cover it, so water droplets can clearly be seen on the body. The more he moved his body, the more the person who was looking at me almost had a heart attack, forcing me to swallow the saliva that flowed down my throat.

"Yotha, you can go take a shower now."

"Yeah. Thinking about it too." I quickly grabbed the towel, half walking and half running without making eye contact with the other person.

I closed the door, locked it, before looking down at the middle part of my body and couldn't quite believe my eyes.

Damn it. You made me hard...

Never thought that a person who only wears a towel after bathing can make people look excited like this time. So I had to solve the problem at hand by turning on cold water and pouring it on my skin to extinguish the heat smoldering inside.

As for plans to live together in the future...

To avoid that bloody image, I decided to stay at the bar with my brother longer and would only return to the room after the puppy had gone to sleep.

[Come up with a plan to create a questionnaire]

Those close to me will know that I like to take detours and refuse to openly express my feelings for fear of losing my form. Therefore, this time I had to sit and squeeze my temples because I didn't know how to approach the other person without losing my essence.

Since we were in the same room, Beagle always tried to approach me. Looking at me, I know that I want to become friends. However, it was I who built the wall too high, even though in reality it completely collapsed the day he moved in with me.

"What are you thinking? Let's drink?" Newton's voice woke me up.

It's another night I frequent on the 15th of November. After closing the shop, we still gather like this. Tonight, in addition to P'Nop sitting permanently at the counter, the person who volunteered to make the drinks was also my eldest brother standing next to him.

"New, if you really want to get to know someone but don't dare, what will you do?"

"The question is damn retarded. Be brave. Or do you want to be more complicated than that?" He talked while drinking beer continuously.

"If it were simple, there wouldn't be a need to ask you."

"Just do what you used to do. Take advantage of the hotness like when you seduce the girls at the bar."

"Dissimilarity."

"Is this person serious?"

"This person is a friend. I want to know him as a friend." I emphasized the last word so that the other person could understand that he was different from anyone else, both innocent and gentle, the complete opposite of me. "But before that I made the mistake of pretending not to pay attention to him. Wouldn't it look strange to turn around now?"

"Ohhhhhhhhh!"

After listening to the half-weeping advice, I didn't know what to say or ask next, other than to pick up my beer and drink, continuing to sit and think idly until Newton spoke again.

"This is it. Just do what you used to do." I then frowned at the question. "It's like a questionnaire. There. Then you'll understand more about the other person without having to ask directly. Create a form and give it to him."

That's not a bad idea, because it worked once when I met my best friend in high school.

"So what to do?"

"You bastard. Are you really my little brother? Why are you so stupid?"

"Because I'm your brother, I'm stupid."

"I'm so jealous that I'll die."

He was about to throw the empty glass next to me at me, if he didn't turn around and meet P'Nop's provocative eyes as if signaling 'put it down now, you bastard'.

"After all, is there any need to suggest what to ask?"

"YES." I didn't hesitate to pick up the phone and eagerly waited to type.

"When you want to get to know someone, the questions must start with general things first, then slowly go deeper. For example... have you ever kissed someone, are you good at kissing or not, or this is a question. My classic questionâ€¦ have you ever had sex?"

"New."

"Huh?"

"I used to think you were bullshit before. But now I know..."

"â€¦"

"Actually, you're a lot more ridiculous than I thought."

[The first time he tied my tie]

The beginning of the semester is always exciting. Most of them are first-time experiences together. For example, female classmates in the same major ran everywhere under the faculty building to ask how students' shirt buttons had to be fastened the same way as tying a tie on Youtube. After a while, you can learn and tie it proficiently. And I'm better than that....

Because I thought it was the least important part of the uniform, I decided not to tie it.

I thought other people wouldn't care about me, but suddenly it came down to business. I was summoned by my seniors and ordered to dress neatly like everyone else. Although I don't really understand the reason, because it is a rule, it must be followed unconditionally.

'How to tie a tie'

Is the text I entered into the YouTube search bar. Of course, after pressing enter, many video clips appeared on the screen. I chose to click on the video with the highest views because I thought it would be easy to understand. But in reality it's the opposite.

Damn, it's so hard. Or is it because of the example of tying backwards from left to right that my arms and legs are twisted together?

"What are you doing?"

"You see." I looked up at Beagle who had just walked out of the bathroom, before bowing my head and continuing to focus on tying my tie. Today we have to make it right. If not, I won't go to school.

"Never tied it before?" The clear voice asked again.

"Umm."

"Let me finish changing my clothes and then come over and help."

"No problem." The mouth criticizes but the heart waits for it.

I secretly peeked at the little person taking out his student uniform to wear. This puppy prepares very quickly, vigorously and with lots of energy. Soon, he was standing in front of me.

"Come here, I'll teach you how to tie it. Get up first." As if under a spell, just hearing that command, the body obediently followed, hardly even taking time to think.

"It's difficult."

"I know. At first, I didn't know how to tie it either, so my dad had to teach me. Then why did you learn to wear a tie?"

"Senior caught."

"Poor thing, I'm dying. Come on! Let me see." Beagle opened his hands waiting to receive the tie. After holding it, he stood on tiptoe and placed the navy blue tie around my neck. As a result, the distance between us was reduced, allowing me to feel the other person's breath.

Long eyelashes, big round eyes focused on what they are doing. The bridge of the nose is high and small with a cute mouth that if touched will be as soft as jelly. Cheeks are slightly pink. As I moved, I could faintly smell the scent of his favorite brand of shower gel, causing my brain to go blank for a moment.

Why is this so adorable?

"Look. First, look at the tail. From head to tail, the width of the tie is not the same. You have to see which side of the tail is wider. If you know, then flip that side over like this." Not only did he explain, he also showed his hand as a model. I see.

I nodded as if I understood, even though the truth was I didn't understand anything.

What I was focusing on was not the tie around my neck, but his lovely face that made my heart flutter.

"The flip is done, right? We'll curl it to the back, then slowly insert the tail into this hole."

"â€¦"

"Once done, continue looping it to the front, then stuff it into the old hole. It will have a knot here, right?" Beagle raised his face and looked into my eyes as if to reaffirm his ability to comprehend. "You tuck the tail down, then pull it up, adjusting it into position... Here it is. Done."

The legs stepped back, smiling brightly after admiring his work with pride.

"Is there anything you don't understand?"

"All."

I don't understand why it's so cute, I don't understand why I want to get a little closer. Don't understand anything. Even the thought in my head of wanting to kiss him once, I couldn't understand...

Why is that? With emotions still closed, why can someone easily break them with just a smile?

"Damn it. Then why didn't you ask?" The other person yelled after hearing my answer. Yet that look made me unable to help but laugh because I wanted to bully him so much.

"That's because I'm busy looking."

"Then do it again."

"No need."

"â€¦"

"You tie it for me."

"No. You have to practice tying it yourself. You have to do it tomorrow or any other day. Let me take mine out and tie it together so you can understand better."

"You tie it for me. It's troublesome."

"So what should I do if I can't tie it tomorrow?"

"I ask you to do it."

"The day after tomorrow?"

"You do it too."

"What if I'm not there one day?"

"Then don't wear it."

"You like to do things your way. When you were little, your father pampered you so much that you became spoiled, see?"

Just let him nag. If I still have an indifferent face, no matter what I use, the other person will have to give up. How strange... To get myself a little closer to the little person, I had to do the same.

After completely losing faith in love, I have never had feelings for anyone again.

But for this person, even though he had built a sky-high wall for himself, as soon as he stepped forward, the wall in his heart suddenly disappeared as if it were...

...Never existed.

[Has a Beagle as a buddy]

"Children, since we are already sitting in rows according to industry, I will start today's activity. The activity we will do today is... Picking stars to find couples."

"Iiiiiiiii."

Keep your voice down. Wriggling like a worm touching hot water. The reason for organizing 'Pick Stars to Find a Couple' is because everyone must have their own buddy."

"Tangerine quiu!"

Screams continuously echoed throughout the room. Waiting until it was quiet and giving the 2nd year senior holding the microphone a chance to explain further took a while.

"If you complete the activity, you will let everyone talk to your buddy. The buddy care period is one year. That means until the end of the first year, everyone can always give gifts or encourage my couple's rules. I explain it like that, do you understand?"

"Understood~"

"In that case, are you ready to start working?"

"Ready."

"Sophomore years, give me your first year star pick quickly."

The process is not difficult at all. You will let each person in each row, ranked by major, go out and take a piece of paper from the star tree. Two people with the same number will form a pair. I was in no hurry to open the piece of paper that had been folded in half. The eyes immediately saw clearly written numbers.

125

"You probably already have your buddy's number. Now comes the second activity: finding your buddy. I'll only give you 20 minutes to find it.

Everyone has the responsibility to plan how to find them. out. After counting from 1 to 3, I will start the timer."

The activity room became chaotic. People were running and jumping all over with no direction. Luckily, we had the course president arrange for us, so it didn't take much time to find our partner. I have been following Beagle's fragile body since before. Seeing him stop in front of a boy, my heart gradually became cold as if it were in a glacier.

"Hey you..." I was gently nudged from behind, forcing me to turn around and look at a girl. She has long hair, a tall figure and dimples.

"I saw your friend say you got number 125."

"Ah..." I looked first at the piece of paper in my hand and then at the mischievous person standing quite far away, finally deciding not to let him slip away again, no matter what happened. "My number is not 125."

"Is that so? Then I'm sorry."

"Nothing."

The girl left to continue looking for her buddy, and I strode forward. Taking advantage of Beagle and his buddy separating, I immediately took the opportunity to walk over to greet that boy.

"Hello, my name is Yotha."

"My name is Card, but are you okay?"

"What number did you get?"

"248."

"I got 125. Buddy's the one." Having said that, I didn't delay and pointed towards the girl with dimples walking among the chaotic crowd. "But I have a hard time getting along with girls, so I wanted to ask if we couldâ€ switch with each other as buddies."

"Huh?" The person in front of me gasped.

"â€"

"Really changed? Your Buddy is really cute."

But there are people who are cuter. And it's your buddy.

"Do you want to change?"

"I have to ask Gun first. If he's willing to change, then I'm fine with it."

"Then can you ask now?"

"Ok ok. After that, the other person left."

I observed the situation in anticipation. The Beagle seemed so surprised that it was impossible to predict whether it would change or hold on to his partner. Finally, Card returned with a smiling face.

"He has changed."

"Really? Thank you very much."

"Hey, you're welcome. Hey! Take number 248." We exchanged papers, then said goodbye.

The little person still stood in place. Until I walked over to say hello, his innocent eyes suddenly looked intently at me. I didn't even know what to do, so I pretended to put my hands in my pockets, my mouth moving and reciting the numbers for no reason.

"248."

"Yes. 248." They were both silent, before the owner of the thin body officially introduced himself again, "Gun, Chemistry major."

"Yotha, Civil Industry."

"Why say Yotha twice*?"

* Yotha also means civil.

"Are you jealous?"

"That's so evil. In short, why would you change pairs for some reason? Is your Buddy not good?"

"He's better than me in everything. I'm just afraid I won't be able to take good care of her."

"So you change to taking care of things like that? Let's just say it. Taking care of things, you won't get what you deserve. I've been warned in advance."

"Just tie your tie every morning and it's worth it."

A very long year. So, when it comes to taking care of someone, I hope I have to take care of him as best I can. And not everyone can.

But it could only be this personâ€¦

[Time to make Beagle worried] en gras

"You're right. There's blood flowing. Bandage the wound."

Newton ran around after the enemy came to attack me right in the middle of the shop.

It's a very familiar thing. After causing separation for so many couples, it's no wonder my actions made many people unhappy. Instead of learning the lesson, I became accustomed to it.

"No need. Make up your mind to go back to the dormitory."

"Are you okay? Seeing this, isn't your roommate shocked to death?"

"He's probably asleep."

Without waiting to hear any objections, I withdrew from the shop and drove back to the dormitory as if nothing had happened, ignoring the strong smell of blood all over my body.

Beagle is probably sleeping at this time. But in order not to wake the other person up and witness the terrible scene in the middle of the night, I pulled up my hood and put on a mask before opening the door and going inside.

"Yotha..."

Unexpectedly, the little thing is still not sleeping. He sat up in bed, rubbed his eyes two or three times like a child while asking in a voice so soft it almost swallowed it in his throat.

Not wanting to cause suspicion, I did not respond to any greetings and hastily changed my steps. I bowed my head and went into the bathroom to wash away the blood on my face. But before I could take a few steps, my wrist was held by a smaller person.

"What happen?"

"I'm going to take a shower." I hate my hoarse voice to death.

"What's wrong with you?"

"Nothing."

The other person raised his hand and grabbed it. But I was faster than that, quickly bowed my head and dodged. I thought I had escaped, but a few seconds later, my hood was suddenly pulled down, leaving me unable to move. Beagle showed a look of surprise before quickly turning into tears, making me extremely angry with myself.

"Who did it?"

"No. Sleepwalking and just bumped into a tree."

"Think it's funny?"

"â€"

He kept trying to reach out and pull out my mask - the second line of defense. However, this time I didn't leave it alone and tried to push his hand over and over again until I was scolded.

"Let it go!"

"It's okay to go to sleep."

"How can I sleep when you're like this?" We stood motionless as if we wanted to engage in psychological warfare. If it were someone else, perhaps there wouldn't have been a soft heart to give up or to have been scolded back. But over here is Beagle, who is so sad that he's about to cry.

I pity him. It took a while for me to soften and take off my mask myself. Ok. The wound may be a bit serious, but I didn't think Beagle would make such a big deal out of it.

"Let's go to the hospital. This is not good."

"No problem."

"Doesn't it hurt?"

"Are not."

"Shut up and die."

He ran around the room looking for a first aid box. How unlucky that he didn't have any medicine or tools to bandage my wound.

"I'll go tell you."

"Big deal now."

"Yothâ€ Then you wait. I'll go to the pharmacy instead."

"No need."

"Be quiet. Stay still."

"What's the point of being so troublesome?"

"Stop talking! Don't go anywhere. Repeat! Absolutely don't go anywhere. If you go, I'll get angry."

The fragile hand grabbed the wallet and car keys and ran out. And because he said that, I didn't dare go anywhere but just walked around restlessly. Perhaps this is the first time I feel like every minute passes so slowly.

The wait lasted as long as if the Earth had stopped spinning. I wanted to call him, but I was afraid it would disrupt driving and cause danger. In my heart I could only scold myself that I shouldn't have gone back to my room, I shouldn't have...

I wasn't in any pain at all, but felt so sore that I couldn't breathe, silently praying that he would come back quickly.

"Yotha, I'm here. Kong is coming too." Finally, the wait paid off. "The pharmacy is closed."

"No problem."

The white body drenched in sweat ran all the way to me, holding my face with trembling hands.

"How can it be okay? Here. The blood is still flowing. I went out earlier to look for a pharmacy, but every store was closed. Or I should run and knock on each of their doors, who knows, maybe they'll come back. I have bandaging equipment. But I'm afraid if this gets to the dormitory manager, what will you do?"

The other person spoke for a long time, barely giving himself a chance to breathe. His voice trembled, his chest rose and fell continuously, causing me to reach out and pat my head to reassure him.

Or do I actually do it because I want to reassure myself?

"Beagle, calm down..."

"If you die, will you become a devil?"

"Are you tricking me?"

"Yeah. Want to curse."

"Tired?"

"I'm so tired. I went to 5 stores. You're really stubborn. If you refused to go to the hospital from the beginning, you'd be done."

The external wound was painless, but inside the chest was so dull that it was impossible to breathe. I won't make him struggle or cry anymore. Is this because I care about him so much?

"No more stubbornness."

"â€¦"

"Sorry..."

"â€¦"

"Let's go to the hospital."

If that's true, then maybe he's really important to me.

[He likes me and I like him too]

'Or is the feeling I create for Yotha called liking?'

That sentence kept repeating in my head after I heard Beagle talking to his best friend. Even though I was standing in front of the door, my ears could

still hear it clearly. When I asked the question, the other person immediately looked evasive and ran away like a child, before returning to the room again as if he had found his reason.

"Kong misunderstood that we were having an affair. But I already denied it. No need to worry."

"And then?"

I put the comic book aside, turning my attention to my roommate who was sitting at the end of the bed with his head bowed.

But to be sure, he took out the test for me to try. After doing it over and over again, the result came back that he liked me. Actually, there are many types of love, right? It's not necessary. That's the type of lover. Kong is just bullshit.

"And you also curl up with me."

"Because I'm free." Seeing my unbelieving eyes, he quickly continued explaining in a cute way. "The test is really nonsense. Reliability is 0%."

"What was the test like?"

"Do you want to try it? Let me send you the link." I shook my head. Instead of everything ending, the little person picked up the phone to read the questions to me, seemingly trying to find a reason to prove that the test was nonsense.

"First sentence."

"I told you not to do it."

"That's because I'm afraid you won't believe the bullshit test. Okay. Listen carefully. It has a total of 10 questions. You can choose to answer yes, not sure or no to what I read. Agree."

"Disagree."

"Only consent!" It's true that you can do whatever you like. Okay! If you want me to do it, I'll do it. "Question 1: Feeling compatible. The answer is yes, not sure or not?"

"Have." I replied almost without thinking. Actually, I also want to know the feelings deep inside my heart.

"Huiiiiiiiii. It's here. Then continue with the second sentence. Always miss you?"

"Are not."

Sometimes I also miss him. The more times the other person goes to take a shower, the more I don't want to remember it, because my imagination always runs wild.

When the other person takes a shower, I don't want to think because my brain likes to wander far and wide.

"Question 3: Peep every chance you get."

"Have."

"Look what?"

"I like looking at puppies. Adorable."

"Damn it." Because it's so adorable. "4: Feeling in a particularly good mood when around."

"Have."

"5: Want to be close and know everything about that person." It related.

"Have."

"Care about people, huh?"

"We're buddies, so of course we want to know each other's stories."

"I'm so happy. Ah! Next question. Want attention?"

"Have."

The speaker was silent for a moment, forcing me to remind him.

"Keep asking so I can read the comic."

"7: Wanting to take care of and make the other person happy."

"Have."

"Question 8 already. Feeling dissatisfied when seeing that person with someone else."

"Have."

"Why?"

"Poor people."

With this sentence, I don't understand why I feel like that. But when Beagle is with someone else, I feel so uncomfortable that I even have the thought of wanting to walk over and pull the other person away, even if at that time he was just standing and talking to friends or seniors in the department, nothing more than that.

"Buffalo!!" Even when cursing, he's cute, think about it. "It's number 9. My heart beats fast when I'm close."

"Are not."

"Why don't you hit it? You'll die."

"Being close to you makes me want to stop breathing."

"Ok ok." The other person lowered his head, not daring to look straight in the eyes, before raising his voice to read the last question to end this

mentally stirring test. "Question 10: Want to change yourself and face the things you fear for that person."

"Are not."

"Responding in such a serious tone."

My fear is starting to love someone. Beagle is one of the people who came into my life. And I want to keep him in a place that can make the other person comfortable, happy and without tears.

Knowing deeply about me could hurt him. So... I don't want to fight the fear of loving someone anymore.

Even knowing that effort...

"Prefer."

Pathetic failure.

"Really?"

I asked him, forcing a smile when I heard the results of the test. Of course, the question is too broad to reach clear conclusions. But this was the beginning that forced me to sit back and reflect on myself.

Or do I really like him?

Like it but don't even know when it started.

Maybe from the first time we met.

[Ways to ask to impress your lover]

"Damned."

"What?"

"P'Arc sent the information link."

"What link?"

"Let it go." The information was too depraved to mention, because he sent me a link summarizing the knowledge of several brands of condoms and lubricants for me to choose from. Before we could ask to be lovers, we were already ready to kiss each other. But I admit that every day we are together, I need a lot of patience in gritting my teeth to not do anything to the puppy.

We can only wait until he is ready and willing.

"So have you thought about how you're going to ask Gun to be your lover? The atmosphere at the Faculty of Engineering Connect event is very romantic. It's not hard to find an impressive scene." Never thought, never dreamed that one day I would have to sit head-to-head with my friends to find a way to ask Beagle to be my lover.

Actually, I don't want to find a difficult way, just confess my feelings to him, then ask him out on a date. But the jerk who told me to play big like Faifah made me sit back and seriously think again.

"Maybe I'll say it at this event."

"The last day there's a gift for your buddy, prepare a gift for him."

"What to give?" Try asking for opinions, maybe you will have unexpected ideas to apply.

"You have to show off the fact that sugar daddy immediately bought the brand for you. It's extremely classy."

"Beagle is not someone who is crazy about brand names."

He's a simple person who can wear anything, so I think it's inappropriate and not very impressive because he only needs money to buy it. Plus, this is still my dad's money, money that I didn't work hard to earn on my own.

"Are you patient?"

"We're both the type that don't like wearing accessories."

"Do you have the Engineering department uniform? Give it to him too."

"Then what should I wear?"

"Buy a new one, you idiot. Are you teasing us, Yotha?" I scratched my head. Suddenly cursed again.

Another reason why I didn't want to give away the uniform shirt was because P'Arc had used this trick before, so I didn't want to repeat it.

"I figured it out." One of the group came up with an idea. I straightened my back, eagerly waiting to hear the answer. "There's no need to ask anymore. Just press down and rape and that's it, damn it."

"This may sound smart, but damn, it's incredibly stupid."

"Damn it."

"Ask to be my lover like in 'Gunyakol, I love you'. Iyaaaaaa." What about movies? That Friend Zone set. sitting and watching friends play the main characters of the movie, before suddenly being interrupted.

"But after confessing, didn't the female lead reject the male lead?"

"It's bad karma, isn't it? Bad fate."

Suggest it yourself, criticize it yourself. I really give up on you guys.

I could only listen, sighing every now and then. While I haven't figured it out yet, I don't want to rush it. Maybe I can just walk up to him and confess my feelings like I originally intended.

"Let me ask first. What did you buy for him?" After listening with a tense expression for a long time, my friend finally asked again.

"Food."

"Damn, what a puppy. Thinking is not complicated at all." The listener muttered. "What about other things that aren't food?"

"Beagle once bought me a tie."

"Then buy it back."

The words just kept echoing in my head.

Because I've never thought about returning the favor with the same thing he gave me. Furthermore, that tie is very important to me, because it is the excuse I use to be close to him every day.

"Thank you very much."

"Hey, is it done yet?"

"YES."

"What's easy will be easy. Woo."

Coming to the Faculty of Engineering Connection event, the most difficult step is going out to buy things. The tie is a signature item. Colors and patterns are mainly determined by the school's Student Affairs Department. Therefore, buying it from outside is even more impossible. I solved the problem by searching for another tie that I always carry.

This is mine, carries my scent, is a representative object that I want to give him so we can take care of it together.

The tie I often wear is embroidered with my date of birth by Beagle, so the other tie must also be embroidered with his date of birth.

"What are you doing?"

"As a gift for Beagle." During a break between activities, I asked to go outside to find a quiet place to sit, then used a needle to embroider the

number of his birthday on the tie.

"I tried so hard. My hands are empty." Fai sat down next to me, staring at my work as if to encourage me.

"Is it pretty?" Try showing it to him, maybe you can get suggestions on where it can be fixed.

"Do you want to tell the truth or lie?"

"Lie."

"You're so beautiful. You're so damn beautiful."

"What about telling the truth?"

"Deadly ugly."

"â€¦"

"Hey, don't be discouraged. If you let it get to this point, you puppy will love me to death. This is number 3, right?"

"8."

We were both silent, looking at each other as if we didn't know what to do.

"Yeahâ€¦ Haha. My eyes aren't bright at all. You say it and I see the number 8 right away." I bowed my head and continued embroidering, even though I knew the final result would not be as beautiful as the tie that Beagle had given me.

"Yotha, I've never seen you try so hard for anyone before."

Faifah's words forced me to look up at my brother again.

"I never thought that one day I would try so hard for someone else."

"â€¦"

"When our parents divorced, or when Warich broke up with me, I never believed I would love or start over with anyone."

"â€"

"But he changed me..."

The thumb caressed the numbers that had not yet been embroidered, but soon they would be finished to express someone's presence.

December 18 is Gunyukol's birthday.

An important day that I will never forget.

Thank you for being born.

Thank you for being a part of my life.

"The first year is about to pair up as a buddy. I'm looking forward to it."

"What are you waiting for? We're not paired up."

"So I expected to replace my junior with the same code, what's wrong?"

"So you don't have anything to give me?"

"If it's not important, don't ask for much."

It's unbelievable that it's been a year since the first day until today. Back a year ago, Beagle and I had the opportunity to be drawn as buddies. Even though we weren't a couple from the start, with some effort, we took care of each other and eventually grew from buddy to lover.

"If I have a junior, I'll be out of favor." When I spoke in a self-pitying voice, the listener immediately turned and squinted their eyes and kept rubbing my head.

"Oh oh, don't cry."

"Tai, come here quickly." Not long after being spoiled, Kongkiat ran in to interrupt. "Get ready."

"Hoi, star picking tree. Star picking tree!"

Beagle jumped up and down before running after his best friend, even forgetting me standing here sadly watching. Extremely worthy of a beating.

We could only let him run and join in carrying the tree to pick stars, before the buddy pairing activity of the first years began in an exciting way. The old atmosphere returned for us to feel again. The whole auditorium was in chaos because we had to find our partners. And when they meet each other, they will introduce themselves and give gifts to each other.

"Are you guys ready?" Last year's old MC is still on duty.

"Ready~"

"In that case, let's go find our buddy."

The noise at first became much louder as the first years ran everywhere to find their partner. Looking at it, I can't even imagine how we could find each other within 20 minutes.

"Haha. That's funny. Just like us back then." And then the stubborn boy returned and stood next to me, laughing and joking.

"You're very good."

"What does that mean?"

"More naughty than any friend."

"Oh. What's going on?" The two stood looking at the chaotic activity for a long while. Finally, the small person's clear voice reached his eardrums.

"Hey Yotha."

"Hum?"

"248."

I was silent for a moment before bursting into laughter when I heard the greeting that day.

"248." I quickly replied.

"Here's a gift for you." He lowered his head, not looking straight but handed over a light blue envelope with a bow.

"Why do you say there are no gifts?"

"Just changed."

"Thank you." I received his gift and opened it to see what was inside. Damned. Truly top.

"Let's go on our day off."

"How did that happen?"

"Gaming."

"Not." There is a resort card tucked inside. It is estimated that it was probably booked a long time ago, and the bedroom is also an exclusive suite-style room. This Beagle is not lightly romantic. But being together in that atmosphere, I can't predict how much I can control myself.

"How long will it take to save?" I tried to ask, but the other person immediately answered.

"I told you to play a game."

"Okay. Play games, play games." I reached into my backpack and took out the gift I had prepared to give him. "For Beagle."

"Is this a gift?" I nodded in response. "I still have it. Cry."

He stood there, mouth pursed, tears in his eyes, looking at the cumulative card that kept our memories. No matter how many times we ate together, or how many movies we watched, I remember them all. And then one day Beagle sent it back to me on the day we decided to go on a date.

The card was studded with extra pages, so that the back could almost be called a small book. The list of activities is also noted down more each day.

Eat

Watch a movie

Sing karaoke

Sipping chill beer

Traveling

Teach each other lessons

Or even simple things like kissing.

It seemed like the last activity was so full that there was almost no room left to check in. Little Beagle loves to kiss. Every day I don't kiss, he will whine and constantly pull my shirt. It looks both funny and pitiful.

But what is most special are the lines he carefully writes. And the bottom corner of the card is what makes me pull it out and read it every night.

That was the love he gave with all sincerity the day we decided to date.

'Yotha is not the dark one, but Yotha is the most beautiful.'

It's been a year since I opened it and read that line over and over again, then smiled to myself. Therefore, this year I don't know what to give other than giving this card back to the owner.

'Yotha could become the Yotha of today thanks to Gunyukol. Thank you for helping me realize what true love is. And obviously it's always you.'

This is the line I wrote, before the little person raised his head and asked with a smile.

"I should be the one to say this, shouldn't I?"

- END-

Mini Special 1

Co-translator : yukifeebleu

Mini Special 1: Yotha and Faifah

Someone once said that twins, in addition to having the same face, also have an interesting personality, because it can be seen that some pairs are exactly alike, but some pairs are completely different. An abyss, because I don't want others to mistake me for the other person. So what type will the Thanawanyotha brothers be?

The twins were born just minutes apart. The older brother's name is Yotha, and the younger brother's name is Faifah.

Regarding the face, it must be said that it is as if it is the same person. There will be some physical differences, such as weight, height, birthmarks or voice.

But if it's about personality, it's completely opposite.

The special interview was conducted by Kongkiat, who wanted to differentiate between Faifah and Yotha.

1. Who do you think is the most handsome?

Yotha: Me.

Faifah: If you don't mind, look at the title of School Boy stuck on my face.

2. If you had to choose between studying and participating in activities, which would you choose?

Yotha: Don't choose, don't want to do.

Faifah: Works. Studying is just secondary.

3. Favorite music genre

Yotha: Doesn't like listening to music.

Faifah: Can the answer be all genres? It depends on the mood.

4. Do you like to eat instant noodles (Mama) raw or cooked?

Yotha: None.

Faifah: Don't eat Mama noodles. Eat another brand.

5. Choose mountain or sea?

Yotha: sea (Beagle's house is near the sea).

Faifah: mountain.

6. Ask about your ideal role model.

Yotha: Dog-like face.

Faifah: Anyone is fine, as long as they don't have the same personality as Yotha.

7. If someone comes to ask for your number, will you give it?

Yotha: Not allowed.

Faifah: Give me your number. Dad is single.

8. What is the song 'Tu tuuuuu tuuuuu'?

Yotha: I told you I don't listen to music.

Faifah: It's your eulogy song, Kong.

9. If you could choose one animal, what would it be?

Yotha: Dog.

Faifah: Termites.

10. Life motto?

Yotha: What the hell am I doing here now?

Faifah: Don't let things in your mind just be thoughts, start doing them.

gets up and walks out of the room

This interview was conducted on a day of acid reflux, indigestion, and nothing else to do but pick at my toenails. Therefore, I decided to invite two friends to chat in a friendly atmosphere. And before leaving the room, Kong couldn't help but wonder.

That...

What the hell am I doing here, guys?

[End of mini special 1]

Mini Special 2

Co-translator : yukifeebleu

Mini Special 2: If Yotha had to become a Beagle

One day try exchanging lives with each other

"Is it too cruel?"

"It's already at this level."

Well... It's hard to say it's difficult, but it's not true that it's chill. It took me a long time to actually try to do it, because my dirty hand picked up the piece of paper with the above words in the jar.

Because today is my first anniversary and Yotha, P'Newton, Faifah, Kongkiat, P'Nop and even P'Warich organized a fun activity that I had to do even if I didn't want to, which is to perform the task according to the piece of paper you pick up in the glass jar.

Each time it's completed, the score on the board behind the counter will increase by one point, and when we reach 5 points, we'll be able to ask for something from you guys. And it's an extremely challenging sweetness. Most importantly...

Yotha and I have completed 4 missions, and this is the last one.

"It's even harder to win. Give up or keep fighting, my love?" Newton asked excitedly.

"Give up! Give up! Give up!"

"Just give up. Coward."

The harem is so motivating. Even the dark gentleman just sat there with a blank face, not giving an opinion. Perhaps he will obey me as usual.

"Of course we play."

"Oucheeee. Tomorrow someone will definitely die!"

"Tomorrow, if anyone starts any mission, they must take a photo and send it to the LINE group for fun to see. Agree?"

"Ok. Agreed."

"Before we start, let's let the kids drink to get their spirits up. Hey, drink it up! Drink it up! Drink it up!"

The glass of wine was stuffed into his thick hand, and I received a glass of low-alcohol cider in my hand. With such warm support, no one could resist, so they drank it all together in one gulp.

Because today we met at the restaurant during opening hours, our ears could hear the sound of acoustic music from a cool singer constantly playing, thanks to the fact that the table area inside was not crowded with people participating in the activity. The cashier counter, which was originally managed by P'Nop, was led by the fierce bartender.

It's unbelievable that you guys are so interested and want to participate in Yotha and I's couple life. Therefore, I do not want to hinder the faith of 'playing to the end' anymore.

"And now it's time... how nice it is to celebrate one year of knowing each other... First let's start gathering the information we need to do. I'll let you guys answer my questions. This side will note down the information. It doesn't need much, just 5 sentences."

Just one sentence is enough to kill me.

"Ready?"

"Ready."

"Yay yay~"

Applause rang out interspersed with the sound of pounding on the table. I straightened my back, concentrating and waiting to hear the question.

1. Personality

Merry Gentleman: Dark like the dark lord Voldemort,

Mr. Dark: Happy as a puppy.

Think about the scene where we swap personalities. I really don't want to imagine how terrible it is. My friends simply cannot accept it, especially those who are super cool. They'll ask if I'm possessed by a ghost.

2. Favorite food

Merry Gentleman: Yotha likes to drink beer.

Mr. Dark: Beagle loves sweets and eats like a king.

The following sentence doesn't need to be added anymore!

3. Favorite song

Happy gentleman: Yotha rarely listens to music. So please allow me to answer no.

Mr. Dark: Lately, Beagle is not only addicted to one song but also likes to listen to a playlist called I'm sad but that's ok.

I must say it is extremely miserable. Always happy and loving life until you get addicted to the sad songs in a playlist. It's always said that you're already sad, if you listen to dark songs and add it to it, it's called double the sadness.

4. Favorite movie genre

Happy gentleman: I must say in a year that Yotha turned on Star Wars too often. Damn it. As expected of Dark Vader's heir.

Mr. Dark: Beagle likes to watch porn. Not only did he watch it alone, but he also often encouraged me to follow along.

I know what to do tonight...

Kicked Yotha's ass out to sleep, accused of liking to say nonsense that made me embarrassed in front of my brothers and friends.

5. If you could become that person, what would you most like to do?

Merry Gentleman: Crush Yotha.

Dark Gentleman: Seducing the Beagle.

"Ohhhhhhh. You guys are really lewd people. Let's ask my N'Gun first. Do you really have the ability to push me?"

"Hey, just wait and see."

"Let's take a picture and send it over."

"It's also because of you."

I won't send pictures, but I will update if the results turn out. Just thinking about it makes me feel excited. Just imagine how sexy it would be to see a seductive Yotha lying on the bed while I transformed from a puppy into a tiger. Ngao~

Just that alone makes me feel excited to death. Tomorrow comes quickly. I want to send troops!

Personality swap

Today is the day my senior relatives and I are allowed to get out of the box, but I can boldly declare that not being able to be myself makes me feel much more inhibited. Think about it, a person who talks a lot, likes to pry

into other people's stories and spends all his energy running around to greet this or that person must turn into a quiet and reserved person.

If you want a long answer, you can't do it because you have to maintain the other person's image. Oh. I'm sure my chest will burst and I'll die. But for the sake of this mission and reward, I will fight without backing down.

The cafeteria at noon is a competition ground. Because this is the first time of the day that I have the opportunity to show my full potential. Every time I order a meal, while waiting for food, my friends often find stories to tell each other, and every time I have to comment and give my opinion.

Only this time I can only listen. When friends ask questions, they only respond briefly.

"Hey, do you know anything? I heard a rumor that a senior beauty in our department secretly likes Faifah." Book babbled excitedly. It's a bit bad that during this mission I'm not allowed to tell anyone, except Kong who is one of the important witnesses.

"Damn. Really? Which year is the beauty queen? Let me continue to listen." Kong immediately reacted to the gossip.

"Year 4."

"Ooooooh. I knew it right away. But doesn't she have a boyfriend?"

"They broke up. Now things are all complicated."

"So does Faifah know yet?"

"No. This is internal news. The beauty queen's friends are talking, so I want to know more. But did Yotha tell you anything about Faifah, Tai?"

"I also..." I opened my mouth to say as usual because I really wanted to participate, but suddenly remembered I shouldn't.

"No"

"Nothing at all?"

"YES."

"Let me ask this first. What the hell is wrong with you? You look like you've changed into a different person."

"Are not."

"Don't lie. Are you angry with Yotha or something, and your face is as wrinkled as the sole of your foot, you bastard?" EH. I keep a calm image, you bastard Sep. You're the brute that's making up so many stories.

"I don't."

"You're so frugal. Or are you constipated? If you have any problem, just discuss it with your friends. There's an enema in the room." That's not it. I want to curse back so much, but in reality I can only pretend to be cold and continue eating.

The other person was probably bored and didn't want to pay attention anymore, so he happily turned to continue the previous topic. Until a friend from the same industry wandered over to join the group, all the attention fell on him.

"You, Yotha, what's wrong?" Just hearing the name, the heart that used to beat rhythmically immediately became excited.

"What does that mean?"

"Today I saw you smiling with everyone. I wonder if you're possessed by a ghost?"

"Look closely to see if it's Faifah or Yotha."

"Yotha really. Hey! Hey, Yotha is sitting and eating together." Friends in the group waved and invited the name's owner to sit at the same table. The closer the tall body got, the more my breathing became stagnant, watching every step and action of the other person.

Until Yotha walked closer. He smiled sweetly at everyone, before turning around and meeting my eyes, opening his mouth to say an extremely terrifying sentence.

That's all, my heart...

"Let's sit together. Niuuuu."

The bomb explodes and kills everyone!

Swap favorite food choices

The divine code had an appointment for a reception, so Yotha stole along with me to sit at the table. We gathered at a cafe decorated in Korean style. When everyone arrives, it's time to order snacks and drinks.

"Gun and Yotha just choose. N'Wine doesn't need to be shy, just go ahead and choose." P'Yeepun said happily. Even though she's 4 years old, she's still so pretty and hot, no change.

"Let me..." I was the first to speak.

Before swallowing my saliva again and again when seeing the delicious cakes in front of me. I don't understand why I agreed with them, when I ended up having to torture my own body like this.

"Give me a shot of espresso."

"What about cake, Gun? Do you want something to eat?" P'Arm asked concernedly. He knows what I like. But I couldn't order, because I was pretending to be a dark gentleman.

"It's okay. This is enough."

"What about Yotha?" Everyone's eyes turned to the tall relative. The owner of the name glanced at the menu for a long time, then finally opened his

mouth to speak with a smiling face that gave viewers goosebumps from the nape of their neck to their ass.

"Cold America, lemon soda, blueberry cheesecake with egg tart aaaaaaa." Damn it. When the voice prolongs the word 'yes', the listener wants to shed tears.

"Today is strange."

"Really?"

"Do you want anything else to eat?"

"Bingsu. Bingsu melon." Ugh! My favorite dish.

"Call now, don't regret it."

After ordering all the dishes, drinks and snacks were soon served. I swallowed hard, looking at the cakes that Yotha had ordered spread out on the table, but could only lift that shot of espresso to drink.

Stomach started to growl. Not to mention that every time I make an appointment to entertain the code, I have to sit for no less than an hour. Does that mean I have to endure being surrounded by things that I can only smell but not enjoy?

No. I won't endure it.

"Yotha, what is that?" I pointed at the door in front of the store, before the handsome face turned around to look. At this moment, I thought he wouldn't see, so I scooped a big lump of melon into my mouth and chewed it half alive.

Of course, when he came back, I couldn't destroy the evidence at once, so I pretended to look the other way.

"Let's take a picture and send it to the group."

The voice was low and short. So I had to destroy the evidence even faster. After swallowing everything, I took the opportunity to turn and continue talking to the person next to me.

"I'm also planning on taking pictures. Today I just focused on intensity. I barely ate anything."

"Yeah, Beagles barely eat anything."

Yotha said that slowly, while using his arm to push the plate of cake closer to me. At first, I didn't understand, until he pretended to look away, and I immediately burst out laughing.

Today I was able to eat my fill of sweet cakes again.

Swap favorite songs

'When we dance in my living room

To that silly' 90s R&B

When we have a drink or three

Always ends in a hazy shower scene...'

(rough translation)

'When we dance in the living room

To silly 90s R&B music

When we sip a few glasses of wine

And always ends up drunk in the bathroom.'

The song 'Nothing's Gonna Hurt You Baby' by Cigarettes After Sex, one of the songs on the cool playlist called I'm sad but that's ok, was playing in the car.

After the code reception ended, everyone dispersed. Yotha and I have a plan to go to the movies to continue our mission of being the other person on our way from the coffee shop to the movie theater. But the route takes some time. Not to mention there was a traffic jam this afternoon, so we had to kill time by listening to music.

Of course Yotha chose to play the songs I was addicted to, but that made being someone else incomplete. Therefore, I had to pick up my phone and record a video of my finger pressing the music mute button.

This is!

"This song is not fun, it's noisy, it hurts my ears."

But in just a split second, the thick hand pressed the music button to continue listening, not bothering to pay attention to me.

"I'm listening."

I still didn't give up, pressed off again.

"I don't want to hear it."

The person next to him let go of the steering wheel to grab the phone with video recording mode on, then turned it off...

"Hey, I was going to send it to P'Newton."

"This is enough."

"I'm afraid he'll know. I still want the reward."

"It doesn't know." Yotha's index finger continued to play music. "I want to listen to this song. If you don't listen, cover your ears."

"How is it possible?"

In the end, I complied with his wishes by sitting still to listen to the song I was addicted to from start to finish.

I knowâ€¦ I know that Yotha doesn't really want to listen to it, but the reason it's on now is so I can immerse myself in what I like at a time.

Swap favorite movie genres

For this method, we don't plan to take it apart and tell each other about it, otherwise all the flavor will be lost. Therefore, it immediately became a battle between the happy people and the dark gentlemen to see who would have the right to choose the movies they wanted to watch.

"Let's watch sci-fi movies. This genre has no door." Because Yotha likes Star Wars, he had to choose this space science genre.

"What does Beagle want to see?"

"This movie." Just show me your finger.

"Choose which movie you want to watch."

"So this movie."

"Really."

Yotha refuses to cover me anymore. Tsk. Must be really tiring.

"Want to see this movie." I'm honest.

"Don't just choose what I like."

"Can't I choose the movie you like while I care about you? I also want to choose what you like." I was only going to say the 4 sentences just now, but I'm sorry, my emotions took the lead.

"Don't act so cute, okay?"

"Can you also not act in a way that makes people love you? In short, what's the deal? Do you want to watch this movie?"

"Yeah. If Beagle chooses, I'll see."

It's so hard to understand. At first he intended to fight, but unexpectedly he ended up saying love...

Yotha wants to seduce, and I want to crush

Do you want a romantic scene like in the movies, or do you want to compete with our bed scene? A! Don't hesitate, just come.

After showering, without wearing any clothes, I quickly jumped straight into bed. The tall body had already crawled up and was waiting. He lay with his back against the pillow, looking at me as if inviting me.

"Can you lie on top?" I asked in a trembling voice. But honestly, honestly speaking.

I-don't-know-what to do.

Hahahahahahahahahahaha.

"Come here, I'll teach you."

"Wow! Really?"

"Umm."

Hearing that, I quickly climbed onto the bed, then bowed my head and kissed the other person frantically. All parts of the body are rubbed causing a shivering feeling. Consciousness began to disappear, due to being absorbed in the caresses given to each other.

By the time I realized it, it was too late, as I was turned over to lie on the bed and completely controlled by the heavy body.

P'Newton!

Just like what I said before, I was able to really crush Yotha.

Press him and kiss him at first.

[End of mini special 2]

Special 1

Co-translator : yukifeebleu

Special 1: The hottest in this world

"If you see the word 'kiss', what will you think of?"

Kong bought a book to pursue Ping. Seeing that it wasn't much use, I brought it back to my room, so I immediately borrowed it to read. There are no ways to flirt with girls like high school students read about, just an explanation of what we should do to understand each other better.

For example, this question about kissing, I asked just to know Yotha's experience so far.

"Thinking of you."

"Huiiiiiii." Look at other people's answers, how can you not love? "For me, the song Kiss the Rain comes first."

The tall body sat on the floor, focusing on trimming the excess thread on his jeans, while I lay on the bed, opening my best friend Kongkiat's book to read to relieve boredom before going to sleep.

"Yotha continue." After all the effort, it's still silent.

"That's the answer."

"Had to keep answering until nothing happened anymore."

"Thinking of you."

"Sigh. The movie rain-sweet-embarrassment-kiss* is also so cute. It's like going back in time to high school, when I was a pure child, my heart was pink."

* The film's English title is 4 Romance.

"Is there still time?"

"Ohhhh. You and I are from the same era." After a while of cursing, I had to drag the other person back into the problem. "Quickly answer yours."

"Thinking of you."

"Give me another chance. Sorry for another answer."

"I kiss you and tell you who I'm thinking of?"

"But this is playing a game."

"Thinking of you then."

"Ohhhhhh." No more arguing, I'm tired. I placed the book on the table, next to the bedside lamp before crawling to the edge of the bed, staring intently at the tall body diligently handling jeans. "Are you going to wear this to accept juniors?"

"Um." The other person replied while still not raising his head to look.

"If you cut yourself like this, the 3rd years will definitely scold you. Set a bad example for your juniors."

"If you don't cut too much, you can still use it, but if you cut it like your old pants, I won't want to wear them." You always make me crazy. It's been a few months, and they've accepted me as a junior again, but they still haven't forgotten my past hole-in-the-crotch boxer, even though I've long since switched to wearing dinosaur-shaped pajamas.

"Are you angry? If so, then say it's very good, you've succeeded."

"Are you really upset?"

"If there's a better word than 'sulk', that's it."

"Then go ahead and sulk first. Finish fixing your pants and then calm down."

"Chaotic."

I rolled around in bed, before crawling under the covers. It might take a while for Yotha to finish dealing with the pants, so I killed the time by picking up my phone to learn about people's affairs with Kong. Every day it looks for hot topics to gossip about. This time is no different.

Playing back and forth for a while, I felt the bed sink. I pulled down the blanket and turned to look at the tall body quietly crawling onto the bed.

"Should the lights be turned off tonight?" The other person asked. I nodded and put the phone down.

Even though we can sleep with the lights off without having to face nightmares, there are still many nights where we still sleep with the lights on, because we don't want to change the habit we've had for more than a few years.

The owner's tall body slid down onto the bed again. In an instant, silence suddenly surrounded us. Only the lights from the building outside were enough for me to catch a glimpse of the other person's silhouette.

"What are you saying?" He asked as he crawled under the blanket, pressing his beefy arms on me. "Talk to Kong about the first years. I don't want to say that this year's first years are all good. There is one person who is the admin of the photo page and has hundreds of thousands of followers. There are also many people who are Olympic athletes."

"Yes, they are all good. So what are you good at?" Yotha tightened his grip, making me almost speechless.

Asking as if I don't have the strength to speak up.

"I'm good at every mouth."

"Oh, that's right. Constantly talking nonsense, and even better at eating."

"Consider this a compliment." Please allow me to record this hatred in my heart. When I get the chance, I will receive it. "Speaking of first year, I can't believe how fast time passes. Just a few days ago, I still remember walking into the interview room."

"Me too."

"A year has passed, so have you got your best yet? Let me give you the top 5."

"You, you, you, you and you."

"Noooooooo. Let's be serious." Yotha is such a slow digester. Or is it intentionally irritating? At this point, I have to reveal my top 5 to give him an example first. "The first thing I remember is mistaking you for Faifah. This is ranked number 1 in my heart. The worst experience of my life."

"No wonder it's you."

"That means it's your fault for not talking and pretending to be Faifah. So I'm not wrong."

"Ok ok. What about the others?"

"Top 2 is the dormitory's power outage. It got to the point where they wanted their money back."

"There was also the night you cried, when you created it."

"No crying, just dust in my eyes." We cannot honestly say that crying is because of self-pity, even though the other person already knows it. "Let's change the subject. The top 3 for me is Kong. My biological father and mother have never met anyone like him. What a surprise."

"It's just like your personality. Actually, Not is more surprising."

"You're teasing me again."

"So what about the top 4?" You're so damn good at playing the drums.

"Top 4 is the Buddha flower wreath that Champ gave me on the day he accepted his juniors. To be honest, I still remember it vividly to this day. And the last one..." I trailed off, before lowering my voice at the end of the sentence. "You already know that."

"It's me."

There was no need to leave room for the sweetness to penetrate, Yotha took care of it himself. And his voice is cold.

"Yeah, it's you. You've become my everything."

"That's right. Also working as an osin."

"Huh."

"Don't want to hear my top 5?"

"Are not."

"One is a picture of a leaky faucet that day." Even though I refused, the dark figure still spoke up. "Two is tie, three is buddy, four is to move on from Warich. And five is the Faculty of Engineering connection event."

"Without me? Feel sorry for myself."

Just pretend to mutter, but don't think about anything in my heart. But unexpectedly, Yotha responded immediately.

"Don't you pay attention? Every single thing is related to you."

"â€"

"And I believe that the next day it will still be you."

During this time, the department's events were so busy that the second year was so busy that their hair was messy from morning to night.

"Eat what?" I asked while I had all the money in my backpack.

"Let me buy it myself."

"No way. I'm planning on being a sugar daddy to please the baby."

"Nonsense." Finally, we scrambled to the bakery.

Breakfast under the faculty building is very simple, nothing complicated. There are two bakeries that are open, the rest have thick porridge shops, liquid porridge shops, and then blood porridge shops. But today we only had 10 minutes to prepare food to take care of our first year juniors, so we focused on simple dishes.

"Do Beagle like to eat this?" Yotha picked up a banana sushi roll. I was looking at the cakes in front of me so dizzy that I turned my attention to him again.

"Like. Give me one."

"Brownies?"

"Eat."

"Toast?"

"Take it."

"Are you going to take them all or what?"

"If you ask, I have to eat it. Get chocolate milk too." The listener nodded, while I continued to stare at the cake. A cake that is not too sweet like a homemade sandwich will probably be enough to fill your stomach. But you have to choose a piece that's a little bigger. Or a burger that's just been made and then reheated again also seems delicious. "Yotha, between sandwich and burger, which one do you want to eat?"

"Burgers."

"Double burger please."

"Don't take doubles."

"Buying the regular kind won't fill you up, don't argue. Choose pork, fish or chicken?"

"You already know that." Then he goes around to the other side. "Do you have these cookies to buy and eat the same day?"

"Okie. Get the almond sprinkles."

"I know."

"Good." Compliment him a little. Understand what I mean best. "So, what flavor of milk would you like to drink, Mr. Dark?"

"Insipid."

"Obey."

Each person busied themselves with getting the food they had ordered, before we both circled back to meet each other at the checkout counter.

The thick hand put down the cake and milk, then paid. As for me, I was not far behind, put down the selected items and paid for this part separately.

"Hey, eat quickly and prepare."

"You too."

I chose a cake for him, and he also knew how to choose what I liked.

We buy what we like for each other.

"Every time I choose food, it takes 5 minutes. Oh my god." I couldn't help but lament. I looked at my watch and started to panic. We still have a lot of work to do. Furthermore, today is also an important day of the first year.

"You complain that it takes 2 more minutes."

"Then when you snuggle up next to me, it will take another minute."

We stood next to the dining table, not sitting down right away but choosing to stand there, because not far away there was a trash can. Peeling off the wrapping paper, I took a big bite.

Currently competing with the person in front of me. Whoever eats it all first wins. Just like a kid, I don't know what it is, but it's fun.

We do this every morning, so much so that it becomes a habit, because we always want to get to know each other every day. But I think most people don't understand anything, they just tease each other. When a group of friends join a group, they will inevitably curse to the point of throwing a grain of rice aside.

"I've eaten it all, there's the last piece left." I sped up stuffing the cake into my mouth, while Yotha was equally greedy and ate it half-dead.

Yotha quickly followed behind to join his friends in the activity room first, while I sneaked in and sat in the last row of the Computer students.

With my baby face and cheerful and likable personality, I was chosen to be one of the undercover seniors.

Correct! The senior is really lying there.

Sitting in class with the first year, introducing to his juniors in a puppy-like manner that my name is Gun, handsome, kind, and most importantly, still single.

The purpose of having an undercover senior is not too complicated. We just want to know what the juniors' perspective and thoughts are about organizing welcoming activities for juniors. Of course, since we abolished the pep room, all the first year activities have been more diverse, and immersing ourselves in the first year will let us know the results of each event better.

Other results will be about your interests, like what issues you're interested in these days. Hot hit issues can be used as discussion topics in meetings.

This year there are quite a few seniors in the area. About 20 people compared to nearly 600 first-year students. Each follows different majors. In the evening, after letting the first years leave, we sat together to discuss and summarize, until the junior welcoming activity ended.

"You'll be late." The person sitting in front of me turned his head and teased me. This kid's name is Tong, in a grungy style. Although his appearance seems a bit chaotic, his personality is very good.

"I chase away." I bent down and whispered before laughing.

"Do you know that today there will be a selection of male - beauty queen?"

"Huh? Really?" Even if you act deeply, you will be caught immediately. UNMARKETABLE! Or is it because the acting is so deep that it causes suspicion? Crazy. Being a senior undercover for 4-5 days, no one suspected anything.

"Really. This year is full of cute people. I can't believe our department has so many delicious products."

"Correct, correct."

"Are you taking the exam?" Young Tong asked.

"Are you crazy? No exam. Haha."

"I think you're handsome."

"Wow! You're praising me too much." I'm so shy. This moment in first year never existed. I just remember that people always pushed me to compete in jumping over dog hurdles. It was indeed a dark period for Gunyukol.

"Later, if people look for industry representatives, I will vote for you."

"It's okay. I'm the type that likes to enjoy beauty and don't put too much emphasis on exams."

"Come on. Let's do it for our Computer Industry."

Actually, I study Chemistry, boy. But I couldn't refute, I just pursed my lips, hiding the truth. The friend who took on the MC role continued with the activities according to the script and of course, the topic that made the entire first year most excited was finding the male beauty - the beauty queen to compete in.

"This year, we will have 2nd year seniors recruiting. But they will still be out of sight, so we want you to cooperate in nominating your friends' names. Now, which major should we start with first?" This?"

"Mechatronics."

"Mechatronics? Let's do it then."

Between the 2nd year auditions and the hand raising, shouting, and door kicking of the 1st years, we also found a lot of representatives for each major. This is just the first door. There are still hurdles that children must overcome. There are still many guys who follow the chill chill style. In my first year, I remember skipping this hour to go out with Yotha. Didn't think that this year both would have to be repaired.

"The next industry is Computers. Nowâ€¦ does anyone want to nominate your name?" As soon as the MC named Im finished speaking, someone's voice spoke up.

"Gun. Dog-faced Gun!"

You bad karma. Do I have a puppy face on your head or something, Tong!

Not long after cursing the other person in my heart, that voice received the support of his siblings and friends, together applying pressure with their eyes, causing the second years to look at each other.

"Then please N'Gun step forward."

Naughty. What does it have to do with me? This case was not in the original plan. Because they couldn't stand the urge of the first years, plus the fact that even the second years didn't know what to do, they had to go with the flow and cheer together with all their might. In the end, I had to go up and stand with the people who had been chosen before.

Being chosen was already funny, then it was even more funny.

Since I didn't participate in the activity last year, I'm not sure what steps they should take. Therefore, the feeling is no different from first year kids when they have to wait and watch each step of the process.

"Finally, we have found the male and beauty pageant representative of each department. Next, we will choose 3 people from each branch, 3 men and 3 women. There isn't much of a method. I will let you choose the genders. Introduce yourself and show off your talents to everyone. The decisive results will be announced today."

"Tangerine quiuuuu. Awesome~"

"In that case, I will give each person half an hour to prepare and think about the performance. Meanwhile, we will continue playing the game." The sound of drums from the entertainment group rang out as a signal. The first years writhed around the room, while the representatives were so dizzy that they almost fainted because they had so little time, who would have thought.

Turning to Kong - one of the undercover seniors who was running with his juniors, I really wanted to drag him to sit and think about the performance. People like Gunyukol are only born good at one thing, which is their mouth, and other than that, they can't compete with anyone.

Eavesdropping on the kids talking like that, maybe you have a good idea. But...

Mostly singing. Then think about how a voice like a buffalo giving birth to a calf my size can handle. Well, say goodbye. Although this activity is not

serious, let me impress you a little. When the day comes to reveal my identity, I hope you won't see me as a stain on your freshman year.

"Tai."

"Oh, you came just in time to save my life." Finally, Kong found a chance to run past me. "Think about the supporting performance."

"Sing it."

"You buffalo. If I sing, I will see you."

"It's only once in your life. Maybe the results aren't as bad as you think. Actually, the audience may be impressed not because of your singing, but rather because of you."

"Is it to that extent?"

Eh, or could singing with my unique voice be another way to make them remember my face until the day they die? If so, that's fine. Imitate something. What song should we sing?

"Are you ready, representatives?"

Sitting and thinking for a bit, it's already been half an hour? Before Kong could propose the idea, he had to ask permission to return to his seat so as not to attract suspicion.

"Chuaaaaaa."

One of those voices is meâ€¦

"If you're not ready, you have to be ready. Now, can you please invite the Environment sector first?"

"Eiiiiiii."

The first representative stepped out, attracting the attention of everyone around. Then, the 2nd and 3rd people also followed. Luckily, I hadn't been

called yet. Furthermore, I was separated by lunch, so I had time to drag Kong out to sit and rack my brains again.

First years sat together in a circle. The logistics team took turns handing out boxed lunches and water. I saw Yotha walking in between the first years. But I don't know when he walked up to me, before giving the lunch box to each child.

The children's faces when receiving the food looked very happy. Especially the girls, they look especially shy. Until a tall figure walked around to where Kong and I sat.

"Boxed lunch." Kong took it before opening it. And just like that, he continued to play with Yotha some more.

"Honey, only basil?"

"What do you want to eat?" He asked again in a calm voice, with a cold expression on his face.

'I want to eat Panang pork curry.'

"It doesn't seem to be available this time. Can you eat meat stir-fried with basil?"

"Okay. Eh, but there are eggs. But I only eat cooked eggs, but this one isn't cooked yet."

"Switch with you."

"Who can I exchange with?" He showed a suggestive look on his face. Let's just say that everyone who sees it wants to bury it. "Can I trade with you, Gun?"

"I don't have any rice yet. Handsome man, please give me some rice." I opened my hands towards the tall man. Then he bent his knees and sat down, until our faces were at the same level.

"Let me call you properly." I think Kong has already acted deeply, Yotha has acted even deeper.

"Brother, give me your lunch box."

Having finished speaking, the person in front of me agreed to take the lunch box out of his bag and easily placed it in my palm.

"This is N'Gun's."

Bang!

How can they kill each other like that? Murderers.

Leaving me sitting with my mouth open, Yotha stood up and left to distribute food to the new first year group. It took a while for me to return to normal. The first years looked over and no longer looked at me. Everyone gathered to eat, drink and chat about the activities, as well as predict the representatives of each industry.

There was one child who stood out and was sitting in our magical circle. Cute, pretty face. Light brown hair, it's impossible to see if she's dyed or not. Everywhere I go, people are watching. And now when she sits in front of me, I really can't take my eyes off her.

"Dammit." Not long after being immersed in my subconscious, my best friend finally leaned over and whispered.

"What?"

"This baby is so cute." I know who Kong is referring to.

We tried to withdraw from the group little by little. Fortunately, the surrounding chaos and the drums from the entertainment group were so loud that they drowned out a lot of the chatter, so I was temporarily assured that no one would overhear.

"If you like Ping, do you dare to flirt with someone else?"

"Just look. You're married and you're still peeking at her."

"If you cause trouble like this, are you solo?"

"Before you fight with me, let's talk about this issue first. I have her Facebook." Going back to the old story again. Not sure how exciting it was, but Kong seemed very excited.

"Really?"

"Yeah. And I also saw her liking someone's picture on the Cute Boys page. Only liking this person's picture, not anyone else's."

"So what?"

"I'll let you guess who it is."

"P'Arc."

"After they graduated, you still dragged Troi Trang into it. No. Guess again."

"P'Arm."

"Wrong."

"P'Theme? Third year male."

"No. Guess again."

"You should announce it."

"Guess again."

"Fâ€¦ Faifah?"

"Wrong."

"In short, who is it?"

"Yotha."

Ah, that's my lover. Huh!

"And next in order, would you like N'Gunyakol of Computer Science to come forward and introduce himself."

"Heh heh."

"Dog face is the best." While walking, I felt like my knees were collapsing. Bitch your head!

Im gave me the microphone, smiling half gently and half shyly. No one could have imagined that Tong's scream would be so loud that it made more than 600 people look at me at the same time. I don't know whether to thank or curse. But that's it. Finally, I'm standing here dumbfounded.

"Would you mind introducing yourself to everyone?"

"Hello, my name is Gun. My real name is Gunyakol, which means two ears."

"Haha. Wow, so cute." Complimenting me makes me laugh so happily. Don't let me reveal my identity as an undercover senior. I'll settle accounts with all of you that day. Just wait.

"Studied at the Faculty of Engineering, majoring in Computer Science. I don't have a favorite subject. I'm a good speaker. I especially admire Komatsu Nana. My free time activities are eating and drinking. This year's goal is to sleep 16 hours a day."

"Oh my god. Are you dead yet?"

Some were stunned, some laughed until their stomachs hurt. But how can we know when what we say is the truth?

"Today I will show everyone my special talent. It's singing."

"Quoooooooo~" Screams came from behind the activity room, which was the residence of the 2nd year residents. The boys didn't have to speak. They've seen me perform before, whether it's in the karaoke room, or along the dormitory hallway.

Guess everyone remembers my voice more or less. Hehe.

"Thank you for your encouraging words and warm responses."

"No! Don't sing. Don't!"

"Run away! It's a trap!"

"The song I will sing is called Let Go But Keep*"

* Original title JuDibu - The Toys

"Let it go, you devil. Don't sing."

I pretended to be ignorant and smiled at my friends behind me, who looked like they were about to die. Then there's no way I would have mercy. Once you have the thought of wanting to do big things, your heart will also be miserable.

"Looking around, there are so many things, no matter how you throw them away, you can't get rid of them~"

"Ouch!"

No need to imagine what the listener's ears will be like after finishing that melodious song. Some people even shed tears to praise my special talent. So much so that when they returned to their seats, the first year kids flocked to hug them, then kept saying, "Just this once."

What is that? Since you've been chosen, you have to show your talent to the best of your ability. What else do you want?

Finally, the results of the first selection round were announced. Everyone agreed not to vote for me in the next round. If I were to be chosen, I would

be extremely miserable.

Activity continues. After choosing the male - beauty queen, we began to gather the first years together again, before everyone sat together to think about the relationship-tightening performance next week, while I pretended to be stupid and sat in the group, continued to eavesdrop on the first year's stories.

"I know what his name is."

"Let's go quickly."

"The handsome guy's name is Faifah, the logistics guy's name is Yotha." UNMARKETABLE! Sounds familiar and is a new topic. Wait. It's not related to the matter of welcoming juniors, but it's because Gun is very good at hearing things.

"P'Yotha is so cool. When handing out boxed lunches, his eyes were so warm."

"I can't help it. I really want to know if he has a lover yet."

"If he's that handsome, he must have it." Ahem. The handsome guy is here, just look to the left.

"Who knows, maybe people should follow celibacy. Or if they have a real lover, they will break up one day."

Huh? Poor thought.

"P'Yotha has a lover." I wanted to slap my mouth hard because I couldn't stand it and had to personally join the Gossip Club. So the three first years, with their playful personalities, immediately turned to look before widening their eyes and looking confused.

"Really? Ugh. He shouldn't."

"Are you really that sad?" I asked as if I really didn't know.

"The first year likes him very much."

"OH."

"Gun knows who his lover is, right?"

"I see he's a 2nd year student." I raised my hand and scratched my head, looking a bit embarrassed. The problem is, why am I embarrassed? "Dating since freshman year. Studying Engineering, majoring in Chemistry. Number one handsome."

"How does Gun know so much?"

"I'm a close person."

"Who is it? Can you show us? I really want to see." The questioner gently shook my arm. Because I couldn't stand the urging, I bent down and whispered to the other person in a low voice.

"That is me."

"Oh, this is so ridiculous. Not joking right now yaaaa."

...!!

To tell the truth, say it's a lie. Not only did I not believe it, but the cute girls also pushed my head hard, ending the matter of Yotha's lover, but continued to chat about it. Haiz

Finally, the day of freedom for Gunyukol and his friends has arrived. Today is the last day to welcome the juniors and we will reveal the identity of the undercover seniors, after gathering a lot of information throughout the activities. I have to say that the problem inside me is almost nothing but...

Faifah and Yotha. When Yotha's story ends, Faifah's story continues.

Really giving in to the hot hit of these brothers. Regardless of whether the beauty queens or some first year kids all rushed to like their old pictures on the Engineer Cute Boy page, causing waves. The comments, which were already huge, doubled, eventually becoming a small wave among the first-year juniors. No matter where the hell twins moved, there were always people watching.

Luckily, all the teams had predicted the situations that would happen, so they asked P'Arm and P'Yeepun to delete my old photo from the Engineer Cute Boy page, so as not to let the first years get suspicious.

After completing the first case, the difficult work has come again, now I am in the position of a first year boy, and Yotha is a second year. From going to school together every day, we now have to reluctantly separate. Everyone goes their separate ways. Breakfast also doesn't have the opportunity to eat and choose together anymore. It's sad and painful. But today I will be free.

"Each activity goes well thanks to our friends helping us and always being by each other's side. But have you ever realized that during our participation in activities, it's actually not only freshmen."

Everyone looked confused at Im's vague statement, who was still holding the microphone in front of him as an MC.

"Many people may wonder where the rumors about the second year sometimes come from, and the rumors about the next activities come from."

"â€"

"Today we will reveal it. That's because in your group there are 20 undercover brothers and sisters."

"Haaaa?" There was a sound of shock. Some people began to turn left and right to survey the person next to them. The initially quiet atmosphere suddenly turned bustling.

"Who is the undercover brother? Are you right, Gun? Your face is old." Kong turned around and made a teasing face. I immediately raised my

middle finger while shouting back.

"Have your biological parents ever been kicked in the face?"

"So barbaric."

"Now I'll ask you guys to guess. Who do you think is the undercover brother or sister? Please bring them out to the front." In a moment, the whole room entered the second stage of chaos. From where they were sitting, some people now began to stand up, scanned their eyes, and continuously pointed to this person and that person. Kong and I giggled because no one cared about us.

"I. Admit it, my face is young." The guy with glasses mumbled before being interrupted by the life-giving voice of first year Kong with a dusty style.

"Kong is sure. Kong is a 2nd year senior."

"Damn..."

"You said it right away." Not long after sitting there laughing, my best friend was brought to the front of the room by the first year as someone suspected of being an undercover brother or sister.

Of course, the kids were very sharp-eyed and could see many behaviors that appeared during the activity, so they picked out almost all of the undercover brothers and sisters. There were also a few first years mixed in, but not many.

But sorry, there's someone waiting here.

By the time the situation became quiet again, nearly half an hour had passed. I continued her mission of revelation by giving the microphone to each person standing at the front of the room to reveal the truth themselves.

The answer "yes" or "no" is poured continuously through the microphone. Anyone who is undercover will introduce their real name, not their made-up name, and also their field of study. Each person takes turns telling the story until it is completed, before the main task is given back to our MC.

"The reveal is complete, but there are still 2 people who were not selected but are undercover members in the group."

"Who is that? Who!"

"The first person is P'Bua majoring in Chemistry. Please stand up."

"Ho. Dog-mouthed angel." The person next to me sounded like he was about to cry. If she look pretty, she want to flirt, right? But sorry, Bua is very barbaric. When we lived together, I was scolded by her every day.

"P'Bua please introduce yourself to everyone."

"Tangerine quiu."

Introductions don't take much time. All attention turned towards Im once again.

"And the last person who hasn't been called out is probably waiting until they're frozen. P'Gun, come out and say hello."

"What!"

"Gunnnnnn!" Little Tong's mouth opened wide, his eyes almost falling out of his eyes.

"Thank you for choosing me as your industry representative for the male contest." I patted the shoulder of the person in front of me before walking away.

It seems the first years seem a bit confused. While hiding in the group, I was almost promoted as an all-round entertainment idol because I not only participated in activities but also used my innocent cheerfulness to get to know this person and that person.

It can be said that there is definitely no one who does not know Gun (Tai) in the Computer industry.

By the time my two feet stepped out, my ears could still hear the endless buzzing sound, both funny and humorous. It is one of life's special experiences that no matter how long has passed, it will never be forgotten.

"Introduce yourself to everyone." The microphone is passed. I took it and cleared my throat.

"I have previously introduced myself as the person chosen to take the men's exam, but now I would like to introduce myself to you. Be a senior, guys. Wink~"

"Hahaaaa."

You guys still laughed until the last moment.

"My name is Gun. My real name is Gunyukol, which means two ears. I major in Chemistry, not Computer. I don't have a favorite subject. I'm a good talker. I especially admire Komatsu Nana. Active at Free time is eating and drinking. This year's goal is to sleep 16 hours a day."

I still recount everything as if it were the day of selecting the male pageant representative - the beauty queen of the department.

"Even though some things are lies, one thing is true, and that is that I am very happy to be with you."

"So cute." Shut up and wipe away your tears. "We were extremely impressed with Gun, especially the singing scene of 'Let Go But Keep.'"

"Good, right?"

"Thanks to Gun singing, everyone almost died."

"Let's deal with it later backstage." I joked, but the first years nodded in agreement and spoke up as if to say 'please stop singing'.

"Is there anything else you want to know about P'Gun? If not, then let him go..."

"Do you have a girlfriend!"

"Tote likes you."

Missing wanted to raise her hand to hug her temple. These guys.

I waved my hand and refused to answer the question. I just smiled and went straight to the back, where the second years were gathering. One of them was a dark gentleman who still had a cold expression, but his eyes had turned gentle.

Later, not only did I not have to play the role of first year, Yotha and I were able to return to normal life. Eat together, go to school, talk anytime you want. Just thinking about it makes my heart swell.

The activity continues until the end. The first years lined up to disperse, while the staff continued to clean up their work. I don't know when, but I felt like my arm was being poked so I turned around to look. The image of the first-year junior who used to be in the same group appeared on the screen, standing in front of him.

"P'Gun."

"YES."

"Allow me to use my intimacy to ask a question."

"Let you tell."

"What we said to each other that day— Is it true that you said that P'Yotha has a lover?"

"Real."

"So the person who loves P'Yotha is you, is this true?"

I smiled, opened my mouth and spoke to the person in front of me with affection...

"More than real."

We are more than that.

[End of special 1]